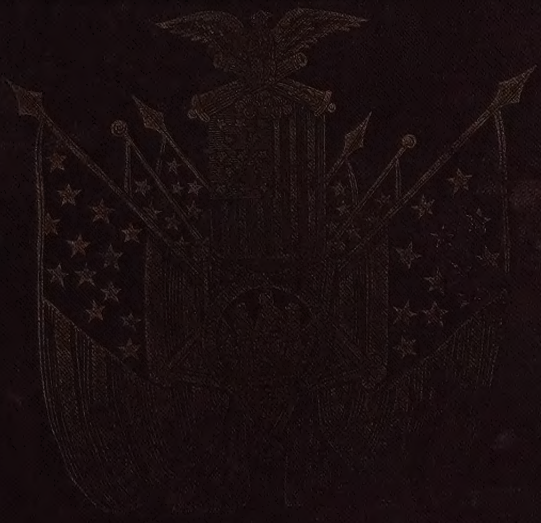

CAMP FIRE CLUB

ILLUSTRATED

CAMP-FIRE CHATS

OF THE

CIVIL WAR;

BEING THE INCIDENT, ADVENTURE AND WAYSIDE EXPLOIT OF THE

BIVOUAC AND BATTLE FIELD,

AS RELATED BY

VETERAN SOLDIERS THEMSELVES.

EMBRACING THE TRAGEDY, ROMANCE, COMEDY, HUMOR AND PATHOS IN THE VARIED EXPERIENCES OF ARMY LIFE.

BY WASHINGTON DAVIS.

ALSO A HISTORY OF THE

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DATE, INCLUDING THE 20TH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AUGUST, 1886, AND OTHER VALUABLE INFORMATION,

BY A COMRADE.

CHICAGO:
A. B. GEHMAN & CO.
1888.

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Dresden
Ohio.

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1884.

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1886.

TO THE

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

THE VETERANS AND THE VOLUNTEERS

OF THE

CIVIL WAR,

UPON WHOSE LOYALTY AROSE THE STANDARD OF PERPETUAL UNION,
AND TO THEIR WIVES, SISTERS AND MOTHERS,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

IN THE HOPE THAT IT MAY REMAIN
A TESTAMENT TO THEIR HEROIC ENDURANCE, AND A TRIBUTE TO THEIR
HALLOWED MEMORY.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.*

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,—
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And the friends we love so dear.

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.

REFRAIN:

Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground
Thinking of days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home who gave us the hand
And the tear that said "Good-bye!"

CHORUS.

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,—
Many are dead and gone,
Of the loved and true who've left their homes;
Others been wounded long.

CHORUS.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,—
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some dying:
Many are in tears.

CHORUS AND REFRAIN:

Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp ground.

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PREFACE.

IT is hoped that no "crying need" or "long-felt want" has been satisfied by the publication of CAMP-FIRE CHATS. Nor has the manuscript been prepared for the private perusal of a few of the author's friends; but this volume has been published for the same purpose as are other books in these latter days (save the reports issued by good old honest Uncle Sam), with the additional intent of preserving a few points of history, and some features of army life not before delineated. To this end the subject matter has been selected, with sufficient humorous incident, it is thought, to relieve the work of dryness.

Only one claim is made: the stories are fresh and heretofore unpublished; and in gathering the material from the field the publishers and the author have spared neither labor nor expense. It was realized that much wholesome romance, together with many details in the history of the Civil War, remained treasured only in the memories of the veterans, or at least had not found their way into print, and must necessarily perish with the soldiers, unless the many interesting stories told at the various camp-fires of the Grand Army of the Republic, were preserved. The preservation of these also achieves a very praiseworthy result: It furnishes to youthful minds a far better class of reading than the mass of exciting and pernicious literature thrust upon them from all sides.

Each speaker has been given due credit, and is therefore responsible for the tale he has told. No character sketches have been attempted, for, since the characters are all living, it has been deemed unsafe for the author's physical well-being; and then such sketches, either pen portrait or caricature, have been odious to the writer ever since his school-boy days, when he was cartooned on the old school-yard fence by a youthful genius with a stolen piece of chalk.

Thanks to the many who have furnished the anecdotes herein contained, and for their kind assistance so freely tendered the author while collecting the data; and especially to Symmes M. Jelley, A. M. If the book is welcomed by the public as heartily as the author has been received by the members of the Grand Army, no anxiety will be felt by

W. D.

January, 1884.

The Grand Army of the Republic has grown rapidly since 1884. Mighty in numbers; leader in patriotism; crowned with the admiration and love of the Nation: its success is both a pride and a joy to everyone. No other nation has such a body of men. Their plans, their acts, their words are eagerly read by Columbia's happy millions. The camp-fire chats of to-day have a precious value; not alone when modestly recounting incidents of that American valor and voluntary sacrifice that the world pronounces unequaled, but also when teaching genuine patriotism—an unselfish love of country.

The publishers add fifty pages, skillfully gathered by a Comrade from the G. A. R. riches of the past three years.

January, 1887.

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CAMP-FIRE CHATS.

INTRODUCTION.

NEVER was there war or military conflict more prolific of incident than the Civil War of America. The explosion of a shell was frequently followed by the crack of a joke, and a bullet or a bayonet produced more fun than fear; yet neither were ever so close that they left no time for a prayer. The raging battle was never so intense that a dying comrade could not be given a drink of water; and no march was ever so long, nor fatigue so great, that a biscuit could not be divided with a messmate. Such was the sympathy which held the army with its common cord.

But this is easily understood; for behind the war of musketry was a war of mind. Each bullet and each bayonet was guided by a thought and an inspiration, whose constancy placed upon each fort and parapet an emblem of fraternity and liberty which put to shame the ancient banners of spoliation and conquest.

Spartan bravery could not have coped with American courage in such a struggle; nor the ominious crescent of the Saracens have been more awe-inspiring, nor the cross of the Crusaders more worshipful, than the flag which quieted the trembling sovereignty of the western world.

The history of this war has been written, the causes and results have been discussed, and the record made; but the narration of personal adventure and observation can never fail to

be of interest, and the tales, by those who survive, of the true bravery of America's noblest sons, with their daring deeds and marvelous exploits, will ever remain in the hearts of the people, like the traditions of old, and become the fireside history of a modern conflict between the brothers of a nation, in which both believed themselves in the right.

And, indeed, it is here that we must look for the real history and the exposition of the true character of a people in time of war. The movements, campaigns and statistics of armies may be chronicled, and in their cumbersome dryness be placed away among the archives of the nation; but the veritable disposition of those who harbor the passion, the coolness, the love, the hate, the sympathy, the cruelty, the right, the wrong,—must ever be sought from individual sources.

It is not possible to give every soldier's experience through the entire war, but the incidents in this volume are taken from actual experiences. If the aim has been accomplished, a variety of information has been disclosed which will give to the general reader a picture of war and army life such as has never been presented to the people.

Many books give a drawn-out list of battles as the history of our Civil War. The war was not in all a military conflict; it was a complete revolution, in which the many customs and whole life of *one* people were changed, and as a result of which new energy thrilled another people. The war was not all battles nor all marches, but a stern struggle of combined intellectual and physical forces. Intelligence and reason pervaded rank and file; and while the sword was in its scabbard, between acts, discussion held sway. It was in this way that the revolutionary features were slowly wrought out, and this will be clear only when we have paused by many a camp-fire to witness the manifestations of a change in our national character, as disclosed by the actors themselves.

CAMP-FIRE I.

THE S. P. U. H.—THE FIRST CAMP-FIRE—THE CAMP OF INSTRUCTION—THE FARMER AND THE WATERMELONS—"HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS THE HOURS"—THE CLOSING SCENE.

THE Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History, having been duly authorized and organized, with each of its members a living embodiment of all the accomplishments desirable in a minor historian, and each a commissioned and lawful emissary of the great Muse, went forth determined to prove the beneficence of its existence, by first gathering in and giving shelter to such facts and observations in the history of the Civil War in America as had not felt the protecting hand of the "art preservative of all arts." What the society lacked in numbers it made up in spirit, and if its physical shortcoming was marked, its Muse-ical development was proportionally great.

One feature, however, was especially noticeable, and this was the unusually large ears of the members, which was only another evidence of their fitness for the work in hand. Aided by this abnormal development they would collect the dying accents of many an unwept hero; and, moreover, in the modern school of ethics, an attentive ear is more to be admired than an oily tongue; yea, than a tongue doubly oiled. Likewise, they were well equipped in every appointment. But it must not be inferred from this that the members of the S. P. U. H. belong to the long-eared race of zoology, or that

all historians have long ears, or that the long-eared race are all historians, for such an inference would be historically incorrect, and far from the purpose of the fraternity.

Enthusiastic over their worthy intention, the S. P. U. H. arrived at a post of the Grand Army of the Republic, immediately sought out the commander, and notified him that their great ears itched for stories of the war, and memoirs of army life. That eminent was astonished. Whether to consider the society a fraud or a humbug he did not know. Certainly it was not real, and yet the age of myths and miracles was past.

"War!" said he; "I surrender. Your assault has found me unarmed. The attack is a complete surprise."

Twenty years of active business life had dispelled all military thoughts. In his efforts to recall his early life the gray-haired veteran was almost tranced. But the balm of assurance was administered, his soldierly instincts returned, and the commander invited the S. P. U. H. to be at the rendezvous when the sun's rays should be succeeded by those from the camp-fire.

They consented, and at the appointed time met the assembled veterans, who had been summoned into camp by the commander. After the fire burned well and threw its comfort into the faces of those present, the historical hard-tack and coffee were served in the style *a la* 1861-'65. When this was done the chief bade the soldiers be quiet, and thus exhorted them:

"COMRADES—I have called you into camp this evening for special duty. We have present a representative of the Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History. The ears of this society itch for stories of our old camp-fires, marches, battles and crude experiences, and memories of our ancient valor. Let him among you who has the easiest tongue and best memory now speak. Whoever may give any curious

information about the many features of soldier life, or describe the manners and customs of the rank and file, the saddle, the battery or the gunboat, or give a strange adventure, or some point of history heretofore unrecorded, shall have his name and regiment written in the great book of the Muse, which the Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History has now in charge. If any of you have such incidents and observations of unwritten history, let it now be divulged, or forever be cast into oblivion."

Thereupon the pipe of peace was passed around the camp-fire of plenty. When the "boys" were all settled, Rev. A. R. Thain, a private of the 96th Illinois Infantry, remembered an anecdote, and said:

"I think of one incident that occurred in our camp of instruction at Rockford, Ill., but, for the benefit of our visitors I will give what comes to my mind of our first experience in war, before I relate it.

"Our country knew very little about war when the Civil War broke out, and the task of forming an army from raw recruits, many of whom had never seen a soldier, was great indeed. Our only consolation in those days was that our antagonists were in somewhat the same condition of ignorance. And yet we did possess one advantage over them; we *knew* that we were ignorant of the art of war, while many of them thought themselves thoroughly proficient. Each Southerner was ready to meet as many 'Yankees' as he had fingers and toes, doubtless imagining himself the eldest son of Mars. I remember reading the statement of one writer concerning the Confederate Army in its first organization; that 'every man brought a colored servant with him to stand guard, or relieve his master of fatigue duty;' that 'every amateur officer had his own pet system of tactics, and the effect of the incongruous teachings, when brought out on battalion drill, closely resembled that of the music of Bob Sawyer's party,

where each guest sang the chorus to the tune he knew best.'

"But in the Union camps of instruction, all the boys who were there will remember how strictly the discipline was enforced. The raw recruit was tied up so tightly with red tape that he could hardly stir without an order from headquarters. Every day he was ground between the upper and nether millstones of company and battalion drill, and between times was, perhaps, sifted and bolted by squad drill. His slow, careless gait had to be transformed into a prompt marching step. His habit of executing all movements in easy curves must be corrected, his muscles must have a certain jumping-jack jerkiness, his frame a ramrod uprightness, chest thrown back, eyes to the front, little fingers at the seams of the pants; must learn which was his left foot, and for some this was very difficult, for I know one man who was sent home from the camp of instruction because he could not master the mysteries of 'hay-foot, straw-foot.'

"But, perhaps, one of the most difficult things for the new soldier to appreciate and do, was the performance of guard duty—camp-guard in the home camp. It might do well enough in the daytime, to keep citizens out and soldiers in, and impress visitors with the pomp and pageantry of war; but at night, when the soldiers were sleeping on the soft side of a pine board and dreaming of the beds they had left behind them, what necessity was there, military or otherwise, for posting men all around the camp at intervals of ten or fifteen rods?

"The camp of instruction at Rockford was bounded on one side by the Rock River, but I suppose if the camp had been on an island it would have been surrounded by guards, if for nothing else than to keep the river from creeping out of its bed, or the frogs from jumping across the guard line. At first, the men who stood camp guard adopted a somewhat novel, but certainly very noisy way of relieving the tedium of

the night watches. If Mr. Darwin had been present he might have said that it was a recurrence of ancient practices in the line of man's descent, for each guard adopted the cry of some beast or bird, and made the night hideous with imitations. From Post No. 10 would come the crow of a cock; Post No. 12 would answer with the headlong, heels-over-head gobble of a turkey; Post No. 15 seemed to be held by a dog, and from Post No. 20 would come the stridulous hee-haw of a donkey. And this was practiced in many camps throughout the war. Close imitations were greeted with great applause. The most famous man in our line of barracks was a private in Company D, 96th Illinois, who could imitate the cry of a turkey so closely that the listener involuntarily thought of Thanksgiving. The sequel showed, however, that he could gobble better than he could fight.

"In the camp of instruction we also learned to forage. It was wrong, of course, to practice on friends, but the soldier's stomach sometimes got the better of his conscience. One ludicrous incident occurred. A farmer came into camp with a load of watermelons, and a crowd of soldiers gathered around his wagon, as if eager to purchase his wet goods. One soldier selected a melon and began to bargain very earnestly for it, gradually drawing the farmer a few steps further away from the wagon. He told the farmer that he and his comrades had left their ancestral melon-patches to go and fight the battles for the Union; that Uncle Sam did not pay them very liberal wages; that as yet they had received no pay, but that they were fond of melons, and he wanted to know what was the lowest price which he would take for the particular melon which he held in his hands. He argued very pathetically for a low price. Being patriotic, the farmer sold it for a few cents, and after some delay in making change, turned toward the wagon to supply the other customers. But sad to tell, his wagon was empty, and not a melon was in sight. Bringing

eatables into the locality was like pouring water on a sand heap. With a disgusted look, the farmer tried to get a last glimpse of one of his melons, at least, but it was in vain, and he mounted his wagon, remarking: 'Guess I'd better git my wagon out o' here pretty soon, or you'll eat that.' He left the camp soon after with an empty wagon, a flat pocket-book, and a rather low opinion of camp morals."

When Mr. Thain had finished, Mr. Wm. Tasker, Chaplain of an Illinois Infantry Regiment, began:

"That reminds me of one that occurred in Northern Missouri, in a swamp called Mud Creek. It was the first guard for many of the boys after leaving the camp of instruction, and it was hard for some of them to accustom themselves to the loneliness of sentinel duty. It was especially hard for one young fellow, I remember, who had never been from home very much, and already began to be homesick. His post was in a thicket of undergrowth from which the large trees had been cut, and it was his first night on guard. It had been raining all the afternoon, and by eight o'clock in the evening the usual camp-life was hushed, and all was quiet. The night was very dark, and the rain still poured down—one of those dreary, drizzly, dismal times so unwelcome to a homesick soldier—in fact, the place and time could only be duplicated by the dreariness of a Missouri thicket on a rainy night.

"The lad paced his weary beat to and fro, to and fro, all the evening. Nine o'clock came, and the stillness became oppressive. Ten o'clock came; still nothing could be heard except the monotonous patter of the rain. Eleven o'clock; twelve o'clock; all was quiet. The sentinel walked up and down again. Then he sat down. Nothing would break the silence. He thought of home. Then a tear trickled down his cheek. To clear it away he began to sing:

"'How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me.'

"Just then the officer of the guard, a gruff, irreverent specimen, came around, heard the music, and thought to have a little sport. Creeping quietly up, he suddenly raised to his feet within a few steps of the startled soldier. The music ceased.

"'Halt!' the sentinel commanded. 'Who goes there?'

"Placing his hands up to his mouth for a trumpet, the officer loudly whispered, '*Jeff Davis!*'

"'Oh! I thought it was the Second Relief,' said the soldier."

Then Mr. Svanson John Petersen, of De Grace's Twenty-Pound Paragon Battery, Company H, First Ill. Light Artillery of the United States of America Volunteers, arose. He began with his favorite tribute to Gen. W. T. Sherman, and was not alone in his admiration of the great chieftain; but the boys had heard his story before, and knew its length. The fire burned low, many of the soldiers had been doing fatigue duty during the day, some of them had mixed their coffee with a stronger beverage during the evening, and the majority longed for the bunk. Mr. Petersen continued:

"It vas de march vrom Savannah to Raleigh. De camp vas lade at night, und dere vas early rizing all de time. De vedder vas bad, und de boys discourage. Ven de boys vas discourage dey vould cuss de offisairs. Ve vas cussin' Sherman und de offisairs, ven ve vas riding along von day, because de war vas too long. Ve vas vith de third gun, und I vas de lead driver. De second driver he say to me, 'Keep still,' all at once.

"Preddy zoon Sherman und his shtaff files along up de rear. Sherman says, 'Vat's de matter?'

"'Ve are tired oud,' ve zay.

"Den Sherman vas very polite. De soldiers are von by his expression. He say: 'Boys, it's preddy zoon over. I know it's hard, but a little longer ve'll be home—ve are on our vay home!' If he had been a captain he vould svear at us. It vas very sad."

"Is that the end?" asked the Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History.

"Vell, I haf anudder von," said Mr. Petersen.

"We will hear that another time," said the society. On looking around it was discovered that there were a great many dry eyes in the audience after this sad story. In fact, all eyes were dry, and there emanated from the various breathing apparatuses sounds indicative of weariness. The god Morpheus had weighed their eyelids down; upon beholding which the society beckoned Mr. Petersen to be seated. In course of half an hour the soldiers began to leave camp, one at a time, each quietly departing after he shook off his drowsiness, and feeling too much victimized to arouse his fellow-slumberers.

CAMP-FIRE II.

HOW A BALKY HORSE DID NOT SURRENDER—THE EXECUTION OF DESERTERS—A PENSION FOR A PIN-SCRATCH.

WHEN the veterans convened on the following evening, some one soberly alluded to the discourtesy of the previous meeting in withdrawing from the camp-fire so unceremoniously. With great humiliation the guilty each made a low bow, and assured the others that nothing but the best intention—which has excused far greater crimes—had possessed them; that they had quietly withdrawn that they might leave their weary comrades to the full enjoyment of unbroken slumber. This explanation being accepted, Mr. Joseph Dewey, of the 7th Iowa Cavalry, Company C, said:

"Let me relate the glorious tradition of how a balky horse saved the life of Captain Bartlett. It was just before the capture of Memphis, and our boys were returning from a three-days' raid. We had come in sight of what we thought were two regiments of Federal infantry, and wheeled about to join them. But when we were within a few rods of the supposed Federals, we suddenly discovered that they were about two thousand 'Johnnies' in blue coats.

"Captain Bartlett had a very remarkable horse. He was a dark bay, bob-tail, straight neck, and short ears. This horse always held his head about twenty-nine degrees higher than the heads of his fellows, probably from his sense of pride. But with all his imperfections he was not blind. I have never known of a blind horse that was balky. Jehu—that was his

name—had two good I's, one for intelligence, the other for indolence. However, he rarely used both at the same time. He would glance backward with the eye of intelligence to see what was going on in the rear, and then, all of a sudden, he could see nothing more except through the indolence eye. Yet withal, this noble animal was trustworthy—you could always trust him to eat a peck of oats and call for more; and he was equally reliable for standing still when there was too much weight on his back.

"Upon discovering the true character of the blue-coated infantry, the cavalry wheeled again, and were off. Jehu stopped. He had become tired of horse society. He desired solitude. The captain whipped and spurred, all to no purpose. Then the Confederates opened fire, and it began to be uncomfortable for Jehu; though no damage was done. Then another volley came, and Jehu at once concluded to join the enemy. To carry out this determination, he turned his head to the left, stiffened his neck, and darted off in a 2:40 gait, side-wise, to the right. This brought him into the midst of the enemy, who yelled to the captain: 'Surrender! surrender! You Yankee s— o— b—!'"

[This military term may need some explanation. It originated with the Confederates early in the war, and was an appellation given to all soldiers of the Union Army, from whatever point they hailed. In civil life it became shortened to "Yankee *sob*," but here it is used in its strictest hostile sense.]

"But no surrender for Jehu. The enemy's ranks parted and let him through, but the firing continued, and still was heard:

"'Surrender! surrender! you Yankee s— o— b—!'

"'How in thunder *can* I surrender,' answered the captain, still borne through the ranks on the back of the horse. 'I will if you'll stop my horse.' Several shots were fired, but strange to say, Jehu made good his escape without a scratch to himself or the captain, amidst great applause."

Mr. H. P. Thompson, Orderly Sergeant of Company H, 49th New York, and later in charge of the provost guard, then asked if the S. P. U. H. would like to hear concerning the execution of two deserters.

"Yes," said their representative; "give us a description of how deserters were executed."

"Well, I remember what I am going to tell as well as if it happened only yesterday. The prominent part I bore in the sad affair fixed it indelibly on my mind.

"It was near Brandy Station, Va., on the 3d of December, 1863. Desertions were becoming too frequent, and something had to be done to stop the disloyalty. Seventeen deserters had been tried and sentenced at this time; but fifteen were pardoned by the general proclamation of President Lincoln, pardoning all deserters who would return and take their places in the ranks. The two who were not pardoned were George Blowers, of Company A, 2d Vermont, and John Tague, Company A, 5th Vermont. There were a great many trials for desertion during the war, but deserters were seldom executed; they usually received a lighter sentence. The most general sentence was that the deserter should return to the army and serve out all of his original time of enlistment which had not been served, without pay or allowance. For instance, if a soldier who had enlisted for four years had deserted at the end of six months, he would be brought back when caught, and be compelled to serve three years and six months more. This was the penalty, except in flagrant cases.

"Some were sent to Dry Tortugas, which was almost equivalent to banishment. Dry Tortugas is a group of islands belonging to the United States, at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico, 120 miles west southwest of Cape Sable, the southern extremity of Florida. The islands are very low and swampy, partly covered with mangrove

bushes, which is a species of tropical fruit resembling the paw paw and banana. It was a dismal place, and deserters were compelled to serve out a term of years with ball and chain, the same as other prisoners.

"Occasionally there was a man hung; but Tague and Blowers were to be shot. The provost marshal of the county or locality where they were caught had returned them, as was the custom, to their regiment, and drawn his bounty, which was a reward of $50 apiece (I believe), offered by the State in which they were found.

"The court-martial then tried and sentenced them, and they were placed in tents by themselves in charge of the provost guard, which was chosen pro rata from the different regiments of a division. The guard in this instance was a detail of twenty men chosen from the regular provost guard. When a deserter was put under guard, two or three of these men would stand with loaded muskets around the tent of the deserter, being relieved every two hours. No soldier was ever made to stand guard over a deserter from his own company or regiment, for, of course, it was always painful for one comrade to be compelled to enforce a severe law upon a fellow comrade, and possibly a schoolmate, or even a brother, and then there was danger of a plot to escape if an intimacy of this kind were allowed. So these two boys from Vermont were handed over to our regiment, the 49th New York.

"It was a beautiful morning. The sky was clear, the sun shone brightly, the air was soft and still, and two ambulances, containing rough wooden coffins, were brought up to the tents where the prisoners were under guard. Each soldier was then placed in an ambulance, on his coffin, and the retinue proceeded to the place of execution, about a mile from the headquarters of the guard. The ambulances were drawn this distance by the soldiers who were to do

the shooting. When they arrived at the chosen place, the division, composed of about ten thousand soldiers, was formed into a hollow square to witness the sad affair. A hollow square is a double line of soldiers on three sides of a square, fronting the fourth side, which is left open, as the objective point of operations. It was used on this occasion for an imposing display, and to intimidate and prevent other soldiers present from committing a like crime.

"It was a scene full of awe, never to be forgotten by those who took part. All who witnessed it seemed to feel the solemn presence of death. When the coffins were placed in the open part of the square, John Tague attempted to be jovial by rapping in the bottom of his coffin and asking some of the boys if they could not put shavings or something in it, as it would be a pretty hard nest; but no applause greeted his remark, and it reacted upon him with solemn force. The adjutant general then stepped out into a position a little forward from the center of the square, and in a clear, but tremulous voice, read the finding of the court-martial to the troops. The guns used by the provost guard on occasions like this were always loaded by a person appointed for the purpose. It would not do to let soldiers load their own guns, as they would probably put in blank cartridges. The feeling of responsibility for a death was too intense in such cases. However, one blank cartridge was always put into one of the guns, so that each of the men who did the shooting might suppose that he had the blank, and that his shot did not kill the prisoner.

"When the adjutant finished reading, the guard was ordered forward, divided into two platoons of ten each, and the guns were handed to them. As I have said, I shall never forget this particular moment. I had charge of one of the platoons, and the orders were that the man having such charge should step up with a loaded musket and blow out the

brains of the victim in case the volley discharged at him by the platoon failed to kill! I held my musket ready in my hand, and was to shoot John Tague. The other platoon was in charge of Sergeant Otis B. Hayes. He was a man of strong nerve and moral courage, but at this time he was as pale as death and as weak as a child; in fact, he could hardly stand. He was to end the life of George Blowers, if the ten shots from his platoon failed.

"While the finding of the court-martial was being read by the adjutant, the doomed men stood up. But they were now ordered to kneel on their coffins. A quarter-sheet of ordinary note paper—called by the boys a 'paper heart'—was then pinned on the coat of each victim, over his heart. When this was done, there was an awful silence. The doomed boys had not been blindfolded, and each countenance, though brave to the last, betrayed the solemn consciousness that within a minute more they would be within the pale of death. All was suspense. Clapping his hands to his heart, John Tague said, 'Boys, shoot me here—make no mistake!' Then came the final order from the provost marshal:

"'Ready! Aim! Fire!'

"Tague fell forward on his face and never breathed again; but Blowers was horribly mangled, and fell forward on his hands and knees, exclaiming:

"'Oh! my God—my God!'

"Sergeant Hayes trembled like an aspen. He was to end the poor fellow's existence! He advanced toward the spot, while ten thousand soldiers held their hushed breath. But, to the relief of all, Blowers died before the Sergeant reached him; and the troops formed company front, and marched in review past the coffins to view the bodies of their dead comrades."

"That is true to the letter, and well given," said Andrew W. Brazee, late major of the 49th New York. "I was the

provost marshal who gave the order, and remember it well."

A general from Ohio, who had charge of a brigade, then gave this incident to illustrate the eagerness with which a certain element in our army sought redress from the government for injuries sustained, even before the pain of a hurt had subsided; in fact, an injury was hardly received before they began to weigh, in their minds, the amount of annuity to which they would be entitled.

"A Dutchman had been detailed as an orderly on duty at the general's headquarters, and in an engagement was unfortunate enough to have the index and second finger of his right hand shot off. He was running to and fro across the battle field when he met the general, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, he exclaimed, 'Oh, Sheneral, Sheneral, shoost look at my hand.' The general, after expressing sorrow and sympathy, was about to move on, when the man again turned his tearful face toward him, and, holding up his bleeding hand, in pitiful tones cried out:

"'Oh, Sheneral! Sheneral! how much pension I gets for him? Don't you tink I would get two pensions, one for each finger what I lose?'"

This story was considered a good one to close with, and the second camp-fire was dismissed.

CAMP-FIRE III.

THE MADDEST MAN IN THE ARMY—A REGIMENTAL FOOT RACE—EFFECTS OF EXCITEMENT—"BRESS DE LOR'."

"BOYS, do you recollect the race between our regiment and the 2d Iowa?" said Mose Huntley, of the 52d Illinois.

"Yes," said Mr. Kessler, a First Lieutenant of one of the companies, "it was just before the battle of Corinth, and I remember about that time of seeing the maddest man I ever saw in my life. He belonged to our company, and was a fine soldier, patriotic and courageous, but impetuous. His name was Peterson, I believe, a strong, burly Swede.

"The rebel Forrest had just made an audacious raid near us. Peterson could stand it to fight an honest soldier in the front, but when he thought of being hoodwinked by a treacherous guerilla, he almost tore his hair. We were ordered out immediately after Forrest, and pursued him all night. Just before daybreak we were passing through a low wooded land, and thought we heard the noise of the enemy in our advance. Peterson broke into a run, thinking he would get a shot at 'dem kersud gareelahs.' But alas! just as he started to run a vine tripped him, and he fell forward against a sapling of two or three years' growth. His rage was uncontrollable. Swearing a chain of oaths, and clenching his musket with a death-grip, he slashed away at the sapling with the butt end, breaking the stock and ruining the barrel. But this was not enough. He grappled with the enemy, gnawed, kicked and twisted until he tore the tree up by the roots and flung it away."

"Ehic! 'nuther vict'ry fur United States arms," said Boozy Dick, who was intoxicated to a stupefying degree.

"Well, Mr. Huntley, will you not give us the race now?" said the Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History, when Boozy Dick again essayed to exhort:

"Yes, let 'em go, Mose! I'll bet on the—on the—hic!—"

"The Sergeant-at-arms will please assist the sick veteran to retire," ordered the commander, and accordingly Dick was taken to the guard-house.

Mose Huntley then proceeded:

"Well, as I said at starting out, it was between our regiment (the 52d Illinois) and the 2d Iowa, but Kessler stopped me—"

"I beg your pardon, Comrade Huntley," said Mr. Kessler.

"My pardon is beggable," replied Mose, and continued:

"It was about two weeks before the battle of Corinth. We were out on a forage, and came to an old out-of-the-way house, about which weeds and bushes had grown. We heard a noise in the house and found six Rebs with one Yankee prisoner, whom they were trying to convert.

"'Humph!' said the Yankee, 'I'll never join your crowd as long as the United States has a flag and an army. You darned nigger-keepin' traitors ought to be ashamed to fight against such a flag as mine. If I was loose, I'd hang the whole lot of you!' The prisoner had looked through a crack and seen our boys coming, and it made him sort o' brave. 'If I wanted to I could call twelve legions to my help.'

"'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the rebs. 'Why don't you do it? *Do* it—call 'em.'

"'Well, I will call a *few* of 'em—come on, boys,' said the Yank, and just then our boys broke through the door and took the whole six prisoners.

"We tore everything up, and finally found a barrel of whiskey and one of black-strap."

["Black-strap" is a kind of syrup unskilfully made from frost-bitten sugar-cane. It resembles a mixture of coal-tar, glucose and stale soda water. Sometimes it was mixed with whiskey, and swallowed with much relish by soldiers whose stomachs must have been lined with something like cast-iron. This chemical analysis has been obtained at great expense by the S. P. U. H., and is known to be correct.]

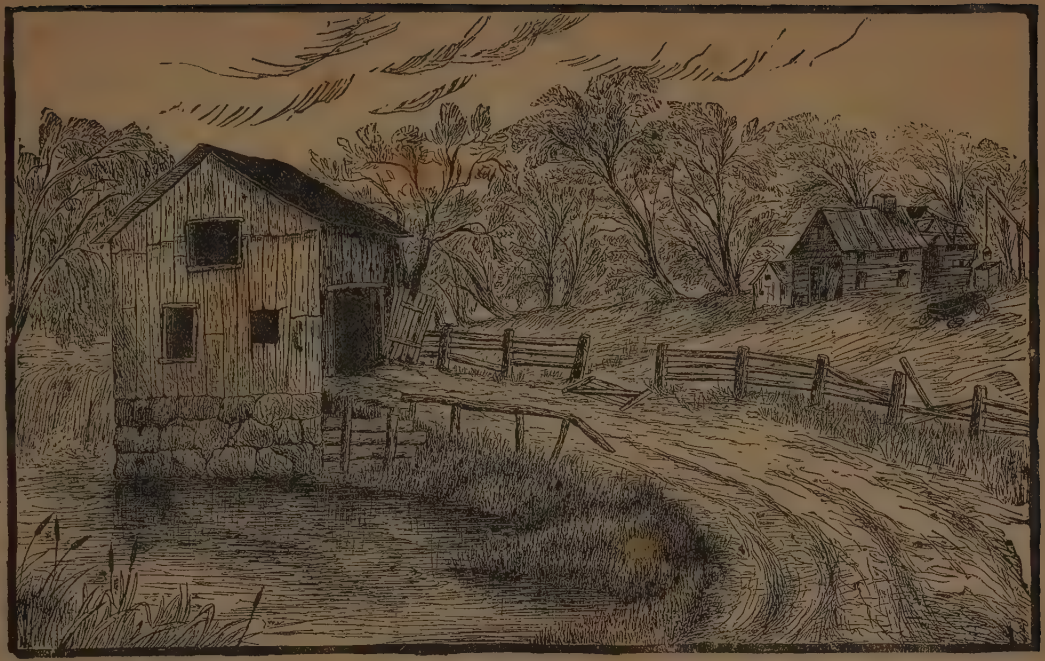
"Near by was an old mill," continued Mr. Huntley, "and strange to say, several bushels of wheat in a bin. We took some o' the wheat and put it in the hopper, and some of the boys would grind while the others watched. We ground about a bushel before the wheels got hot, and then they began to screech. We had nothing but cotton-seed oil, and that gummed so that it was no use to put it on. We ground about six bushels, when the old rattle-trap stopped short, never to go again! Squee-squawk, squee-squawk—you could hear it for twenty-five miles!"

"Aw! come down a peg," said one of the boys.

"Well, you could hear it for five miles—I'll swear it," said Mose.

"Then we took the bran, whiskey, and black-strap, and started for camp. We did not open either of the barrels, as we thought we would save it all and have a good time with the whole regiment that night. But alas! General Oglesby confiscated our entire stock. He told the teamster to drive the ambulance up to his tent and sleep on those barrels that night. The general was all right in this, because he had just chased the Rebel general, Rowdy, off fifty miles that day, and expected him back that night. He ordered the brigade to lie on their arms in line, for an emergency.

"We wrapped ourselves in our blankets and lay down—but not to sleep. The news of the whiskey had been circulated among the boys, and made 'em restless. They rolled up in their blankets and began to 'spoon!'"



THE OLD MILL.

"What is 'spooning'?" asked the Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History.

"'Spoonin,' my dear children," explained a veteran in the art, "is when soldiers wrap up in their blankets and roll back'ards and for'ards over one 'nother for fun. It is done when they have too much 'budge' aboard. But this time they were only anticipatin', and sort o' goin' through the motions like. They hadn't had anythin' to drink, an' so it was purty dry spoonin'.

"It was 10 o'clock and the Rebel general, Rowdy, hadn't come yet. The boys didn't like the idea o' being cheated out of their 'regular,' and so they 'pointed a commission to look after them barrels of General Oglesby's. The commission crawled up quietly to the wagon, and enough of the boys formed a line on their knees to pass the canteens back from the wagon to the bivouac, so that no noise would be made. It was not long before the commission got an auger an' commenced to bore through the bottom of the wagon up into the barrels. The first barrel they bored into was the black-strap, but they plugged that up, and it did not take long to get the whiskey out of the other one. The canteens were passed back, and the boys had a good old 'spoon,' never waking the driver, who slept on the barrels.

"In the morning the officers thought they would sample the whiskey, and sent to the wagon for some. But of course the boys had emptied the barrel, and when it was reported to General Oglesby, he came out, called the boys together, and asked:

"'Who in (Hades) stole that whiskey?'

"'The 2d and 7th Iowa!' said our boys.

"'No, sir! the 52d Illinois,' said the Iowa boys.

"Just then General Sweeney (then our Colonel) came out, and he looked awfully dry and disappointed. 'Who stole that whiskey?' he inquired.

"'The 2d and 7th Iowa!' we answered, and the Iowa boys again said we did it.

"'By the powers! I'll arrest every one of you,' said Sweeney.

"But he didn't. When it comes to arrestin' two or three regiments o' soldiers, it's not easily done. Then we were suddenly ordered to Corinth on double-quick, to resist an attack by the Johnnies. The sun was hot, and the air sultry. The march was heavy, and we double-quicked it every step. As we proceeded, some of the boys became so worn-out that they dropped out, and lay down on the roadside. Some were sunstruck, and many were disabled for life, who are drawing pensions now for that very march. Before we got to Corinth, it was told among the boys that General Weaver (then Colonel of the 2d Iowa) had bet General Sweeney $500 that the 2d Iowa could beat the 52d Illinois to Corinth. This nerved the boys up, and the ranks kept thinning out. I think there were some deaths reported from fatigue. When we got to Corinth in the evening there were only sixteen of our company to report—the rest had dropped on the way. Our company was the first to get in, but I never wanted any more races in mine.

"There were no rebels there, nor any signs of any. The boys said the race was on account of the bet, but I thought it was to punish us for stealing the whiskey."

"All that might have been avoided," said Capt. J. M. Shields, of Company F, 77th Illinois, "but let me remind you of something that could not have been avoided—a curious result which was the experience of almost every soldier in the war, and shows how various are the effects of excitement under fire, upon different temperaments.

"We were ordered to the extreme right in the battle of Chickasaw Bluffs, which placed us on the bank of the Mississippi. It was necessary to skirmish our way along, and

before we arrived there, serious trouble occurred. We had never been in an engagement, and none of us knew whether we could stand fire or not. Troops could never be depended upon the first time, though they generally came through all right.

"Our way was through a wooded country, and as usual in skirmishing, the orders were for every fellow to look out for himself. We pushed on in our irregular line for several hundred yards, the boys becoming more and more scattered. They realized now, for the first time in their lives that they were to be shot at. Some were eager and almost rash in their recklessness to push forward and get a shot at the rebs. At times they would be so far in advance that they would have to be ordered back. Others advanced in mortal fear, though they were patriotic and sincere enough, and made good soldiers afterward. But the terror and excitement that seized numbers of them, made them almost powerless to act, for they would lose all control of their nerves, and it is a singular but well-established fact, that under such circumstances the bowels are the first portion of the human system to feel this prostration of the nerves."

Hundreds of soldiers in our civil war became deathly sick under their first fire, though through no cowardice of their own.

"As we went on, the woods became thicker, and the firing sharper. The excitement grew greater, and then the trouble began. Fully five hundred of our regiment were seized with the complaint, and affairs grew serious indeed. Among them was one poor fellow whom I shall never forget. He had kept well to the rear all along, but I cheered him up, pushed him ahead, and managed to keep him in the company.

"Presently we came out in a turnip patch, and when we were well in view, the rebs poured a volley into us. This

was the climax. The bullets rattled and stirred the dust about our feet, yet no one was hurt. But the panic was upon us, and it was not possible to hold the weakest. One or two of the boys rushed forward and gained the shelter of a fence beyond, but the rest rapidly retreated.

"I went back with the company, and in the rear found the young man I had aided. He was lying on the ground, deathly pale, writhing in supposed pain, and was so weak that he could not stand. I ordered him to get up and advance immediately, knowing that with one strong effort he would regain his courage. But he was in a sad state, and with his arms tightly pressed about his stomach, he pleaded: 'Oh! my God, my God! captain, do, *do* let me stop here. Oh! I am *so* sick—oh!—oh!'

"I could only pity the poor boy, and so I let him remain until he recovered. Yet he was only one of many who passed through the same experience, and afterward became the most courageous soldiers."

The 7th Iowa was then glorified in this manner by Mr. William F. Montgomery:

"When Sherman reached Columbia, S. C., 300 Union officers were imprisoned there. These were liberated and the city was fired. But before this the prisoners were slurred with all kinds of foul insults. Nothing seemed too base for the home-guards and women to utter. They were worse than the women of New Orleans before Butler's 'Woman Order.'

"But there was one consolation, even though it came in the form of ebonized humanity. Every insult thrown at the Union prisoners only increased the enthusiasm of the negroes. Multitudes of negro women and children always hung about the army, and hailed the Union soldiers as their deliverers. They meant well enough, but their sympathy was generally carried to excess, and they became almost a general nuisance,

especially the ignorant and superstitious field hands. It was a strain on moral courage to endure the majority of the negroes who worked about the houses, but these were infinitely more decent than the field hands.

"In our company was a little wiry, sawed-off man, who hated a negro worse than a snake. When the boys wanted a little sport they would call on Tom to 'cuss the niggers,' and he invariably responded. He repeatedly declared that, 'if the niggers is emancipated I'll leave the army.' But he didn't leave. He staid right along until the climax was reached at Columbia. As we marched up, the negroes swarmed out on all sides to meet us. Among them was an old field hand, a big, stout wench, who would weigh over 400 pounds avoirdupois. Her cheeks hung down, and so did her lower lip, which was something near an inch in thickness, and her hair seemed like the tail of a horse that had been feeding in a cockle-burr field, except that it had the hereditary kink not found in horse-hair.

"The excitement among the negroes grew greater and more intense, and their eyes protruded far beyond their usual limit, as the army came near. They sang, and danced, and shouted. The big woman was especially wild. She raised her arms, snorted like an elephant, and started straight for me. I had been in twenty-two hard-fought battles; had heard the bullets sing past my ears, and shells over my head; many a time had faced death in a thousand forms, and was in the present emergency well armed; but for once in my life I beat a hasty retreat. The old negress gained on me, and I was almost within her reach, the ranks ringing with applause, when I stepped behind the wiry little nigger-hater, and the negress wrapped her great arms around him, lifting him off his feet, and shouting:

"'Bress de Lor'! Bress de Lor'! Yooz de ones we's bin prayin' faw dese fo yeahs! Lor' bress ye, honey! I lub

-BRESS DE LORD

ye—I lub ye! Hm—hm—,' and she squeezed the little wiry man the tighter, while the boys cheered louder than ever."

Some of the veterans present remembered the incident, and together with the Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History, they re-echoed the applause of twenty years ago.

When the auditors were quiet again, the commander said that a drum corps from the Freedmen's Exodus Society would like to favor the camp-fire with an attack. The camp-fire submitted, and the drum corps filed in. Unfortunately, however, the man who tuned the drums had died soon after the war, and the position which he vacated had been unfilled up to date, so that the instruments were somewhat out of repair, and somewhat more out of tune. Then the stifled ether was stirred with rut-tut-tut, bum-bum! rut-tut-tut, bum-bum! and it was thought, from the most scientific musical analysis, that the drum corps had started out on the appropriate tune of

"Ain't I glad I'm out of the Wilderness,"

—an old edition, perhaps, revised and enlarged, with variations and side-notes complete, rearranged especially for the drum corps of the Freedmen's Exodus Society. The drummers warmed up to their performance, and the melody became more intense. After they had played a short time there began to be a remarkable prevalence of headache, and then the audience began to ache all over. The commander was petitioned for mercy. The tenor became louder and shriller, the bass deeper and heavier. The commander then deliberately but loudly ordered the music to face about and halt. But no command could be heard amidst "the clash of arms." Each burly son of Ham had now closed his eyes and nerved himself for the first grand crescendo. The result was inevitable. If the soldiers waited for the climax they would all be placed on the pension-list for broken ear-drums. There was

only one way out of the difficulty—that was past the guard. That individual, they found, had already fled, and the whole camp soon stampeded after him. When the drummers opened their eyes, after they had finished their selection, they looked about them, found nothing but darkness, and probably adjourned.

CAMP-FIRE IV.

BUTTERMILK WITHOUT MONEY, BUT NOT WITHOUT PRICE—FREAKS UNDER FIRE—"JOHNNIES" AND "YANKS" STOP SHOOTING TO SHAKE HANDS—SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT DIFFERENT FROM "HOME-GUARDS"—SOUTHERN NEWSPAPERS—ORIGIN OF "HOLD THE FORT."

ALL the veterans answered at roll-call this evening, as did all the visiting brethren—including the S. P. U. H.—except the drum corps of the Freedmen's Exodus Society. No one asked any question, not caring even to call to mind the experience of the previous evening.

Mr. John G. Morrison began to speak:

"In the fall of 1863, our Regiment (the 101st Ill.) was transferred from West Tennessee to Bridgeport, Ala., and attached to the 11th Army Corps. Supplies for the army at Chattanooga were at that time carried on mules from Bridgeport by a circuitous route along the north bank of the Tennessee River. To open up a shorter and better route, the 11th and 12th Army Corps, not then reorganized into the 20th, were ordered to march across to Chattanooga.

"On the second day's march a discussion arose in Company D, as to which army then occupied Lookout Mountain. One man stoutly maintained that Rosecrans did not lose at Chickamauga, and to settle the matter, one of D's men broke ranks and ran up to a house, and politely asked a lady who was standing in the door, and trying to feel that she wasn't subdued and never would be, whether there were any Confederates on Lookout Mountain. She replied very tartly that when he came back he might tell her.

"The midnight fight in the valley, the battles of Mission

Ridge and Lookout Mountain were soon fought, and after the terrible mid-winter march to the relief of Knoxville, and a rest at Kelley's Ferry, our regiment marched back over the same road through the valley, to Bridgeport. We had all of us forgotten the woman and her evasive answer, except the soldier who questioned her. As we passed the house, he again left the ranks and went up to the house, taking another comrade and half a dozen canteens with him.

"'Madam,' he said, making his best bow, 'I am going back now, and stopped to tell you that there is not a single Confederate on the mountain.'

"'Clar out!' said the woman.

"'Well, madam, I saw some very nice buttermilk when I was here before, and I thought I would bring my canteen along and have it filled.'

"'Naw sir!' growled the woman. 'I don't never give no Yankee no buttermilk o' mine.'

"'You seem to be decidedly in the negative, madam, but I'll *pay* you for the milk—you'll never have to *give a Union soldier* any buttermilk.'

"With this assurance, the woman filled the canteens, in high hope that she would get some United States money, for Confederate scrip was already depreciating, notwithstanding the stringent laws in force against a discrimination in favor of United States money.

"'How much are these worth?' asked the soldier, putting the several canteens into his several pockets.

"'Two dollars apiece!' said the woman.

"'Ain't that pretty high?' asked the soldier, fumbling in every pocket he had to find some money.

"'Thought yer said I wouldn't have to give no Union soldier no buttermilk,' said the woman, surmising the true state of affairs.

"'You will not,' said the soldier—'I'll get the money of

my comrade just out in the yard,' and he started out; with his hands he beckoned the comrade to go back toward the passing columns, while with his voice he called him toward the house. Of course the comrade was in a hurry to get back to the ranks, and the soldier with the canteens moved on after him with apparent reluctance, leaving the woman standing in her doorway watching her buttermilk disappear over the hill, her great expectation slowly changing into disappointment, and then disgust."

When Mr. Morrison finished speaking Mr. Thain asked if the society would like to be initiated into skirmishing, and the active business life of the line of battle.

"Yes," was the reply, "it may be read with ravenous interest by the two-thousand-one-hundred-and-third generation hence."

"Well, let us take Sherman's Atlanta campaign as the main basis of illustration; for the war was not conducted scientifically, and with absolute certainty of success, until after General Grant was placed in command of all the Union forces, and had arranged a concert of action between the East and the West. There is a completeness about the campaigns of 1864, which renders that year of the conflict an interesting study as illustrating the art of war.

"Sherman's army when he began the Atlanta campaign, was 100,000 strong; Johnston's 60,000 strong, but he had the advantage of a friendly country in his rear, and the additional advantage of a succession of carefully fortified lines in the line of his possible retreat. A large force of negroes was at work all the while in his rear; and when he abandoned one line of works he had another to take shelter in. Sherman's advantage consisted in the fact that he could spare at least 40,000 men to lap around the right or left of Johnston's position, and by threatening his communications compel him to fall back. Every direct attack made by Sherman failed, but the

flank movement was always successful, though it had a demoralizing effect on the Confederates, who thereby had to confess their weakness by falling back each time, and finally were shut up in Atlanta.

"Having given this general outline of the way in which the campaign was conducted, let us now suppose that Sherman is beginning to feel one of Johnston's strong positions, for instance, the line including Kenesaw, Pine and Lost Mountains. But this is ticklish work, approaching a strong line in a country which is rough and hilly, and much of it heavily timbered. The enemy may sally out on us while we are forming our line, or before our front is protected by earthworks. Yet the Union soldiers are mighty diggers, and if the Johnnies as much as stop to tie their shoe strings before starting, they will find a line of works barring their advance, raised as if by magic. On the Atlanta campaign, the spade was mightier than the sword. Our men did not need to be *urged* to fortify; the enemy's shell urged them in language which needed no interpretation. As soon as a line was formed, and arms stacked, they began to dig, almost as instinctively as a mole begins to burrow when placed on the ground. In every new deal that Sherman and Johnston made, spades were trumps, and as our boys knew how to play the game, we usually won.

"It was amazing to see how quickly a line could be thrown up in that timbered country. Logs, rails, stumps, stones—anything which could form a slight protection, was piled along the regimental front, and inside of this a trench was dug, the earth being thrown outside to form a breastwork. In a few minutes it is strong enough to resist a musketry fire, and a sudden charge could be successfully repelled by the aid of this frail work. When there was no danger of immediate attack, or when this first breastwork became a part of the regular line of investure, a strong parapet was built, faced with logs,

poles, or rails, perpendicular on the inside, and four or five feet high. The trench on the inside was then widened to from four to six feet, and deepened to two feet, the earth being thrown over in front again, and making a wall on the outside, four to six feet thick. The parapet was generally crowned with a head-log, a space being left between its under side and the parapet to fire through. The head-log rested on skids, which sloped off across the trench to keep the log from injuring the men, if displaced by a cannon-shot. These works were sometimes further strengthened by an *abatis* of tree tops, placed a number of rods in front, with their sharpened branches turned toward the enemy. Through this an attacking column would find great difficulty in making their way under fire. Such works could be held against almost any direct attack, as Sherman found to his cost in his unsuccessful charge on the Kenesaw line on the 27th of June.

"The skirmish pit was much like the main line in construction, except that it was lighter and only twelve or fifteen feet long. The skirmish pits were placed as far in advance of the main line as the location of the enemy's pits would permit, the opposing skirmish lines often being uncomfortably near each other.

"The establishment of a skirmish pit in an exposed position, in the face of a watchful Confederate line, was a task requiring the wisdom of a serpent, the courage of a lion, and the building powers of a beaver. I distinctly remember one particular skirmish line in front of Johnston's Allatoona line of defense; and though the situation now presents itself to me in a somewhat ludicrous light, it was serious enough on Saturday, the 28th of May, 1864. We went on the skirmish line before daylight, as it was in an open field in plain sight of the enemy's main line, and not more than 300 yards from their skirmish line. The particular post where I found myself was sheltered by two lengths of rail-fence in the shape of a letter

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

V, strengthened somewhat by additional rails. At first we confined our attention to the enemy's skirmish pits, and many sharp shots were exchanged. But along in the forenoon we became ambitious, and began to try the effect of long-range shots on the main line. Directly in front of us was one of the enemy's batteries, and as we could now and then see a man not sheltered by the parapet, or an officer riding along on horseback, it amused us to see how our long-range shots would quicken their pace. Some of the shots must have taken effect, or, at any rate, they could bear our fire no longer, for about the middle of the forenoon that battery opened a terrible fire on our particular pile of rails.

"We had thought that our insignificance was our best protection, but now the tables were sadly turned. We knew that the loose rails would aid in our destruction if a shot should strike them, but we clung to our fence corner, dreading the skirmish fire if we should leave it.

"Serious as the situation was, a ludicrous feeling flashed through my mind for a moment as I looked around for a place to lie down. My comrades, including the lieutenant of the guard, were piled together in the corner of the V, each trying to make himself as flat as—" [some of the sermons preached by the chaplains—the S. P. U. H. thought he said—as their great ears for once failed to catch the comparison; but it might have been as flat as they lay when robbing hen-roosts while the property man was near. However, the society concluded, without any reflection upon the speaker, that posterity must necessarily suffer the loss of some eloquent points of history; otherwise the historian of three thousand years hence would have no ancient manuscripts to ponder over.]

"The boys were so mixed together," continued the narrator, "that I could not distinguish one from the other. I lay down behind the pile, and wished myself behind the main

line. Shell after shell shrieked over us so close that we could almost feel the wind of them, and one or two burst just behind the post, but nothing struck our pile of rails.

"The fire from the enemy's batteries became so sharp that our batteries began to answer it, and this turned their attention from such small game to pay their respects to our main line. Other batteries began to join in, and as gun after gun awoke from both sides it seemed as if old Nick had let loose all his dragons. When the firing ceased we became badgers, one and all, and began to dig for dear life. Bayonets, tin plates, pieces of rails—anything that could turn up earth, was used.

"By-and-by, when the Confederate skirmishers were not alert, one of our number crept along, Indian-fashion, past a light growth of bushes to the next post to the right. He soon returned with a spade, and if that spade had been solid gold, handle and all, presented to our post for our sauciness in stirring up such a hub-bub, it could not have been received with greater delight. At first it was used with great difficulty, for to rise to one's feet, even in a stooping posture, was almost sure death from a rebel musket-ball. By slow degrees a shaft was sunk in the fence-corner, deep enough for a man to stand upright, and by making frequent changes, that spade was so diligently used, that by the middle of the afternoon we had transformed our frail defense into a shot-proof redan.

"Then we opened on that battery again, loading and firing as fast as we could, and they opened on us more furiously than before, but we answered them shot for shot. We had one advantage, for, by watching the puffs of smoke from their cannon we could seek safety in the subterranean region of our little fort before the shot reached us. We could dodge their shots, but they could not dodge our musket-shots, which were imperceptible. They tried us with solid shot, then shell, then grape-shot; but all in vain. We "silenced" that battery, that

is, they ceased firing because their shots were of no effect; then we rested on our laurels. Those of my hearers who have never been in a battle may get some idea of the skirmish line of a great battle by multiplying many times the experience just related.

"The Atlanta campaign might be called a skirmish one hundred and twenty days long, rising now and then into a battle; for, from the time that we took the enemy's works at Tunnel Hill on May 7, until we parted company with Hood's army at Jonesboro, below Atlanta, the skirmish fire hardly ever ceased.

"The two armies became familiar with each other on the skirmish line; and familiarity bred *respect*. On the Kenesaw line the skirmishers began to parley with each other, and friendly meetings between the lines became frequent.

"I happened to be on the skirmish line when the practice first began. One afternoon there was a pretty lively fire for awhile, and then a lull. It seemed as if both sides had become tired; and then the Johnnies hailed us thus:

"'Hello, Yanks! Let up awhile. Stop firing, and send out two unarmed men half way, to talk with two of ours.'

"'Do you want to surrender?' we asked.

"'No! Give us a rest, and we'll have a chat with you.'

"'All right, Johnny; you do the same.'

"A man from company A and myself started through the woods toward the rebel line, and before we had gone very far, we saw coming toward us two butternut-clad men, who were almost duplicates of Hercules. The rebs had not yet learned to trust our word, and so they had sent two men famous for their fighting powers in a rough-and-tumble encounter. I do not say that we had been selected for the same reason, though, in fact, my companion was a noted fist-fighter—the terror of the whole camp when he was intoxicated.

"These two tall men were brothers from Texas, but our meeting was so friendly that suspicion was disarmed at once, and we sat down for a talk. The first question of the Johnnies' was:

"'Ain't you 'uns most tired o' this thing?'

"It was evident that they were; but we told them that we had come to Dixie to see the thing through, and that when they were ready to say quit, and call us brothers under the Stars and Stripes, we would gladly go home.

"'But why have you 'uns come down here to take away our niggers?'

"We assured them that such was not our object, and tried to enlighten them as to the cause of the war. They were very ignorant, and hardly knew what they were fighting for; but were wise enough to know that they were being beaten. They were anxious for some 'Lincoln coffee,' as they called it, and we gave them some from our haversacks. At this time the Johnnies were living on rye coffee, corn bread and bacon.

"'You Yanks drink Rio,' they said, 'but we drink *Ry-e!*'

"After exchanging Northern papers for some of the wretchedly-printed sheets then published in the South, we parted company with our two tall Texan friends, and soon both parties were safe within their own lines.

"Here is a sample of the newspapers published in the South in the latter part of the war," and the speaker held up a copy of the "Vicksburg Citizen," of July 2, 1863.

It was an interesting relic. Stationery was somewhat scarce in Confederate society, and even in business circles, when this edition of the "Citizen" was printed. Everything available in the line of paper had been used in making government "scrip," so that there was little supply for the baser needs of civilization. However, the editor of the "Citizen" was enterprising, and would not suspend his pub-

lication as long as anything like paper could be found with one white side to it. By the merest chance he obtained a quantity of fifth-grade wall-paper at a fabulous price, and at once proceeded to issue the "Citizen," only two days before the surrender of the city. It was a daily paper—daily whenever the proprietor could find anything to print it on—and the copy exhibited was sixteen inches long by eleven inches wide, with four minion columns of war news quite clearly printed on the uncolored side. The coloring of the other side was a rough, gloomy green for the solid color, having a brown vine-like figure with a red flower for the ornamentation. It was a novel publication—a monument to the endeavor of the proprietor, who could in reality present his readers with a chromo this time—and only commemorates the extremities developed by war.

The relic was passed around for the curious to examine, while the speaker continued:

"As soon as we were safe in our own lines there would come a hail, 'Look out, Yanks! we're going to shoot!'

"'All right, Johnny, pop away!' And for some time the skirmish fire would be kept up with unusual briskness, like children who break into an uproar after a period of enforced silence.

"There was nothing malicious about it; indeed, there was very little personal malice at this time between the men of the two armies. We had learned to respect each other on many a well-fought field, and when our men fell into their hands the regular soldiers treated them kindly. It was the wretched State militia, home-guards, and soldiers who had never seen a battle, who treated our prisoners so cruelly at Andersonville and other Southern prisons.

"In concluding, I will offer a little incident which inspired the song, 'Hold the Fort.' The original was not very religious, but in battle, under great excitement, men do and say

things which would not be excusable in civil life. It was at the bloody battle of Allatoona Pass; and Sherman, fearing that General Corse, who held an important position, might weaken, dispatched him to 'hold the fort' at all hazards. To this General Corse replied: 'I am short a cheek-bone and an ear, but can whip all h—l yet.'"

"Your reference to the skirmish lines," said Gen. Ira J. Bloomfield, of the 26th Illinois, "reminds me of some of the freaks the boys committed at the siege of Atlanta. When the siege was in full blast, we moved our entrenchments to within fifteen or twenty paces of the enemy in many places, and the men resorted to all kinds of tricks and devices to get a good shot. One was to get a piece of looking-glass, and then turn a loaded gun-barrel down, pointed over the top of our works; and by lying down below it, and using the looking-glass, a soldier could sight his gun without exposing himself at all. But a very ingenious contrivance was to hollow a conical minie-ball and fill it with powder, and then fit a percussion cap to the point of the ball, with an opening down to the powder. One man would load his rifle with this ball, and several of his comrades would stand with their weapons cocked, ready to fire. The man with the conical ball in his rifle would fire at a stump, fence-rail, or any solid substance that could be seen near the enemy's rifle pits. When this bullet struck, it would explode and sound as if some one just outside their works had fired a gun. This naturally would make them raise their heads to see what it meant. Then came the opportunity for the men in waiting to surprise their antagonists with the most effective shots, much to the gratification of our men, and the chagrin of the boys in gray."

CAMP-FIRE V.

A SURPRISE FOR THE JOHNNIES—WITH BANKS UP THE RED RIVER—PRISON LIFE IN TEXAS—SOLDIERS YET ON PAROLE—TROUBLE BETWEEN THE 13TH AND 19TH ARMY CORPS.

THE incidents related at the close of the last camp-fire, revived many another experience, and the roll-call was scarcely finished before a comrade belonging to the 100th Indiana besought that the following might be chronicled:

"While at New Hope Church, Ga., we advanced our lines each night, until our brigade—the second of the first division of the 15th Army Corps—had advanced and entrenched, by actual count, to within 114 steps of the rebel works. The only guard duty we did was to make a detail of three men to each company to do camp guard at night, with instructions to watch very carefully, lest the enemy should surprise us while it was dark.

"We could plainly see the Confederate works during the day, and no man dare raise his head above the fortifications, lest he be a target for the watchful sharpshooters.

"So on the 4th of June, 1864, Colonel Heath, of the 100th Indiana, concluded to give the Johnnies a little surprise. He called on the Colonel of the 46th Ohio, and giving him the cue, they soon had everything in readiness. The 46th Ohio being armed with the Spencer rifle (seven shooters), they were ordered to load, and every man be ready to fire at the sound of the bugle. The 100th Indiana had orders to give the 'Yankee yell' at the first blast of the bugle. Soon all was

in order, and the boys were eager for the work in hand. The bugle sounded the 'forward,' and the cheers of the 100th Indiana followed.

"The rebs, hearing the bugle and the shouting of the boys, concluded we were charging their lines, and sprang to their feet to meet us, thus exposing themselves. Then the 46th Ohio opened fire upon them with their Spencers, and it began to tell. The Johnnies quickly turned and sought cover, enraged beyond expression, each cursing and swearing to the full extent of his blasphemous vocabulary. They heaped all sorts of abuse on us, and one fellow was particularly exasperated. As he was going back, full of disgust, he faced about and yelled, at the top of his voice, 'Shoot away—*you* can't hit anything. You think you're mighty smart, but it's only another one of your darned Yankee nutmeg tricks.' A round of Yankee applause was followed by a volley, but the fellow got behind the works just in time to escape."

Major J. M. McCulloch, of the 77th Illinois, then asked if prison life in the South had been discussed at any previous camp-fire. Unfortunately he had not been present at any of the meetings, but would miss none of them hereafter.

"Since you have mentioned the matter, we will hear from you first," said the commander.

"Well, I am hardly prepared to speak impromptu," said the Major.

"Major McCulloch!" "Prison life!" "Major McCulloch!" "Speech!" "Speech!" and other exclamations were heard from the auditors.

"Well, if there is no escape, I will tell you of my experience, not in Andersonville, for I was not there; but there were other prison pens, and I served more than a year in one in Texas, which may not be altogether uninteresting to talk about.

"About the 1st of March, 1864, it was my lot to join the

expedition up Red River in Louisiana, under the command of General Banks. The previous winter months had been occupied in preparation for the expedition, and on the 8th of March the best equipped and best clad army that I was with during my term of service, commenced a forward movement from Brashear City, Louisiana, and marched directly through to Alexandria without delay. This was also one of the best conducted marches. Many of the boys had desired to go with Sherman, but as they did not get their wishes, the trip up Red River was made more pleasant than usual. The column was in motion early in the morning, and went into camp early in the evening. No promiscuous foraging was indulged, but everything necessary was amply provided by detailed foraging parties, so that there was no necessity for the weary soldier to spend part of the night in getting something fresh to eat.

"We reached Alexandria on the 26th of March, and joined the main column of the expedition conducted by General Franklin. One week later we reached Natchitoches (pronounced Nakitosh by the natives), where General Banks took command in person. On the morning of the 6th of April the column was again in motion toward Shreveport, the advance meeting with considerable opposition from the enemy. Our regiment was ordered to the front as skirmishers on the 8th, and about 3 o'clock P. M., after repeated skirmishes with the enemy (in one of which our Lieut.-Colonel L. R. Webb was killed), we found them strongly posted to resist our further progress. A line of battle was formed by the advance troops, consisting of the 2d division of the 13th Army Corps and a few regiments of cavalry.

"General Ransom, who commanded this section of the 13th Army Corps, seeing the dangerous situation of the advance, asked permission to withdraw some distance to get a better position, but was ordered to hold his ground. The

other division of our corps was three miles in the rear, and the 19th Corps, consisting of about ten thousand, was about eight miles, and a force of ten thousand under Gen. A. J. Smith, fully a day's march in the rear of that. Why we were thus scattered I never heard explained. The rebels, under Gen. Dick Taylor, to the number of fifteen or twenty thousand, seeing we would advance no further, and knowing our scattered condition, commenced an attack upon us, and brought on a terrific engagement, afterward called the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, by our army, but Mansfield by the Confederates.

"The center of our line held their ground manfully and did terrible execution in the ranks of the advancing foe, repelling three separate attacks; but the rebel line, being so much longer than ours, pressed the wings of our line back, and, before the center was aware of it, a line of rebels was formed in their rear. Being nearly out of ammunition, they submitted to the inevitable, and surrendered. This surrender included the 48th Ohio, the 19th Kentucky, and two companies from the right of our regiment, the 77th Illinois.

"The retreating wings met the 3d division a short distance in the rear, and with them formed another line, but the same fate befel it. The 19th Corps being six or seven miles still further in the rear, the rebels met no further opposition until they encountered this corps well-formed in line of battle, behind which our retreating fragments found shelter. Flushed with victory the rebels rushed upon this new line of battle, but were repulsed with great slaughter, and retired. Darkness closed the scene.

"Having escaped from the first line of battle, I formed with the second, and was there made a prisoner of war. I had often before felt, when entering a battle, that I might be killed or wounded, but I had never once thought of being captured. You can therefore imagine my consternation.

"The utter route of our army and the general demoralization which surrounded me, made me feel for the moment as if the whole United States had collapsed. I soon met Captain White, of the Chicago Mercantile Battery, who had been acting as chief of artillery on the division commander's staff, and said to him in a low tone:

"'Captain, doesn't this beat anything you ever saw?'

"'Oh, no!' he replied, 'it's nothing to Shiloh!'

"He had been a lieutenant in Taylor's battery at that battle.

"I then took courage and congratulated myself on the thought that it was probably not so bad after all, and that while many of my comrades had 'bitten the dust,' I still had my life. But as I had never thought of being taken a prisoner, nor of a prisoner's condition, a new, and what proved to be a fearful experience, now began to open up to me. I was taken with others to Mansfield, three miles distant, where we arrived after dark, and were confined in the court house all night. Those who had been captured earlier in the day were guarded in an open field about a mile from town.

"During the night we saw sad evidence of the havoc we had created in the battle. It was told us that a Louisiana regiment of about 1,200, made up from that vicinity, had been cut to pieces; and the ambulances seemed to confirm the report, as a continual stream of dead and wounded came in during the whole of the night. Great lamentation was manifested. It was impossible for us to sleep, as there was scarcely more than standing room in the building. In the morning we were marched out of the town toward Shreveport, and when a mile out our comrades, who had spent the night in the field, joined us and made a delegation of eleven hundred. We marched three abreast, with a row of mounted guards on each side, and a squad in front and rear.

"After marching about sixteen miles we camped for the

night; and for the first time since our capture rations were issued to us—consisting of corn meal and salt beef. Having no cooking utensils of any description, it was more than Yankee ingenuity could do to prepare much for eating; but we managed after this fashion: The meal was mixed on a rubber blanket, with water and a little salt from the beef barrel, and then spread on a piece of board and held to the fire to bake. The salt beef was cut in pieces and stuck on the end of a sharpened stick, then held in the blaze, and thus, during the night, we managed to partially stop the gnawings of hunger. After the second night, the guard arranged to do their cooking by detail during the day, giving us their utensils at night; and by cooking in turns all night, we managed to get our new fare into better shape.

"Adverse news from the front during the first night caused our course to be changed the next morning toward Marshall, Texas, and on the fifth day after leaving Mansfield we passed through that town, which is a place of considerable size near the Louisiana line; thence directly west from Shreveport. The inhabitants of the town and vicinity had been informed that Gen. Banks' entire army had been captured and was coming. So the streets were lined with men, women, and children of the various shades of color from black to white, to see the Yankees. We were ordered to march two abreast, in order to make a longer column and a more impressive appearance. When about the center of the town we struck up our national war-song, 'The Union Forever,' and sung:

"'We are coming from the East and we're coming from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

"'The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors and up with the stars,
While we'll rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.'

"While we were singing, some of the women tried to persuade the commander of the guard to stop us, but he seemed to think it was our privilege, and paid no attention to their solicitations. In fact, the guard, who already had heard much of our singing, seemed to enjoy it, much to the chagrin of the spectators. We tried to make the best of our circumstances, and often sang by the way. On several occasions we passed by camps of negroes whose masters were taking them to the interior of Texas, in order to keep them out of reach of our army. On such occasions our boys would sing:

"'Ole massa run, ha! ha!
De darkies stay, ho! ho!
It must be now dat de kingdom's comin'
And de year of Jubilo.'

"We arrived in the vicinity of the prisoners' camp on the 15th of April, having marched about 125 miles in seven days. The camp was situated about three miles east of Tyler, in Smith county, Texas, and called Camp Ford. It was inclosed by a stockade made of heavy timbers split in halves and firmly set in the ground on end. Originally it contained only three acres, but had been enlarged recently to about seven, in order to accommodate the new arrival. We remained where we camped for the night, until the afternoon of the next day, when we were moved inside the stockade. We had not expected a paradise, but we felt that after such accommodations as we had on the march—no shelter or blankets, except such as we bought or traded for—it would be a relief to get some place in which to lie down in shelter at night. Imagine our surprise when we came in sight of the camp. Inside the pen there were a few log-cabins and dug-outs, crowded together promiscuously in one corner. On the tops of these, and on the highest points, were gathered a motley crew of about six hundred, in very ragged clothing, to

get a glimpse of the new-comers, about whom big tales had been told them. The remainder of the inclosure was a newly cleared piece of woodland, with nothing on it but stumps, a few brush heaps, and some old logs. Our hearts almost sank within us. But into the stockade we went, and on the unoccupied part were drawn up in parallel lines about twenty feet apart. Here we were counted and delivered to the commandant of the prison, one Colonel Allen, who addressed us in a few words, telling what he expected us to do, and closing with: 'Now, gentlemen, these are your quarters—make yourselves as comfortable as possible.' With nothing but the blue heavens for a covering and the naked earth for a bed, and nothing within reach but a few brush heaps, to be told to make ourselves comfortable, we thought was *decidedly cool.*

"The old prisoners gathered around us, anxious to hear the news from the outside world, and the remainder of the evening was spent in chatting and partaking of what the older inhabitants could spare from their scanty fare. The officers of our party were taken into the cabins of the officers already there, who shared with us their limited quarters; but the privates could only set fire to some of the brush heaps and logs, and huddle around them as best they could for the night. Many following nights were passed in the same way before shelter of any kind could be had. The officers were first permitted to go out to the woods under guard, and cut and carry in timbers to build themselves quarters, which was accomplished in a few days. Then the men were allowed to go out in small parties, but the process was so slow that the best that could be done was to get poles and brush with leaves to make arbors for shelter from the sun by day and the dews by night. Some of the more energetic and persistent ones succeeded in getting a clapboard roof, but a great many spent most of the summer with nothing but brush

roofs. Some made dug-outs, and covered with earth a place just large enough for two or three to sleep in. As winter approached we were allowed to go out in greater numbers, under a strong guard, and carry timbers for more than half a mile. By Christmas most of the inmates had pretty fair quarters, and the camp assumed a better appearance.

"Our rations were delivered in bulk to persons designated by ourselves to receive and distribute them, and consisted of corn meal, fresh beef and salt. A pint of corn meal and a pound of beef was our daily allowance per man, with sufficient salt to season them. Occasionally during the earlier part of our stay, rye was issued for coffee. Twice the corn meal failed for several days at a time, and whole corn shelled was issued instead. Some amusement was created during its delivery. When the wagon would make its appearance, the boys would start from different parts of the camp toward the delivery place, calling "Whoo-e-e! Whoo-e-e!" as though calling hogs to their feed. The corn, however, answered a good purpose, as it was a change, the boys making it into hominy. Our beef during the summer was *passable*, but late in the fall it got so poor that it scarcely tasted like beef. A detail of our men butchered the beeves and quartered them, then the rebel guard picked out the best of the hind quarters, and the remainder was brought into the stockade. When the beef got so poor the guard complained to their officer, but no attention was paid to them. Finally, one day after drawing their portion, they carried it in procession to the woods, dug a hole, put it in, fired three rounds of musketry over it, then buried it. After that they got bacon, and in two weeks afterward bacon was issued to us regularly, a quarter of a pound being the allowance per man for a day, and we were rejoiced at the change.

"No clothing was issued to us by the Confederate authorities during our imprisonment, except a few very coarse hats

CAMP FORD, TEXAS.

and shoes. I saw men go for months without a shirt to their back, and no covering but a pair of ragged pants or drawers. Lieut.-Colonel Leake, of Iowa, with about four hundred men, had spent the previous winter in the stockade, and were forwarded for exchange in July. When they arrived at Shreveport the authorities became ashamed of their naked appearance, and offered to issue them clothing, but the brave Colonel promptly refused the offer, saying:

"'We will go into our lines in the same condition that we have been prisoners.'

"When they arrived at New Orleans, those hardy and brave Iowa soldiers marched down Canal street, and up St. Charles, past the headquarters of General Canby, in almost a nude condition. This exhibition of rebel barbarity, together with the statements of the officers exchanged, stirred up our authorities, and started negotiations with the rebel authorities, which resulted in our receiving on the 2d day of October, from our authorities at New Orleans, 1,500 complete suits of United States clothing and 1,500 blankets. At the time the clothing was received there were about 3,300 prisoners, and an inventory of the camp, ordered by myself to ascertain the destitution before the issue of the new clothing, showed but 1,500 blankets or parts of blankets in the stockade. The issue of this clothing, and especially the blankets, was truly a godsend to the camp, and gave it a very different appearance. On the 25th of January another batch of clothing of about 1,200 suits arrived from the same source, and this supplied our wants fairly during the remainder of our imprisonment. From the first of our imprisonment, rumors of exchange were kept afloat, and hopes of getting free never seemed more than a month or six weeks ahead. While this was probably done by the rebels to keep us from escaping, it answered a good purpose in keeping us hopeful. Many, however, grew restless, and made the attempt to exchange them-

selves. Plans of escape were numerous. The digging out process was resorted to, but did not succeed, although one hole was made for more than 150 feet, and had reached the outside before discovery. Bribing the guard was done in many instances, forged passes in others, and quite a number were taken out in the dirt cart that removed the rubbish from the camp. When this was found out, the boy who drove the cart was suddenly relieved of his position, and each load thereafter was probed with swords or bayonets.

"The greatest difficulty in escaping was after we were outside. With three hundred miles between us and the nearest point in our lines, every white man between eighteen and sixty years a soldier, and packs of bloodhounds kept for the purpose which could take a trail twenty-four hours old, it was almost impossible to get through. Yet quite a number succeeded. But the majority were recaptured, brought back, and at first severely punished. Captain Reid, of a Missouri regiment, was ordered to stand on the head of a barrel bareheaded and barefooted in the hot sun eight hours a day for two weeks. Some were tied up by the thumbs; others stood on a stump cut with a right and leftscarf for two hours at a time, with a guard standing by who had orders to shoot if a foot was lifted. Those who tried it said it was exceedingly severe.

"One of the hardest cases of failure I remember was that of Major Bering and Lieutenant Srofe, of the 48th Ohio. They had been out twenty-one days, and were within three days' travel of our lines when recaptured. On their way back they met the rest of their regiment going forward for exchange, but were not permitted to go with it, and thus endured six months more imprisonment for their effort to free themselves.

"The devices to while away time while prisoners, were many and varied. Chess was the principal game, and the demand for chessmen created quite a business for a former

prisoner who had erected a turning lathe. The games of checkers, cribbage and cards, were also prominent. Then we had the gambler with his chuck-a-luck board and keno bank, which relieved many a poor fellow of what little cash he had brought with him. The banker was there to exchange greenbacks for Confederate money or specie. At our entrance Confederate money was ten to one in greenbacks, and gradually increased to twenty, thirty, forty and sixty, and for some months before our imprisonment closed, it was entirely defunct. Specie took its place in trade with the outside. Our specie cost us on an average from eight to ten dollars in greenbacks to one in gold or silver. I bought flour at the rate of six dollars per hundred pounds in specie, when each specie dollar cost us ten dollars in greenbacks. We also had the baker who sold biscuits at twenty-five cents apiece, and sweet potato pies for one dollar. The barber, the tailor, and the shoemaker plied their avocations, and many of the prisoners manufactured combs, pipes, rings, and trinkets in abundance from the horns of the slaughtered cattle. Violins and banjos were made, the strings being taken from the sinews of the beeves, so that, notwithstanding the solitude of the place, we had music and dancing during the long winter evenings. The religious element was also strongly manifested. A Bible class was held every morning in good weather, and a prayer meeting every evening. Public services were held on the Sabbath, at first by captured chaplains, and after they were released, by laymen. On two occasions the chaplain of the guard preached to us, and was listened to attentively by an audience of at least one thousand. He exhibited surprise at the result, but I told him we were at least partially civilized.

"Yet thieves and the lower classes of humanity were there also, and human nature was exhibited in lower phases than I ever saw it before. A few thieves, who were at one

time caught in the act, were punished by being dipped in the sinks by the exasperated crowd.

"We had four different commandants while I was there. First, Colonel Allen, a Kentuckian, who wore the uniform of a United States officer of the line, when he wanted to appear well. He said he could sometimes wish we would all find Southern graves. The next was Colonel Sweet, who was at one time a resident of Chicago. In conversation he told me he did not want a Republican government—that it was nothing but a *mob*, and the will of the majority was the worst tyrant on earth. The next was Colonel Brown, commander of a regiment of what appeared to be F. F.'s, of Texas. He had been in the Texan war, and a prisoner in Mexico; and although he was one of the roughest men I ever met, he had a heart in him, and did many things for our comfort, when suggested to him. The last was Lieut.-Colonel Jamison, who had been wounded in the army of Virginia, and was now given command of a regiment of home guards. This man, while one of the most bitter of rebels, was gentlemanly, and used more leniency than any of his predecessors.

"When the spring opened the boys inaugurated a scheme to get some fresh vegetables for summer use. Captain Watt of the 130th Illinois, an old man, was granted the privilege of taking out a few men on parole of honor to make a garden in a field near by, and after fencing a lot was promised a mule and plow. He failed to get the mule, but took out ten Yankees and hitched them to the plow, and did good execution. Before we left, he and others had the pleasure of eating some vegetables of his own raising. And thus Colonel Jamison, while he could do but little for us with the means under his control, was disposed to let us do for ourselves many things which benefited us.

"Our knowledge of the outside world came mainly through the Houston 'Daily Telegraph,' which was sent to

Captain Crocker, a gunboat-man, by a friend; and also from new prisoners. We received no mail from our line for about five months, and after that probably once a month. The Christian Commission sent us a box of books from New Orleans at one time, which was greatly prized.

"Our prison was watered by a spring which rose in one corner of the stockade, and was sufficient, most of the time, for drinking and cleansing purposes, but in their dejected condition many made poor use of it. The atmosphere of the stockade during the late summer months became almost unbearable, from a bad arrangement of our sinks; but a new person being put in command of the inside about the 1st of October, made suggestions which the commandant allowed him to carry out, and relieved us ever afterward. He gave us a fine ball ground which was well occupied and proved a blessing.

"We were guarded by a cordon of guards outside the stockade, who had orders to shoot any prisoner who came nearer than ten feet to the stockade. In a number of cases men were shot who neither violated the rule, nor showed any intention of doing so. The guards generally were not hostile to us, and in very many cases friendly; but there were sons of Belial among them who took advantage of their position to immortalize themselves by killing a Yankee; yet the officers gave us no relief.

"The mortality of prison life was varied, some regiments and squads losing one-fourth, some one-third, and in one instance one-half their number, while in others scarcely any died. So that while the treatment was inhuman and will always be a foul blot on the Confederate record, yet my observation was that the disposition, character, and habits of the men had a great deal to do with the mortality of prison life. The greatest number in the prison at one time was about 4,700, and that was reduced by various exchanges to 1,700 when the

camp was broken up. We left 282 dead on a hill opposite the stockade, which was neatly fenced with post and rail by a squad of our own men before we left.

"Thirteen months had passed since we entered the stockade, and now the end approaches. News had been received of the surrender of Lee and Johnston, and we knew the time for our departure must be near. The paroling officer, whom we were always glad to see, came with the news that we were all to be sent home. I shall never forget my feelings and emotions, as I reveled in them the whole of the following night without any sleep. The next day we were paroled for exchange, as a mere form on their part. We had the notoriety of being the last prisoners held by the defunct Confederacy, *and 1,700 of us are yet on parole for exchange.* The next night the militia who had been guarding us for several months packed up their traps and left for their homes, leaving us but a few regular soldiers, who did not pretend to guard us further. On the 17th of May, 1865, we started on the march for Shreveport, 120 miles distant, where we arrived through considerable trial and suffering on the 22d. Thence we took boats down Red River to its mouth, and on the 27th glided safely into the father of waters, once more under the protection of the old flag."

"The reason the troops were scattered so at Sabine Cross Roads," said Mr. Arnold, of the 23d Wisconsin, "was this fact: In the final arrangement after the endless reorganizing that followed the Vicksburg campaign, the 13th and 19th Army Corps were set off together. The boys of the 19th had not seen quite such hard times as the 13th boys, and had better clothes. Some of the soldiers from Illinois regiments at this time were wretchedly clad, which condition, of course, they themselves could not remedy. Thinking to show off a little, a few of the 19th boys began to call their Illinois comrades rag-a-muffins, threadbare guerillas, etc. This wounded

the pride of the Sucker State soldiers, who felt that such epithets were unmerited, and they replied that if they had had no clothes at all, they could out-fight the 19th Corps on the stormiest day of the war. The remarks were soon current, and the feeling spread among the respective corps, until the whole was leavened. For a time it was thought that there would be business right there and then; but the commanders kept the corps camped separately until the ill-starred breeze blew over, and thus saved a possible disgrace to both corps. But this, I believe, was the reason that the 13th and 19th Corps could not be kept within six or eight miles of each other for awhile."

The above explanation was heard with considerable interest, and then the camp-fire adjourned.

CAMP-FIRE VI.

"SLAP-JACKS"—A TRIP UP THE TENNESSEE—THE HORRORS OF VALLEY FORGE REPEATED—BULLETS AND ETIQUETTE—"COPPER-HEADS."

MILLIONS of readers of the records made by the Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History will fully understand at the first glance the exact and practical significance of the compound word which introduces this camp-fire; but that it may be intelligible to the million-and-first student of history, and that it may be one more fact put on record for the benefit of unlearned posterity, the Society hereby gives to the world the subjoined etymological and historical conclusion, obtained at great outlay of money and sacrifice of health in the research, and great delay in the proceedings of the chats.

As has been communicated in the rhapsody just got rid of, "slap-jacks" is a compound word. It is compound not only in form, but in meaning; for the material which entered into the preparation of "slap-jacks" consisted of almost any powdered substance from brick-dust up to crushed saw-logs, the series including wheat, oats, corn, horse-feed, "wood, hay, stubble," and so forth. The word is also hybrid, being wrenched from the literature of two separate and distinct races of humanity; and a mongrel of the ages, as it is an offspring of two classical developments which were parted by a period of two thousand years. This is believed to be the history of the word, and the following is the etymology: "Slap-jacks" is derived from the Greek Βάλλω, *hurl, hit;*

or, the Anglo-Saxon *strike* (see Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, p. 1308, col. 1), hence, Anglo-American *slap;* and from the German *John*, hence the Anglo-American *jack*, which was in its primitive use, a proper noun, and traces of that use still linger in the dialect of the marine corps of the day; but from its symphony and the ease of its application it came to have a variety of meanings. From this it will be observed readily that "jacks" was just the word to combine with "slap" in order to make "slap-jacks."

"Slap-jacks" was always used in the plural, owing to a difficulty which arose in their manufacture. The pulverized material, usually corn meal or flour, which was the principal ingredient, was placed on a rubber blanket, or in any convenient small cavity—sometimes the end of a hollow log—and then the other ingredient, water, was poured into it, and a mush made. Salt was sometimes added, when the soldiers had it, but it was not necessary. A handful of this mush was then suddenly put against the side of a board, and placed near the camp-fire to brown, or at least to dry out. The mush was called "jack" and the operation of placing it on the board was called "slap;" but just as the consummation was being devoutly carried out, some of the "jack" would slip through the fingers of the slapper, fall to the ground, and make more than one "slap-jack." Again, after the mixture was on the board near the fire, part of it would slip down the tilted edge of the board, and become plural once more. So that it was not possible to manufacture "slap-jacks" in the singular, and the use of the word in that number became obsolete.

It is hoped that, after the foregoing elaborate treatise on the language of the army, the Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History will not have to explain that "slap-jacks" is the military word for pan-cakes. The following incident, related by F. O. White, Company A, Cavalry, 36th

Illinois, may give the student some idea of this article of army diet:

"It was near Keatsville, Mo., just before the battle of Pea Ridge. Many of our boys were expert bookkeepers, and when they passed a country store, they usually took an inventory of the stock on hand, though they were never very careful whether they left anything in the store.

"We finally came to a store which had drugs on one side and groceries on the other; so we made a good haul. We got plenty of flour and other material for 'slap-jacks,' including some saleratus, as we thought; but to make sure of it, we passed it to one of the boys who knew something about chemistry, for him to analyze. He assured us that we were right; so we felt a glow of satisfaction that we were to have 'slap-jacks' that evening with saleratus in them.

"We went into camp and made up a large quantity of them, but as they did not get very light, we thought that the cook had put too much saleratus in; yet we would not allow that to make any difference, as we had had no saleratus in our 'slap-jacks' for a long time, and could tolerate a goodly dose. They were served up in good style, and the boys ate plentifully of them. Soon, however, the boys began to leave camp, one at a time; then they went by twos and threes, and finally the camp was nearly deserted, almost the entire number having been attacked with sudden illness. Alas! all who had partaken of the delicious but traitorous 'slap-jacks' were now compelled to play the part of artesian wells—the cakes had begun to *rise!* In the morning the suspicious saleratus was taken to a reliable chemist, who found that it was *tartar emetic.*"

This incident was followed by one from a soldier of Company C, 20th Illinois:

"While on the march near Rolla, Mo., our rations ran short, and Lieutenant Moore, of our company, picked up about

100 pounds of new buckwheat flour. He carried it more than two miles, and meeting Lieutenant Hall, gave him an invitation to call at headquarters for supper that evening, and they would feast on buckwheat cakes. The army had gone into camp, and Lieutenant Moore delivered the flour to the cook, with instructions to make up a good supply of cakes, as he expected Lieutenant Hall to sup with him.

"The cook proceeded to mix the cakes, applying the necessary seasoning (all he had), and the supper was soon ready. Lieutenant Hall arrived, and the cakes were brought before the host and his guest. The guest was the first to partake of the delicacy, and after he had waited until the host had tasted it, said:

"'Is this the buckwheat you carried two miles?"

"'Yes,' said Lieutenant Moore; 'tastes rather queer, doesn't it?'

"'I am quite of your opinion,' replied Lieutenant Hall, 'as it is nothing in the world but plaster-of-Paris.'

"Lieutenant Moore declared that it was no joke, and this assurance was made doubly sure by the cook, who just then made his appearance and said:

"'Mars' Cap'n, thought dat risin' didn't take effec' in dat buckwheat jes right, ha! ha! ha!' Exit cook, right; Lieutenants Hall and Moore, left."

This disclosure put the camp-fire attendants into a merry mood, and the regular order of business was proceeded with, Gen. Ira J. Bloomfield, of the 26th Illinois, speaking:

"After the battle of Chickamauga we came up the river from Vicksburg to Memphis, and marched across the country to Chattanooga just in time to take part in the battle of Mission Ridge, on the 25th day of November, 1863. The next morning we pursued the Johnnies to Ringgold Gap, and then turned up the Tennessee River to the relief of Burnside, who was penned up in Knoxville by Longstreet.

"We had left all our baggage-wagons and supplies behind, and as we went up the Tennessee Valley we lived off the country, having foraging parties out ahead of us to collect provisions from the houses, and to grind the wheat and corn in the numerous mills. Details of soldiers kept the mills running all night.

"I never saw greater manifestations of loyalty in my life than were shown by the people of East Tennessee. All the able-bodied men were in the army, but the women and children would stand at the roadside and say to us:

"'Go to the house and take all we have. We have friends where we can get more.' One woman, when she saw the Union troops, shouted:

"'Glory to God! I knew you would come! I have two brothers in the Union army, and I wish I had forty more.'

"We lived well going up toward Knoxville, but when we came back, a few weeks later, it was hard foraging. One night at the Hiawassie we had nothing to give the men but wheat bran that we had left in the mill there when we went up. Next morning, as we sat upon our horses and the men filed out into the road to resume the march, Private Lemmon, of Company D, a comical genius, who was always playing some kind of a joke, cried out: 'Colonel! colonel! are you going to issue us oats in the sheaf to-night?'

"Most of the time during our trip up the Tennessee River that fall the weather was fine, and except when out of food, we got along splendidly, but being so long without a change of clothing, officers as well as men became infested with vermin, so that when a halt was made every one must needs seize the opportunity to relieve himself of such forbidding intruders.

"Many of the men suffered greatly for tobacco. One night, near Marysville, I heard of a tobacco factory about six miles off from our line of march. I sent a lieutenant and a squad of men to bring in a supply, and the next day about

to o'clock they overtook us with a wagon-load of 'Silver Heels' tobacco, which we distributed to the men. Many a poor soldier was made happy that day, and the effects of the tobacco could be seen in the livelier step on the march and in the renewed joking and laughter.

"The weather remained fine until within two days' march of Chattanooga, when it suddenly turned cold. The ground froze, and ice formed on the streams and along the road. The long march from Memphis to Chattanooga, and from there up to Knoxville without supplies, had worn out the shoes of the men so that when the cold set in many of them were barefooted, and had to make the last day's march in that condition over the ice and frozen ground. Their feet were so lacerated that we sent them from Chattanooga to Bridgeport, down the Tennessee River, in an open scow. That was the day before Christmas, and the suffering of those poor fellows with their sore feet and the exposure to the cold winds in their open boat, was sad indeed. Their feet became so inflamed and sore that when they got back to Springfield, Ill., Jan. 22, 1864, on veteran furlough, many of them were unable to wear shoes, having their feet bundled up in old rags. I never expected to see the horrors of Valley Forge or anything akin to it, but what I have related is only a faint picture of what those poor soldiers suffered.

"While speaking about feet, I have been reminded of a state of affairs that came about at the close of the war. In the spring of 1865, at the grand review at Washington, a number of my men were without shoes, but then the weather was warm, and it caused no suffering. The long march from Savannah, Ga., up through the Carolinas, and thence, via Richmond, to Washington, had worn out their shoes, and when we stopped at Alexandria, Va., to refit, I could not find with any of the quartermasters shoes large enough to fit eight or ten of my men. They had not calculated on supply-

ing our big Western boys, and had neither Nos. 11 nor 12. I told the men that they need not take part in the grand review. But they wanted to be there, and did actually march down Pennsylvania Avenue barefooted, but with steady step, keeping time to the music of the Union.

"To show you how tough and hard these men were after their long marches, sieges, and battles, I must give you a little incident that occurred near Mount Vernon. We had turned aside there to visit the tomb of Washington. While marching along one day near a small town called Dumfries, where a bright little stream ran across the road to empty itself into the Chesapeake Bay, we came to a narrow foot-bridge which spanned it. Our usual marching order was in a column of four front, but the bridge was so narrow that we had to undouble, which caused some little delay in the march. While sitting on my horse waiting for the crossing, I heard some angry words, and turned just in time to see one man strike another a terrible blow across the face with his musket, tumbling the latter off the foot-bridge into the water below. I rode back to see about caring for the injured man, but before I could reach him he picked up his knapsack and gun, and took his place again in the ranks as if nothing had happened. The next morning when I went out to look after him, the only signs left of the blow was a slight black spot under each eye. Such a blow across the face of a civilian would have laid him up for a month; but these men were tough and hard, for they had been brought down to solid fighting weight by long service in the open field."

General Bloomfield, who now depends on his legal skill for his rations, then informed the hearers that he could not be with them hereafter, as he was about to take command of a relief expedition in a divorce suit; but, whether it was apropos or not, he would relate one more incident to show that bullets in war often become ungraceful and over-step the rules of etiquette.

"A volley of musketry has very little respect," he said, "for titles or rank in army society; and it is generally true that there are soldiers in both opposing armies who aim at sashes and badges.

"On the morning of the battle of Mission Ridge, Col. Timothy O'Meary, of the 90th Illinois, came into line of battle wearing a blue flannel suit and a bright red sash around his waist. Col. John Mason Loomis, the brigade commander, warned him of the danger, saying:

"'Colonel, we have to go down over that open field, and the hill on the other side is full of sharpshooters. Your sash will furnish a good mark for them!' But the gallant colonel only smiled and held up a picture of the Virgin Mary that he always wore suspended by a cord around his neck, replying:

"'They cannot hurt me while I have this.' A few minutes later he lay weltering in his blood, mortally wounded by a rifle ball through his left side, just below the heart."

Doubtless this incident will remind the veterans of 1861-'65 of whole bookfuls of similar happenings. It reminded Maj. M. B. Parmeter, of the 77th Illinois, of one, which must be prefaced with an explanation:

There was a type of combatant in the North during the war known as "copper-head," the more virulent class of which were members of the "Knights of the Golden Circle;" the milder developments were less haughty, and were sometimes known as "plain copper-heads." But it is to the good feeling of all who stood by their country in the hour of her need, the S. P. U. H. included, that this entire type of citizens was limited, though the epithet was applied to many without desert.

It must not be understood by the term "combatant" that the main pillars of the K. of the G. C., with their adherents, were soldiers; for they kept as far to the rear as possible. They were combatants in everything except business at the

front, and lacked the first principles of soldiership—patriotism and moral courage. They combated the policy of war from innate cowardice, more than from their love of peace; they decried emancipation because their opponents upheld it; opposed the government because it was not under their own direction. When the last call for troops was made, they were in sore lament. Already there were nearly a million soldiers in the field (and this was a thrust at *all* soldiers)—every man who became a soldier, and was detailed to forage, was no better than a thief, they said. Think of it—a million thieves turned loose upon the unprotected citizens of the country! *O tempora! O mores!* How homely to these "unprotected citizens" was the beautiful picture of the great concourse of a nation's children scattering to their peaceful homes across broad prairies, over mountains and through glens, to plow, preach, and pound anvils!

But there came a day when the clatter of their loose tongues was hushed. No more did they stand behind a tree and demand peace. For then it was that their great relative, Uncle Sam, made a suggestion in the form of a draft that all his able-bodied male relations over twenty-one years of age and under forty-five, should come to his assistance at once. But now was "the winter of their discontent." They disclaimed all kinship. They sought "British protection." Their able bodies began to pedestrianize, and did not cease that operation until they had found a home in Canada. Like other fractions of humanity, when a relative is in affluence he is very dear to them; but place him in durance vile, and they seem like residents of Neptune. When the tills of the nation are overflowing with the golden coin, each of the former "unprotected citizens" is a noble foster of the "best government God ever gave to man;" but let the Executive call for needed service, and they deny their allegiance—vile treason sits on manhood's throne!

With the foregoing revery rehearsed, Major Parmeter's remarks may be better appreciated:

"It was just before the capture of Vicksburg, and the draft had just come into full blast. The majority of the Peace Faction at the North had either become quiet or gone on an expedition to Labrador, or in that direction. At any rate, they were not very boisterous around their former neighborhoods. Some of them went South, but not for the purpose of joining the army.

'Among the latter was a physician from my old home who was apparently well read, but nevertheless was a mild copper-head. It made him nervous to see so many of the boys going off to the war, and he took it upon himself to act as a sort of missionary for their return. He seemed especially interested in a young fellow by the name of Buckingham, and came to Vicksburg to persuade the young man with others to return home.

"But no persuasion for Buckingham; he was too enthusiastic. The doctor remained several days, and as he became bolder and found more old acquaintances, he began to get nearer to the front. One day he came out on skirmish line, where several of the home boys were, and began his missionary work, talking about the old times at home. Pretty soon the Johnnies opened fire on us, and the skirmishers began to seek shelter. Having had considerable experience in the business, the boys were expert in getting behind the works, but the doctor was left out. A spent ball just then grazed his clothes, and, with a look of fright and surprise, he ran for the works, exclaiming:

"'Why, I didn't suppose they would shoot a *citizen!*'

"'Yes, sir,' said one of the boys, 'shoot you as soon as any other copper-head—bullets are no respecters of persons."

With the last two incidents to show that the etiquette of bullets is yet unwritten, the camp-fire adjourned.

CAMP-FIRE X.

WAR ON THE WATER—DARING DEEDS—HOW MANY REGIMENTS EACH MAN CAPTURED—REMARKABLE ESCAPES—THE BIGGEST LIAR IN THE WAR.

"WILL the Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History be pleased to hear of a romance on a river?" inquired Mr. L. D. Simonds, late acting master. mate of the United States Steamer *General Thomas*.

"No!" said the temperate S. P. U. H. "Water is foreign to our nature. Away back in the reign of Abraham I, sixteenth adviser-general to Uncle Sam, when we were but a few years old, our mother was accustomed to wash our fevered cheeks with the hated fluid. Thence to now be it known that eternal total abstinence is sworn. Never mention that name to us again."

But for the benefit of posterity, which argument always hits a weak side of the S. P. U. H., the Society was persuaded to listen, and Mr. Simonds proceeded:

"When General Hood, on his march to Nashville, Tenn., halted his command at Decatur, Ala., he threw out his skirmishers, and placed his artillery in position on the river bank, expecting to capture the pontoon bridge, cross over his army, march on to Nashville, and then make a bold strike to save the Confederacy. But the sequel proved that he counted without his host.

"The U. S. Steamer *General Thomas* at this time was stationed at Decatur, with orders to patrol the river to a point about thirty miles above Decatur, reserving what coal we had

to bank the fires, and to confiscate rails along the river for fuel while under way, as the river at that time was so low that we could not get to Bridgeport to lay in a supply of coal.

"At the time mentioned, the *General Thomas* was some twelve or fifteen miles above Decatur. Captain Morton was pacing the hurricane deck, enjoying a good smoke from his meerschaum pipe, when all of a sudden he stopped, turned around, took his pipe from his mouth, and listened for several seconds. Then he resumed his pacing, but presently halted again in his reverie—listened, turned, and called out to Mr. Johnson, the pilot:

"'Did you hear anything, sir?'

"Mr Johnson replied that he did not. The captain once more resumed his pacing the deck. Some seconds elapsed, when the captain suddenly stopped again.

"'There, sir!' said he, 'did you not hear that?'

"'Well, captain, I believe I did hear something that sounded like a cannon shot.'

"Once more the same distant rumbling sound echoed up and down the valley. There was no mistaking it—it was a sound that had become familiar to every veteran of the war, the noise of artillery. Immediately the orders were given to round to and steam down the river. The engines were reversed, and down the river we went. Hammocks were taken out of the nettings and stowed around the boilers, and every precaution was taken to prevent any disaster to the boat. The men were beat to quarters, the guns run in, and port holes closed. We soon neared a small creek running into the Tennessee, about five miles above Decatur. We landed, and all hands were piped ashore to rail up. Some two hours were thus consumed.

"Opposite to us and in the middle of the river, lay an army gunboat at anchor, manned by an Indiana battery, which was commanded by Captain Naylor. The captain

had gone to Decatur, to confer with General Granger, and left the boat in charge of the first lieutenant, with only twenty-three pounds of steam—almost in sight of, and in range of the rebel batteries. All hands were aboard, lines were cast off, the gang-plank hauled in, and orders given to back out, and steam down the river to the scene of action, when a cloud of dust was seen in the distance. As it came nearer, the clatter of horses' feet were heard. A little nearer, a squad of cavalry were seen. Nearer and nearer they approached, until a bend in the road hid the horsemen from view. Suddenly an officer dashed down to the river side, who proved to be Captain Naylor, of the army gunboat, returning from Decatur, with an escort of cavalry. The cutter of the *General Thomas* was called away to bring the captain on board. It came alongside, and Captain Naylor was met at the gangway by the captain, boatswain, and two other men.

"By the way, Captain Morton was what was termed an *old salter*. As brave a man as ever trod a deck, and a strict disciplinarian, though he was kind and courteous to the officers and men under him; but like other men, he had his faults, the principal one of which was profanity.

"'Well, Captain Morton,' said Captain Naylor, as he entered the gangway, 'Hood has twenty-three pieces of artillery stationed on the river bank to prevent us from coming down to help General Granger.'

"'I don't care a —— if they have 200 pieces,' returned Morton.

"'Well, they'll blow us clear out of the water if we undertake to run by—that's all there is of that,' replied Captain Naylor.

"'I don't give a ——; I might as well be blown out of the water here as any other place, and by —— I am goin' down to help that fort out, if I get blowed to h—l. You can follow me or stay where you are.'

"'Well, captain, wherever you go, you can depend upon my following, let the consequences be what they may,' said Captain Naylor, resigned to his fate.

"'All right—get up steam and follow me. Signal, when you have steam enough.'

"Captain Naylor then stepped into his own cutter, which by this time had come alongside, and was rowed to his own boat. In about fifteen minutes afterward, he signaled the *General Thomas*, 'All ready!' and we rounded to and sped on our way down the river.

"The first intimation we had of the presence of the enemy, was about one mile below the mouth of the creek, when a shot from the gun of a sharpshooter struck the casemate, just above the port-hole abaft the larboard wheel-house, which instantly caused me to take my head out of the way. Immediately after came several shots from the same direction, and from equally as good marksmen. Orders came from the pilot-house through the trumpet, to shift the starboard guns to the larboard side, and prepare for action. This was done in the twinkling of an eye, and a shot from one of our bow guns went crashing, tearing, and plowing its way through the timber, on and on, until it exploded in the midst of Stuart's cavalry, which was massed about three-quarters of a mile back from the river, and caused considerable commotion in their ranks. Another, and another followed its predecessor, when presently the rebel batteries opened fire, making it lively for us the rest of our way. Things began to be a little dangerous. A shot came plowing its way abaft the larboard wheel-house, carrying with it a piece of the inner casemate, striking one of the men at the gun on the head, and knocking him senseless. The same shot struck a stanchion, just forward of the magazine hatchway, knocking the captain's cook over, and maiming him for life, then passed out through the starboard wheel-house. Another came

through the hull of the boat, about two feet forward of the magazine; another still further forward, two inches above the water line; another passed through the upper and after part of the larboard wheel-house, thence through the pilot's state-room, carrying with it one-half of the pilot's dress coat-tail, and came out through the second assistant engineer's room, taking with it a feather pillow; another found its way through, and exploded in our pantry, breaking every dish we had, scattering the beans, flour, and dishes in all directions. At this time the captain's steward was passing through the wood-room on his way to the captain's cabin, and a piece of the shell struck him on the back, tearing a fearful gash. He afterward died in hospital.

"About two miles above Decatur there is a bend in the river, and as our boat came into view, both sides ceased fighting, to witness a beautiful river sight, for it was supposed that our boat was on fire, as nothing could be seen of it, save one massive sheet of flame and smoke—so rapid was the firing. Had we hugged the north shore as was supposed by the Johnnies, the probabilities are that there would have been but few of us left. Instead of this, the captain hugged the south shore, right under the very muzzle of the enemy's guns, which saved us. As we passed the batteries and came opposite the fort, we rounded to, and gave them a parting salute with our two bow guns, and such a cheer as rent the air from our boys in the fort, only those who heard it know.

"Hostilities ceased, and the enemy withdrew, leaving us in our glory. That night they moved farther down the river, where they succeeded in making a crossing, and marched on to Nashville.

"I must not forget Captain Naylor and the brave boys under his command, who so gallantly followed us in running the gauntlet. No one but a *brave* man would have followed us, knowing the position and strength of the enemy, as he

did; and, above all, his boat was not even protected by a casemate. He fared, however, even better than we did, for he lost only one man, whose head was taken off by a shot, and rolled out into the river; and, I believe, one or two slightly wounded.

"The following day Captain Naylor, our executive officer, second assistant engineer, another officer, and myself went ashore, and procuring a horse each from the quartermaster, rode over the field of action. As we neared the river bank, we could see coat sleeves torn to shreds, a man's arm here, a leg there, and pieces of ammunition chests and caisson wheels scattered in all directions. All over the field could be seen what death and destruction we had dealt out to the enemy. In our ride over the field, we came to a planter's house, dismounted and went in, and from the planter's wife we learned that General Stuart had massed his cavalry on their plantation. When our first shot was fired, it came tearing its way through the woods, exploded in their midst, killed several, and wounded quite a number of others. One shot from our guns blew up a caisson and killed fifty men. Another dismounted one of their guns, and tore the gun carriage to pieces.

"The day following, the troops commenced to evacuate Decatur, and fall back toward Nashville. The orders from General Granger were to destroy the pontoons after the troops had all passed over, which destruction was placed under my charge. Through much tribulation, and receiving a good many shots from the rebel sharpshooters, I succeeded, with the assistance of some of the troops, in accomplishing this, and we went on down the river."

"Speaking of throwing shells into the woods," said Mr. C. E. Harden, of Co. F, 26th Illinois, "reminds me of a peculiar little anecdote:

"On the day previous to the evacuation of Charleston,

PONTOON BRIDGE.

S. C., a shot was fired from one of the Island batteries (I think Morris Island), marked with chalk or paint, '*Good for James Street*,' and strange as it may appear, it dropped in James Street, and was pointed out to me by an old citizen, in the last of February, 1864, who remarked that no other shot had come near as far, and he knew it was a bad omen, for that night the city was evacuated. I would like for the comrade who fired that shot to know that it fulfilled its mission."

In behalf of posterity, the S. P. U. H. took due note of this.

"That reminds me of a strange occurrence," said the colonel of the 40th Ohio, "about the most curious incident that I met with during the war.

"In February, 1864, our brigade was encamped at Blue Springs, Tenn. Sherman, who was with his forces then at or near Vicksburg, intended to make an advance upon the rebels at Jackson, Miss. In order that Joe Johnston should not go to the relief of the Jackson forces, we, with the other troops, were ordered to make a demonstration in his front, and for that purpose moved down toward Dalton, Ga., before and around which place his troops were located. It was not the design, apparently, to do much fighting, but to make a pretence of it, and to engage his troops so completely that they could not be withdrawn. We marched and counter-marched, and fired our guns, and set fire to the leaves and woods, and made the rebels believe we were going to devour them bodily. After three or four days of this kind of manœuvering, our object was accomplished, and we withdrew and went back to camp.

"The incident I refer to occurred just as we were withdrawing our skirmish line. I went along the skirmish line of our brigade, to withdraw the men as quietly as possible. The line was stretched along the north side of a gorge, or

deep ravine, which was some two hundred yards wide. The rebel skirmish line was posted along the south side of this ravine, so that between the two lines there was clear space, and the men on either side were plainly discernible to each other, when they exposed themselves by leaving their cover.

"As I withdrew man after man, I finally came to a member of Company C, who was standing behind a tree, and who, at the instant I stepped up to him, had just fired, and was taking his gun down. He looked curiously at the muzzle of it, and I asked him what was the matter, when he pointed to the gun, and said:

"'Look there! That rebel's bullet went square into that barrel!'

"And sure enough, the rebel ball had gone directly into the barrel, just as he had fired. It met his own ball about five inches from the muzzle, and the concussion of the two burst the barrel, making an opening some three inches long, and about half an inch wide. The muzzle of the gun was unbroken and not abraded. Both the balls were flattened and welded together. The rebel ball, just as the Company C man fired, had gone straight into his gun barrel, and met his own ball, which was on its way to pay its respects to the fellow across the ravine. The Company C man said that he and that Johnny had been firing at each other for some time.

"If our man had held his gun one thirty-second part of an inch up or down, to the right or to the left, from the position in which he did hold it, the rebel ball would have crashed into his brain, instead of going into the barrel of his gun, and I would have found a corpse at that tree, instead of a man wondering at the incident that had occurred."

Doctor Watson, of Company B, 53d Illinois, then related this remarkable experience, which shows how many regiments one man can sometimes capture:

"On the 24th of February, 1864, sixteen men and myself

were detailed to go out foraging to procure meat, meal and flour for our regiment. At this time, we had a large foraging party detailed from each regiment in the corps, as we had started from the rear of Vicksburg for Meridian, Miss., with quarter rations for ten days, and had been out some twenty-five days; so that we had to subsist off the country. Subsequently we were detailed from the foraging party to act as alarm guard, with orders to join the main squad at Willis' plantation, near Katley's Ferry, on Pearl River.

"At 4 o'clcock in the afternoon, after staying on post, and running around over the surrounding country all day, we started to join the main squad at the appointed rendezvous. On coming out from some timber to the main Canton road,—we were twelve miles from Canton, Miss.,—and looking up the road toward Willis' place, we saw a body of men. We supposed, of course, that they were our own squad, when behold! they ran up their colors (detailed foraging parties never carry colors), and so we saw at once that we were facing the Johnnies, the first we had seen on our trip, and now were nearly back to Vicksburg, after going to Meridian, Miss., and accomplishing that for which we went,—tearing up railroads. It seemed to me, as I sat on my horse there, and looked at those Johnnies, as if there were a whole division of them.

"While we remained in the timber, looking at the Johnnies and debating what to do, another regiment went by us on the road, not over twenty rods from where we were. We concluded that the regiment that had passed us were our own men, and decided to give the enemy the best we had, and then vamoose; so we rode up to the fence and fired all at once. I tell you we shook them up terribly.

"We kept up a lively fire for a time, and then became bold. With a dash we rode up to the Johnnies,—about four or five regiments,—and demanded their surrender, telling

them that our troops were just coming out of the woods. One of our boys, Dan Buckley, of the 14th Iowa, was especially bold. Riding up to an Alabama colonel, he placed a revolver to the colonel's head, and said:

"'Surrender, you rascal!'

"Of course the colonel accepted the inevitable and surrendered. We were just thinking what we would do with our prey until we could get assistance,—sixteen men against 6,000,—when to our mortification the supposed Federal troops which passed us in the woods came up, proving to be the 56th Alabama Johnnies.

"'Now, then,' said our Alabama colonel, whom we had just taken prisoner, 'who has the trump card? No more of your Yankee tomfoolery,—give us your guns.'

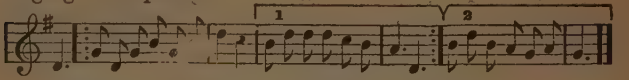
"'I—I—beg your pardon, colonel,' said Buckley.

"'Not much; there's no pardon for audacity of your kind,' returned the colonel. 'I guess you're destined for Andersonville, where, sure enough, we *did* go, and thence to Florence, where we remained over nine months."

"The bursting of that gun, in the incident previous to the last," said Mr. H. H. Armstead, "has called up an incident at the battle of Nashville, where we dispersed Hood's army.

"The Johnnies had been throwing shells into our vicinity, and it began to be somewhat dangerous where I was. The boys had been very fortunate in dodging shells, but finally one of the cavalrymen near us,—his name was J. M. A.—became separated from his company, and his horse began to plunge and rear. The horse had just avoided two or three shells, but finally he turned his head to the left and one struck him in the shoulder, plowing clear through him, and taking him with great force from under the rider, who was left uninjured, except that his clothes were torn, and he received a few slight bruises from the saddle, as it passed from under him."

"Hold on, boys! give us a rest on the stories. I feel like singing. All pitch in:"



I feel like, I feel like, I feel; I feel like, I feel like, I feel.

(Sing that 1,000 times for the first verse. Sing it 2,000 times for the second verse, and so on. When you have sung a hundred verses, stop and rest before you start on the 101st verse.)

"What kind of a song is that? you say. Why! it's a condensed song — compressed — a good deal in it — like the desiccated vegetables."

"Here is something that we used to eat during the war," said a veteran, and he held up a piece of something that appeared precisely like a plug of "navy tobacco" an inch or more thick, and about fourteen inches square.

"It looks (as has just been observed) like a huge piece of tobacco, and oftentimes the boys would have readily traded pieces of it for *half* its weight in that luxury. The designation donated to it by the War Department was 'dessicated vegetables;' but the boys changed it to 'desecrated,' which we thought more appropriate, for soldiers delight to call things by their right names. The statement may seem strange, but we actually made soup of the stuff of which I hold a sample in my hand, even though people not acquainted with the substance be unable to guess its use from appearance. Yes, my dear comrades, you all remember how many a mess we've had from this material. I remember one incident connected with its introduction among us."

The speaker here tossed the piece of pressed vegetables to the S. P. U. H., and after a casual scrutiny it was placed under close scientific analysis, and was found to contain the following ingredients:

1. Onions, with husks on.
2. Potatoes, prepared to be cooked in three styles.
3. Corn, with no particular pains taken to omit the cobs.

4. Beans, strung, unstrung, Boston, shelled, unshelled, and otherwise.

5. Cabbages, leaves, head, stalk and roots.

6. Tomatoes, dried, with an occasional vine hung on; though the latter was not necessary, and hence not always appended. This last observation will also apply to the roots of cabbages and husks of onions.

7. Sweet potatoes, occasionally a small piece, being very scarce and expensive. The vines were unattached to this ingredient.

8. Parsnips, the previous year's growth, which were strictly fibrous, and unable to be masticated.

9. Pumpkins, the cow variety.

10. Lettuce, radishes, parsley, celery, garlic, squash, horseradish, carrots, asparagus, mustard, and all other vegetables and semi-vegetables not included in the foregoing list. If anything in the vegetable line was not represented in each piece, it was not the fault of the manufacturers. It is said to be recorded that at one time a purse was made up among the boys, to be given to one who could name something which could not be found in these pieces of "desecrated vegetables." After numerous guesses the task was given up, and the purse had to be distributed among the original donors.

The ingredients were first dried separately, then pressed and dried together, then compressed and redried, until they occupied the smallest space possible. In their primary condition, fresh from the vines, three or four of these chunks of vegetables, 14x14x1¼ inches, would make nearly a wagon load of produce. After compressing and drying they could almost be put into a peck measure. They were mixed together without much regard for quality or proportion, then cut into pieces of regular size, as before stated.

But after all the hard things that were said about "dessicated vegetables," they proved a boon to the army, though

they did not appear as a part of the regular rations until 1864. When they were issued, they supplied a real meal, since fresh vegetables could not be obtained under any circumstances during the winter months. By compressing the vegetables they could be shipped and handled with more facility, but a single incident will illustrate how some of the cooks were forgetful of the swelling principle in such vegetables as beans, rice, etc.

"When 'dessicated vegetables' were first issued to us, I remember," continued the speaker, "one cake was dealt out to each company as vegetable rations for three days. This preparation at first sight did not look very palatable, and when it was passed to the respective messes (numbering six to eight in each mess) the boys respectively and respectfully refused to eat any of this universal succotash, even if the cooks were willing to serve it.

"On the other hand, the cooks for each mess refused to use it, and so the whole cake went the rounds without being broken, until it came at last, to our mess, which numbered six of as venturesome fellows as any company in the regiment could boast. Our cook, a fellow by the name of Leander Turner, also refused to have anything to do with the new style of vegetable, since all the boys had come to the conclusion that, if they would give it a positive letting alone, the quartermaster would not issue it any more.

"But we told our cook to fix it up, whatever the results; we wanted to see what it would look like. Accordingly he gratified us. He took the regular ten-gallon camp kettle, nearly filled it with water, saying as he did so:

"'Well, let's try some soup from the fodder,' and he put the whole cake into the kettle of boiling water. Ere long the beans began to swell, the rice grains to grow larger, the dried corn extended its dimensions, and the other vegetables began to resume something of their original proportions; it is

to be held in mind that this was only the *beginning*, though the 196 cubic inches of dried and pressed vegetables even at this time had absorbed most of the water, and were creeping over the sides of the kettle, having already pushed out into the fire a huge piece of meat, which had been put into the kettle before the vegetables had been put in.

"'What in thunder 'll I do with all this darn truck?' asked the cook, as the vegetables kept on coming out of the top of the ten-gallon kettle, and gave unmistakable evidence that they were burning in the bottom.

"'Jim, bring anuther kittle,' he said, speaking to the waiter boy.

"The boy brought another kettle, which was partly filled with water, and enough vegetables were taken from the first kettle and placed in it until the second kettle, too, was full. Then more water was put into the first kettle. But the cook had again miscalculated, for all of the water poured in the first time had been absorbed by less than half of the dried vegetables, so that there was almost as much cause for swelling the second time as the first. Add to this the fact that the kettle was already dry and almost red-hot in the bottom, so that as soon as possible water was poured in again, and when it had time to penetrate to the bottom, sufficient steam was immediately generated to bring about only one result—a terrific explosion, sufficiently loud to scare the cook near unto death, and cause most of those who heard it to start for their arms, while the manner in which it fared with the vegetables in the kettle can be summed up in a few words: The cook had drawn, in that one small piece of 'desecrated vegetables,' sufficient rations for one hundred men, three days for dinner, or in other words, three hundred meals; and when it came to putting the entire cake though small, into a ten-gallon kettle, with sufficient water to swell the ingredients into eatable shape, this was one of the physi-

cal impossibilities; so that at the time the explosion occurred, the vegetables had again risen to the top of the kettle, and consequently were scattered in the air, most of them, however, falling back into the kettle, and like a slumbering volcano, were soon ready for another explosion.

"But the cook rallied his courage, made for the kettle, and in his strength of madness, kicked the thing several feet from the fire, with the angry expression:

'Darn that Yankee stuff, anyhow; drat my gizzard if you'll get me to cook any more of it. I've cooked lots o' vegetables in my time, but I'll be dad burned if I ever saw anything that would swell twic't and then bust,' which ended the scene.

"We did not eat any from that cooking, but when the boys became accustomed to 'dessicated vegetables' we often had a fine pan of soup from a small piece of the preparation, which, no doubt, helped to keep away scurvy."

Mr. Bailey then gave this reminiscence of a death presentiment to a comrade at the battle of Fredericksburg:

"It was the night before the battle that six of us, all of Company H, stretched our weary limbs under the warm cover of an A tent to get rest and strength for the struggle on the morrow. The evening before had witnessed the close of the bombardment of Fredericksburg, and the day had been occupied by the crossing of the Union Army over the Rappahannock, and the usual marches and counter marches requisite to getting into position. Our army lay in the open plain which intervened between the south bank of the river and the range of mountains back of the city, both flanks resting on the river, with the center pushed forward about a mile and a half, forming an oval line three or four miles long. Our position in the line was the right center of the left grand division, commanded by Major-General Franklin. In the wooded hills in front, blue with the smoke of camp-fires, lay the rebel army in ominous silence watching our every movement, and quietly waiting for the battle sure to come with the dawn of another day. In our immediate front lay the corps of Stonewall Jackson, with whom we had measured strength on several previous occasions, and with whom we were again to dispute for the possession of the natural fortifications of which they had taken advantage. The cavalry, artillery and infantry had been placed in position, and our patriotic commander, General Burnside, had ridden along the whole line at the close of the day to personally inspect the entire position. Already the darkening shades of the clear, cool, December night, was hushing into silence the two great armies, and the twinkling stars were looking down upon the fatal plains so soon to be filled with dead and mangled men.

"Our suppers had been finished, pipes smoked, tents pitched, and we prepared for our last sleep before the battle. Our gallant Captain Carle, a regular army soldier, had been

wounded at second Bull Run; was not yet fit for duty, though he had accompanied us for the purpose of seeing the battle; Lieutenant Pratt, recently married to a young and lovely girl, had returned from a furlough home only a few weeks before, and was temporarily in command of the company; Jack Gibney, he whose skillful hands prepared the salt horse and coffee for all hands; Jimmy Moore and Hobart Ripley, noble, generous hearted boys as ever carried a musket, and the writer, lay down that night together under the only A tent of which our company could boast, and were soon wrapped in peaceful slumber. And yet all did not sleep that night. About midnight I felt a pull at my elbow, and rousing up saw Lieutenant Pratt bending over me, motioning for me to come out of the tent without disturbing our sleeping comrades. We had been warm friends and next door neighbors for years before entering the army, and I thought I had for some days detected a shade of sadness in his countenance, and more than once had found him engrossed in melancholy thought, but I had attributed it to the fact that his mind was on the wife and friends he had so recently left behind him. We walked out to the dying embers of the fire and sat down for some moments without speaking; he probably thinking whether or not it would be better to tell what was on his mind, and I waiting to hear.

"At last, with deep feeling, he said:

"'F—, I have had a premonition of death. Six weeks ago, while on my way from home, I stopped in Washington over Sunday, and on Sunday evening attended church. When I crossed the threshold of the church the gas lights dimmed, and then recovered their usual brightness. The presentiment came to me in a moment, that I should be killed in the next battle, and I have not been able to overcome it since. I feel as certain, as that you and I are here, that I shall be killed to-morrow.'

"I tried with the best argument I could to dissuade him from the idea, and to show him the fallacy of tracing any connection between a thing which he had so often seen and was of such common occurrence in his own life. But argument was useless, and he seemed as sure of his death as though it were a positive certainty. I knew that he was morally and physically a brave man, and his deeply religious soul would have rebelled against anything like superstition, so that his feelings could not be attributed to cowardice, or a desire to shirk the dangers before us; besides, he had been tried on hard-fought fields, and proved true as steel. With him the idea was a wrought conviction admitting no doubt, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart; though not a believer in presentiments, I could not feel with him that his death was a foregone conclusion. After an hour's conversation on the subject we again retired; he to a sleepless preparation for the death of which he felt so sure, I to indulge in selfish slumber.

"With the first breath of dawn we were aroused to eat a hearty breakfast and fall into line. A dense fog covered the whole plain, and we moved cautiously forward, unable to see more than a few yards. Soon a skirmish line encountered the rebel pickets, who promptly fell back after a few shots. A halt was called, and our division, the old Pennsylvania Reserves, received orders to unsling knapsacks, and we knew we had been selected to make the charge on the left. Moving forward we were placed in close column by brigades, in support of a battery, and ordered to lie down. The rising sun soon cleared away the fog and revealed our line of battle face to face with the enemy who were concealed in the woods about 600 yards distant. Then the dogs of war were let loose, and the several batteries along our line began to pay their respects to the enemy, who answered the compliment with vigor. The solid shot from the enemy's right raked our lines

from left to right, while spherical case, screeching through the clear morning air from the front, exploded over our heads. Our regiment, which lay in the front line, suffered very little, but the regiment of new troops in our rear lost severely, in one instance a solid shot sweeping seven men out of a single company. The position was one of constant suspense to men compelled to lie idle, waiting to see where the next shot would strike. Activity, even in much greater peril, would have been infinitely preferable. Through all this trying ordeal Pratt kept his self-possession and strove only to do his duty, though no one but myself knew the deep and silent agony he was struggling to conceal.

"At last, to our relief, we were ordered to fix bayonets and charge. Never did the gallant 6th keep a straighter line on a dress parade than it did while charging across the 600 yards of open field which lay between us and the enemy. The railroad which ran along the skirt of the woods was the point at which we were to stop, but finding the position untenable by reason of a battery which swept the track, we entered the woods and kept after the enemy, whose first line was broken and now in full retreat, mowing a track the width of the division through the rebel lines. A lull occurring in the firing, Pratt again approached me, and leading the way a few paces to the rear, said, with a voice choking with emotion:

"'I shall never leave these woods alive. I am going to meet death here this afternoon. If you get out alive, I want you to tell Jennie I was prepared for death, and that my last thoughts were of duty to her, my country, and my God.'

"I was deeply impressed with his earnestness, and begged him to go to the rear out of danger, but of no avail. He felt he was going to die, and he would meet a soldier's death as a soldier should.

"'Forward,' came the order along the line, and with a hasty 'Good-bye' and 'God bless you,' we sprang to our

places to encounter the rapidly forming lines of our enemy's fresh reinforcements.

"That was the last time I ever saw Pratt. The straggling shots deepened into that loud, monotonous roll, and the stray whiz of the minie ball changed into that storm of leaden hail when sounds lose their individuality, denoting the desperate nature of battle. A sharp twinge in my shoulder gave me a ticket to the rear, and I left the boys still pressing forward. For five mortal hours the old Pennsylvania Reserves kept their faces to the foe, unrelieved and unsupported, while thousands of fresh troops were lying in the rear behind stacked arms. But it is useless to dilate upon the errors and jealousies among generals, which lost that battle to the North at the expense of 13,000 brave men, for the results at all points of the line were alike disastrous. Night mercifully put an end to the slaughter, and the lines were reformed near where we started in the morning.

"With great anxiety I sought out our company, with several others who had been wounded, to learn how it had fared with the rest of the boys. Out of the six who had slept together the night before, five went into the battle, two of whom were killed, and two wounded. Almost the last man killed was poor Pratt, struck in the forehead with a minie ball. He never spoke afterward, and the boys being hard pressed, were reluctantly compelled to leave his body where he fell. His presentiment was no idle tale. His prediction proved as true as he felt it to be, and was carried out in all its terrible reality. With the flickering gas in the church at Washington the light of his life went out in the fullness of the undying fame due to the dead heroes of the war for the Union. Among the serried hosts of immortal spirits which are gathering in silent array on the battlements of heaven, he rests with the coveted crown inscribed 'Faithful unto death.'"

Immediately as the last speaker finished, George W. Scott

of the —— Illinois, narrated the following, which brought so vividly to the minds of his listeners the desperate ordeals of the long ago that more than one present drew a long breath and felt for the moment a sudden rush of the old feeling when death stared every one in the face.

"It was at the battle of —— that we were ordered to charge a line of the enemy's works. We were the third line of battle. Just beyond a small stream lined with willows the enemy were strongly entrenched, and heavily supported by artillery. From where we lay, the ground, which was clear and open, sloped gently to the stream, and the guns of the enemy could be distinctly seen a few hundred yards on the other side of the willows.

"The order was given, and the boys ahead of us gallantly charged over the open ground and endeavored to pass the obstructions at the creek, formed by stakes and interlaced willows. Immediately a sharp fire was poured into them from the works beyond.

"The first line staggered and almost recoiled, when they were hurried on by the second line which came up just behind them. The fire from the enemy became hotter and hotter, and men dropped on every side, but the impetus of the second line carried them down into the creek, where partial shelter was afforded by the low bank.

"At this juncture the order was given to follow and charge the works, and we started down the slope at double quick.

"The musketry and guns poured an avalanche of death among us, and before we had gone over half the space the ground was strewn with the wounded and the dead. It was a terrible moment. The shells howled through our ranks, and bursting overhead and upon the ground, filled the air with flying fragments, which, with the bullets, made fearful havoc.

"In less time than it takes to tell it, we had traversed the

open ground and had reached the willows. We found these a serious obstruction, and, in face of the terrible fire, they were almost impassable. Our line was in confusion and nearly demoralized, and as we were about to fall back, the order was shouted, to lie down, and take shelter in the creek.

"As we lay there with but half of our bodies protected, the enemy increased their efforts to dislodge us by sending a veritable hail of missiles.

"The minie balls and buckshot fell upon the ground in an incessant shower. Cannon balls plowed up the ground and begrimed us with earth, while above the air quivered with the uninterrupted passage of lead and iron. From various parts of our line where sufficient shelter was afforded, our boys kept up as rapid a fire as possible, but from where I lay the bank was so low that to raise an arm or head meant a wound or certain death. The man who lay next to me ventured to look at the enemy's works, when he was struck by a shot that completely severed his head from his body.

"In our struggle to capture the position our colors were shot down three times. The last man who carried the flag gained a position behind a tall stump, and three different times the stump was struck by cannon balls and cut partly away. It became too dangerous a place, and the brave fellow held up the colors while he lay flat upon the ground.

"This situation of things remained the same until night came on, when we were enabled to crawl down the bed of the creek under cover of darkness. In the morning a flank movement drove the enemy out of their works, and we occupied the position."

CAMP-FIRE XXVIII.

DINNIS M'GINLEY AS THE "SECRETARY OF WAR"—MART M'COY AND THE GENERAL—HOW THE 15TH CORPS CAME BY ITS BADGE—THE ROMANCE THAT A SPENT BALL BROUGHT ABOUT—HOW WHEELER'S CAVALRY GOT SOME CORN MEAL—SENSATIONS UPON SEEING A COMRADE KILLED BY A BULLET.

IT is a well-known fact that the imaginative faculty is more active after night-fall than during the day, and that fire-light has the peculiar influence of stimulating memory. The association of glowing embers and burning brands with the unwritten history of "the late unpleasantness" is the cause of these pages. The well-remembered appearance of the hastily-made fire with the old familiar camp-kettle slung over the blaze, instantly recalls a score of events which have almost staggered out of sight down the aisle of the past.

It seemed to be so as the old-time soldiers gathered about the crackling sticks this evening, for, with every snap of some withering twig as it was consumed and slowly changed into smoke and heat, some one present recollected a story. A feeling of *bonhomie* lent its cheer, and a spirit of jovial companionship reigned in the circle.

An uproar of laughter in a group across from the meditative scribe of the S. P. U. H. arrested the attention of all, and it was immediately decreed that the cause of the hilarity should be exposed for the edification of every one. It was discovered that Capt. Fred. Maxwell, of the 3d N. Y.

Cavalry, had "spun a yarn," and accordingly he was invited to repeat it.

"Well, boys, if I must, I must, I suppose, and I will narrate one of the funniest incidents that I ever observed. The long years that separate to-night from the days when we followed the Stars and Stripes to 'the front' have not dimmed its humor for me, in the least. It occurred when we were near Poolesville, Md.

"At 'retreat roll-call,' one day, Captain McNamara, a son of the Emerald Isle, was the 'officer of the day.' Accordingly he went to the 'guard house' to inspect the guard. A member of Company F was one of their number, and Captain McNamara knew him almost as well as he did himself. One by one the boys were inspected, and the member from Company F came in turn. The captain found his cartridge box minus ammunition, and in its stead numerous letters. There were not forty rounds of powder and ball in it, but dozens of letters. Instantly the captain's face assumed the grim expression of outraged discipline.

"'Shtep three paces in fhront!' commanded the captain, and the order was obeyed.

"The captain looked at him in a curious, questioning way, and then went to the guilty soldier and scrutinized his cartridge box with great care. Walking slowly around him, he inspected every accoutrement zealously. Then, in a severe tone, he asked:

"'An' phat moight be yer name?'

"'Dinnis McGinley, sur!'

"Again the captain went around the man and looked into the misused cartridge box, and turning to its owner, he repeated:

"'An' phat did ye say was yer name?'

"'Dinnis McGinley, sur!'

"Pointing at the letters, the captain ejaculated upon the

heels of the reply to his question, with an astonishing look of surprise:

"'By me sowl, oi thought ye was the Secretary of War!'"

As the merriment subsided somewhat, Lieut. S. M. Witt, of the 10th Indiana, followed with these remarks:

"We had a droll kind of a character in our regiment by the name of Mart McCoy, who had formed the habit of saying, on all occasions, both appropriate and inappropriate, 'Halt! d—n you, halt!'

"We had just been mustered in at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., and were about as green a set of recruits as any *rendezvous* had the fortune, or misfortune, to see during the war. Our captain had been an old Mexican soldier, and we thought that he was the only one in camp who knew anything about tactics, and it was currently believed that we were not obliged to obey any officer but our leader, Captain Kice.

"We were sent to Rich Mountain, and soon were marched to where we had work to perform, and were treated to our first experience under fire.

"We had been ordered to lie down, and in order to escape the bullets, we had taken shelter behind the brow of a hill.

"While lying upon the ground, General R—— happened to pass along the line, and ordered firing to cease. Mart McCoy was lying upon his back holding his gun in a perpendicular position, muzzle upward, and was inadvertently playing with the lock of the weapon. Just as the general was passing by, McCoy's piece was accidentally discharged, and so near the general that the report startled him.

"As soon as the general recovered himself, he clutched McCoy by the collar, administered a forcible reproof for the apparent violation of orders, in the way of shaking him and asking, in a severe manner, if he meant to obey the com-

mands of his officers. As the shaking process was going on, McCoy was ever and anon the recipient of several not very gentle applications of boot leather. Yet, notwithstanding the rough handling he was receiving, McCoy managed to gasp out:

"'Halt! d— you, halt!'

"The general loosened his hold and looked at McCoy in astonishment. McCoy, realizing that, for his manner of addressing a superior officer, he was liable to punishment, immediately vanished down the hill, followed by the guffaws of his comrades."

It will be remembered that certain army corps were designated by different badges, such as stars, acorns, etc., etc., and Capt. H. B. Reed, of the 129th Illinois, said the way that the 15th Corps of Sherman's army came by its badge occurred in this wise:

"One night some of the boys had built a log fire, and were enjoying its genial warmth, when they were joined by an Irish soldier. He was hailed by:

"'Hello! Where are ye from? What corps do ye belong to, Paddy, and what's yer badge?'

"'Me badge?'

"'Yes—what's yer badge?'

"'Me badge, did ye say?'

"'Yes, d— you; what kind of a badge does yer corps wear?'

"'Arrah, ye insultin' blackgarruds, oi belong to the 15th Corps,' and turning around and showing his cartridge box, 'an' this, wid 100 rounds, is me badge!'

"The incident was reported to headquarters, and as the 15th Corps had not received its badge, General Logan declared that a cartridge box with the number '100' upon it should designate them, and the order was carried into effect."

Among the myriad of incidents which happened daily

along the lines, many of which are stranger than the marvelous events traced upon pages of fiction, one told by Oscar F. Avery, corporal in the 11th Michigan, seems like a portion of a play upon the stage wherein the finale is made to come out just right for the hero.

Corporal Avery said: "It was at the battle of Stone River, early in the morning, that our regiment was lined up at right angles with the main line, and while standing in this position a comrade at my side, by the name of Robert Thomas, was struck just above the eye by a spent ball. He sank to the ground, and several of us placed him in as comfortable a position as possible, and were ministering to him the best we could under the circumstances, when we were ordered to form a part of the main line. This took us away from the prostrate form of Thomas, who lay beside a tree, apparently breathing his last breath.

"After the second day's battle I was detailed to look after our wounded. I searched for my comrade, Thomas, but could find no trace of him. We supposed that he had died, and been buried by the rebels.

"Nearly a year afterward, in 1863, while we were marching across to Bridgeport, with our line of battle extending a distance of thirty-two miles, who should rush out of the bushes and into the arms of the boys of his own company, but Robert Thomas!

"He told us his history from the day of the battle of Stone River, and we learned that he was taken prisoner while lying under the tree where we had left him. He laid in a hospital for nine months, and after recovering sufficiently so as to be able to move about, he took an opportunity to board a train with one of two regiments who were being transferred, and by saying that he belonged to the regiment just ahead, he arrived at the front, and, taking French leave of his train, he slipped through the pickets, stumbled upon

us, and fell in with his old company, after being gone almost a year, and not having seen during that time a Union soldier, nor the Stars and Stripes."

Captain Reed asked if we had heard how he ground corn all night for some of Wheeler's rebel cavalry.

We responded in the negative, and when about to insist upon having the particulars of the incident related, a member of the captain's company, who helped do the grinding, said:

"Captain, tell the boys about our grinding that corn for Wheeler's cavalry!"

"Well," said the captain, "I was in command of a foraging party during our 'March to the Sea,' and one afternoon it happened that we came across an old corn mill. We concluded to gather some corn from the surrounding barns and grind it. We collected a large quantity, and in a little while had the old mill doing its best. Having no sacks, we took dresses and skirts that we found in a deserted dwelling, and by tying up the ends of them, soon had a goodly number of serviceable sacks.

"We kept the old mill going till toward morning, and had about finished our job. We had slung some of our improvised sacks across the backs of our mules, and were engaged in filling others and preparing for departure, when our pickets rushed in and reported rebel cavalry coming down the road.

"We rushed to our guns, but before we could use them, a volley from the enemy's carbines rattled through the mill, and a chorus of yells stampeded our mules.

"In less time than it can be told, our little party had scattered, and our mules were flying in all directions. Some of them strewed meal over the fields for miles, and the way feminine apparel was distributed was ludicrous to behold.

"The early morning air was filled with meal, shots, curses, brays, flying petticoats and yells. Confusion reigned supreme, and bedlam was outrivaled.

"It is needless to say that we made ourselves scarce, and with the exception of two or three who were captured, we gained our camp in safety. We had lost our corn meal, but we thought ourselves lucky to have escaped being taken prisoners and sent to Andersonville."

Probably thousands of readers will remember their feelings upon seeing, for the first time, a comrade struck lifeless. Such sensations are always remembered, and the impressions then received are invariably carried to the grave. Powerful as such events were in causing emotion, their rapid and familiar occurrence dulled their horror, and lessened their repulsiveness. The dread and sickening loathing created by many a corpse on a battlefield, is by familiarity and constant view transformed into a stoical indifference. Were this not so, the awful carnage of some battles would have made deserters of thousands of soldiers.

Sergt. J. H. Goff, of the 129th Illinois, told the effect of seeing a soldier shot dead, and said:

"It was at the battle of Resaca, Ga., that I beheld, for the first time, the death of a soldier by a gun-shot. He was standing about twenty feet in front of me in the next line of battle, and just as I happened to glance at him he was struck in the neck by a musket ball. He let fall his gun and dropped, turning toward me as he fell, and as he did so, by a convulsive movement of the muscles of his throat his tongue was forced out of his mouth to its utmost extent.

"A sickening shudder involuntarily passed over me at the fearful sight. A feeling of great sympathy and pity welled up in my heart for the poor fellow, and I longed to go to him and take him in my arms, minister to his wants, and seek to ease his pain. My attention was then attracted to the enemy by their rapid fire and by the humming of their bullets above us, and as I realized that it was by one of their bullets that the poor boy in front of me had met his death, a savage desire

for revenge and retaliation drowned out the finer emotions which had just filled my breast, and I was eager to put my desire into execution. I clutched my gun with firm fingers, and with every muscle steady, and every nerve calm, my whole mind was concentrated in my determination to avenge the death of the man who lay upon the ground cold in death. In a few minutes I found myself loading and firing as rapidly as possible, and during the subsequent movements of the regiment I forgot, for the time, the death of the soldier."

The recital of Sergeant Goff caused the faces of all to assume lines of gravity and sadness, and it was plainly apparent that this incident had awakened in the minds of each memory of war's most horrible phases, and an oppressive silence pervaded the camp.

It was some time before the usual flow of good-natured spirits resumed its course, and after several more stories the motion to adjourn was decided to be in order, and ere long the camp-fire was a smoldering heap of ashes.

CAMP-FIRE XXIX.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERILLA CHIEFTAIN, JOHN MORGAN—AUDACIOUS AUDACITY—THE LAST PLANK OF THE SHIP OF STATE.

J. G. BIRCHFIELD, of the 13th Tennessee cavalry, said: "There have been several letters published claiming to describe Morgan's death, but I have never yet seen one which came anywhere near the truth of the affair. I was one of those who, when the shadow of war darkened the entire land, lived in the Sunny South; but having been raised by one of those truly loyal men, one who loved his whole country, and whose father had fought at King's Mountain, and, moreover, being in that truly patriotic section of Southeast Tennessee, whose loyal sons fought on every battle-field, I could not be otherwise than true to my country in that sad hour. So I have had my share of the hardships and fun, and the incident to which I refer was one of the perilous ones.

"It was in Greenville, Penn., Sept. 4, 1864. We had been encamped at Bull's Gap, sixteen or eighteen miles west of there, for four or five days, and about midnight on the third we were aroused and ordered to saddle up. It was pitch dark, and the lightning played around the clouds as we marched out east of the gap and across the country southeast, until we struck the old Newport road. Then we turned east toward Greenville, when the rain began to fall in torrents. When within two miles of Greenville, just before daybreak, we learned that the Confederate pickets were posted in an old house one mile ahead.

as fine colors as any regiment *ever* had. I do this in order that your people at home may know of my good feeling for you, and that history may record this affair.'

"And true to promise," concluded General Suman, "after General Nelson's death, General Crittenden presented us our flag in behalf of General Nelson and the State of Kentucky."

"While listening to the previous narrative I was reminded of the funniest incident that came under my observation during the March to the Sea," said George Ellers, 113th Ohio Infantry.

"We will be delighted to have you relate the story," said one of the S. P. U. H.

"It was this," said comrade Ellers. "There had been a sutler following our brigade for some two or three months, and he was one of the most disagreeable men in camp. He used every artifice to take advantage of the boys, and never allowed an opportunity to escape by means of which he could rob them of their money. It was just after the battle of Goldsboro, back of Kenesaw Mountain, while we were in camp, that a plan was concocted to prevent the odious sutler from doing further mischief. The scheme was to have a sham battle, and in the melee stampede over his tent. Accordingly the 98th and 121st Ohio regiments were formed in line as adversaries near by the sutler's tent, and the rest of the brigade stood near at hand as spectators. After all was in readiness the 121st charged the 98th, and drove them back; then the 98th sallied and pressed their adversaries to their former position, after which the 98th reformed directly in front of the sutler's tent. Immediately the 121st charged again, and came down on the 98th like a whirlwind, all of them yelling like demons. The 98th broke and fell back, and as the laughing, yelling, howling mass swept along, some of the boys cut the ropes of the tent and in a trice the sutler's stock was scattered over half an acre of ground. Every man who

could grabbed some article and made way with it, and in less time than it takes to tell it, over $3,000 worth of goods had vanished into the oblivion of haversacks and other secret places.

"The sutler fought like a wild-cat to save his property. He seized a cheese-knife and made savage attempts to mutilate some of the boys, but they were too many for him. They disarmed him, and pushed him about and fell on him so incessantly that he had no time to find another weapon, and when he came to himself he was five hundred yards from the site of his now ruined store.

"The shout of laughter and merriment that went up as the joke dawned upon the spectators, created a perfect bedlam. Everybody enjoyed the fun, and the boys of the 98th and 121st were richer by some thousands in the way of commodities and camp luxuries.

"The result of the sport was that a search was ordered from headquarters for the stolen goods, but not a dollar's worth was returned to the discomfited sutler. I never saw as much fun crowded into five minutes in my life, and many a time have I laughed over that day's sport with some comrade who participated in the charge upon our sutler.

"While I have the 'floor,'" continued comrade Ellers, "let me tell you a little anecdote of Capt. Chas. P. Gorman, of Co. A, and I will have done."

"All right," we exclaimed, and settled back into a comfortable position, and lighted a Key West with a burning brand from the fire.

"We were before Kenesaw Mountain," went on comrade Ellers, "and were on a charge against the enemy across an open field. The fire of musketry was sharp, and the bullets were whistling among us as thick and fast as raindrops. The boys were dropping, and the line was fast becoming broken. The situation was desperate. The field was fully a half mile in

width and the chances of reaching the other side were decidedly against us.

"Captain Gorman was a German and as brave a man as there was in the army. His fund of humor was inexhaustible, and everybody in the company liked him.

"Just at the moment when the line faltered and was about to fall back, the captain shouted:

"'Vich vould you rather do or pe in yer Taddy's haymow, poys?'

"In an instant the humor of the remark was caught, and the self-possession of the boys returned, and with a hurrah the line rushed on until it occupied the position to which it had been ordered."

Another veteran, upon whose face the light of the flames fell in a pleasing way, remarked:

"I was told the following by General Scofield while we were on our way from Wilmington to Beaufort: 'A few days after our troops had taken possession of Wilmington, a large, good-looking negro made his way into my headquarters one morning, and asked:

"'Is you de gin'ral of dese people, sah?

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'Is you de biggest ginral dat is heah, sah?'

"'Yes, I think so,' I answered, 'what do you wish?'

"'Well sah,' continued my sable inquisitor, 'when we black people hearn dat de Yankees was a comin', we knowed dey'd be a big racket, an' me an' de rest of us moved into de swamps, sah, an' dere dey all is, sah, 'bout fo' or five hundred of 'em. An' we hearn dat de Yankees had done tuk Wilmington, an' dat de ole flag was up!

"'We's mighty anxshus to know de troof an' I'se come in sah, to find out whether it's so, an' if it is so, an' you had come to stay, den I've to fiah a joy gun, sah!'

"'Well, we've taken Wilmington, Sambo, and the old

flag is up,' said I, 'and we have come to stay too, but what's that about a joy gun?'

"'Why, sah,' continued the negro, 'if eberything was all right an' de ole flag is up, den I was to fiah a joy gun, an' dey'd know all about it out in de swamps, sah, an den dey'd come in!'

"'I think I understand you now,' said I, 'and I will have a joy gun fired.'

"'So I went up to the fortifications and had one of the largest guns fired, and in the course of the afternoon, in came a great crowd of contrabands from the swamps, and every mother's son and daughter of them were shouting:

"'Glory!—glory! de ole flag is up—de ole flag is up!'"

CAMP-FIRE XX.

"WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER"—A CONTINUATION OF CAMP-FIRE XVIII—A "MULEY" YOKE OF "MULEY" OXEN.

"LAST evening but one," began Governor G., "the incidents of the camp-fire reminded me of a touching experience of which I omitted to speak at the time, but with permission, will give it now."

"Let us hear it," called out the commander.

"Well, to begin, I knew Dr. Hard, who related the occurrence, at the battle of Williamsburg. He was in our regiment, the 8th Illinois cavalry—which was the first to enter the village of Gettysburg, on the day previous to the first day's battle.

"The cavalry were always far ahead of the infantry, doing the advance skirmishing, and this time our regiment was in the extreme front. We were going into Gettysburg, and as we came nearer to the center of the town we could see the rebel cavalry receding. Many of them were yet scattered miscellaneously about the streets, but all were clearing themselves from the vicinity.

"We rode on, and as we passed the stores and shops we were greeted with a warm welcome on every hand. Women and children, and men and boys who were ineligible for soldiership, lined the streets and assured us of their most heartfelt joy, for we were the first Union soldiers they had seen for some time.

"Our attention was attracted to a number of school-girls

who apparently had just come together. There were perhaps fifteen or twenty of them, of ages ranging from ten to fifteen years. Many of them were beautiful, and all were good singers. It seemed to me as though they made not the least discord, and that the sweetest music I ever heard came from their lips as they sang—the first time we had ever heard the song:

"'Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.

"'Weeping sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain!
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again!'

"After passing through the city and going into camp, many of us returned again to the pleasing surroundings. The citizens threw open their houses and invited us in to enjoy the full privilege of their homes. On every hand we were met with the most cordial reception. Merchants would not even take pay for articles of limited value after we had bought them. Every one seemed heartily glad to assist the bold defenders of the Stars and Stripes.

"Indeed we appreciated this, for we had been deprived for a long time of many of the comforts of civilized life, and at times had wanted the necessities, not to say the delicacies; so that the enjoyment of all these, coupled with the earnest way in which we were received, could not fail to draw from us expressions of unalloyed gratitude. We felt that even in the midst of war there is tenderness; that, however

fierce the battle may be, the heart which receives the blow and the one which gives it, may then or at any other time be the home of affection.

"Gratitude brought a tear to my own eye, and as I looked around to see the expression of other countenances, I beheld at my side an old, wicked, gray-haired man weeping from very joy—a man whose heart I had long since concluded had never held many feelings except those kindred to cruelty. This was only the day before the great battle, but I can tell you that even this short relief was welcome."

"Let me add another incident to those already given about Sherman's famous march," said Mr. C. E. Harden, addressing the commander.

"Proceed," responded His Dignity, and Mr. Harden did proceed thus:

"In the first place," said he, "the country through which we were passing produced only two staple commodities, to-wit: Bull-frogs and bad roads, the two being in almost equal abundance. There were also two other things similar in the purpose of holding food, namely, our stomachs and haversacks; and at this particular time they were exactly alike in one other respect—both were empty. Sometimes a man's appetite suggests a very sudden conclusion about going to work to obtain something eatable; and this was *our* exact condition. So comrade John Chandler and myself at once determined 'to see what we could see' in the way of forage.

"We left camp at day-break, and knowing the route which the column would take, kept well to the right. We tramped all day, and at night had succeeded in becoming the possessors of the following:

"One cart with one broken wheel.

"One and one-quarter bushels of potatoes; size of same, ½ to ¾ inches in diameter.

"One yoke of 'muley' oxen.

"One ox was red; the other brindle. One had lost its tail. The red ox, being the afflicted one, seemed to be favored by nature with a very small horn on the left side of its head, so that it was not entirely 'muley;' while on the other hand, brindle having no claim to a like favor from nature, had no horn, and was, therefore, entirely 'muley.'

"It was an odd-looking team; but we concluded to try its strength for a few miles, so we loaded our potatoes and continued our journey. The second day added the following to our store:

"1. One rooster too old to crow.

"2. One-half bushel wilted turnips.

"Late in the afternoon we began to hunt our command, and about sunset came to the road that the division had passed over, but found no other signs of a soldier. A short 'council of war' was held, after which the line of march was taken up and continued until daylight, when we came to a halt, fed the rooster and the oxen, and breakfasted ourselves on the 'pig-potatoes' and turnips. After a short rest we again proceeded, arriving in camp about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

"As we approached, the cheering resembled the prolonged chirrup from an excited flock of geese. All kinds of exclamations were heard:

"'Hurrah for the muleys!'

"'Kill 'em! Kill 'em!'

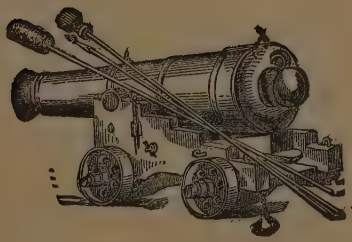
"'Beefsteak for supper, boys!'

"'Give us some ox-tail soup!'

"'Old brindle's horns for powder flasks!' etc., etc.

"When the noise subsided, the commissary sergeant ordered us to report at headquarters with our team. We did this, received a reprimand for being absent from our command, and our oxen were inspected, and ordered slaughtered for the good of the regiment.

"Within fifteen minutes from that time the odor from fresh, tough beef emanated from numerous frying pans, and ascended to the evening sky; and in perhaps thirty minutes more no reminder of the oxen's sad fate could be seen, except the iron work of the wagon, the wood having been appropriated to replenish the various camp-fires."



CAMP-FIRE XXI.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC—NOT A POLITICAL ORGANIZATION—ITS PRINCIPLES: FRATERNITY, CHARITY, LOYALTY—A COMPLETE, BRIEF RECORD OF ITS ORGANIZATION AND GROWTH TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THIS camp-fire was devoted to delineating the practical part of those magnificent memories which have resulted so happily from the comradeship which was begotten and made strong by the battles of the Civil War. Dr. A. W. Gray was the speaker, and said:

"At no time in the history of the world has there been an organization of such magnitude as this; which had such sudden growth and notoriety, and yet of which so little is known. As far as known there are no *official* records of any connected history of its origin, rise and progress.

"It is not strange that men who, for many weary months and years had shared the perils and fatigues, the weary marches and bivouacks of a soldier's life, —who together had breasted the storms of shot and shell, and shared the privation, suffering and hunger of the prison-pen—should desire to keep alive the memories and associations of their army life. History informs us that after great wars it has been in all ages customary for the surviving soldiers to form associations to preserve the memories of other days. We hear in our day of the associations of veterans of the Crimean war and of the French and German war; and in our own country of the 'Order of the Cincinnati,' an organization of commissioned

officers of the American army who fought for national liberty during the Revolution, the organization to be perpetuated by the admission of the oldest sons of its members as the originators successively died. We have also the veteran associations of the war of 1812, and the war with Mexico; but none can compare with the G. A. R., whose posts may be found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

"As to who first originated the 'Grand Army of the Republic,' no one man is entitled to the credit. There was nothing original in it. It had always been customary for surviving soldiers to organize, and for a long time many of the old soldiers had talked the matter over. The war was over. A *million* men—veterans of the greatest war of modern times—had stacked their arms, sheathed their swords, and returned to their homes and the pursuits of a civil life. What more natural than that these old comrades should enjoy each other's society, and should wish to preserve the 'memories of those hours of trial and danger' by banding themselves together, and talking over the old times?

"Although not a matter of record, it is an admitted fact that the State of Illinois has the honor of the G. A. R.'s birthplace; and that B. F. Stephenson, late surgeon of the 14th Illinois Infantry, was the first man to organize the veterans into an association. During the winter of 1865 and 1866, he, with other ex-soldiers of the late war, being at the time in the City of Springfield, Illinois, discussed the propriety of organizing the 'veteran' soldiers of the State into an association *for political purposes*—his idea being that the soldiers, having saved the country, were entitled *of right* to the offices of profit and trust. It was decided to form such an organization; that it should be a secret society, with signs, grips and password. The individuals present took an oath of secrecy. A ritual was prepared and adopted; also an initiation cere-

mony. It was also decided to go ahead and organize posts throughout the State.

"Immediately a difficulty presented itself; they had only one copy of the ritual. How to get it printed without publicity, was the question. But this was soon answered. The editor of the Decatur (Ill.) 'Tribune;' as well as all of the printers in the office, had served their time in the army, and were therefore eligible to membership in the new society. To each of these the obligation was administered, and they were admitted into full membership. Four hundred copies of the ritual were ordered printed and bound, and in a few days the rituals were ready for distribution. The organization was named,

"THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC."

"As yet not a single Post had been formed. On the night of April 6, 1866, in the Hall of the 'Sons of Malta' at Decatur, Illinois, was organized 'Post No. 1 of the Grand Army of the Republic.' It was late when the meeting adjourned, but, full of the spirit of the occasion, and determined to create a sensation, 'the Boys' went to the 'Tribune' office, and had a number of posters struck off, upon which was the following:

G. A. R.
POST NO. 1.
DECATUR,
APRIL 6, 1866.

"Armed with paste-pot and brush they patroled the city, and posted these dodgers in the most conspicuous places. Upon the following day they were the talk of the town; and such was the birth of the Grand Army of the Republic. The organization of other posts rapidly followed throughout the State. Eagerly the veterans enrolled themselves under the new banners. Dr. Stephenson announced himself as commander, and issued the following order:

"'Head Quarters Grand Army of the Republic,
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., June —, 1866.

"'The undersigned hereby assumes command of the Grand Army of the Republic. Major Robert M. Woods is appointed Adjutant General; Colonel Julius C. Weber and Lieut. John S. Phelps are appointed A. D. C. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

"'By order of B. F. STEPHENSON,
"'R. M. WOODS. Adjutant General.'

"Soon the necessity of a State organization became apparrent; so Dr Stephenson issued an order calling a meeting of delegates from the different Posts to assemble at Springfield, Ill., *July 12, 1866.*

"At the meeting which followed, the Department of Illinois was organized and systematized. John M. Palmer was elected Department Commander. New Posts were organized in other States. Dr. Stephenson by common consent assumed the duties of 'Provisional commander-in-chief.'

"Observing the growing popularity of the organization, and the necessity of its becoming more national in character, Dr. Stephenson issued the following order:

"'Head Quarters Grand Army of the Republic,
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 31, 1866.

"'GENERAL ORDER NO. 13.

"'A National convention of the Grand Army of the Republic is hereby ordered to convene at Indianapolis, Indiana, at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, the twentieth day of November

next, for the purpose of perfecting the National organization, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the Convention.

"'The ratio of representation shall be as follows: Each Post shall be entitled to one representative, and when the membership exceeds one hundred, to one additional representative and in the same ratio for every additional one hundred, or every fractional part thereof.

"'All Department and District officers, *ex-officio*, shall be members of said convention. All honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, and those now serving in the army desirous of becoming members of the Grand Army of the Republic, are respectfully invited to attend the convention. All comrades are requested to wear the 'blue' with corps badges, etc.

"'Official: J. C. WEBBER,
Adj't Gen., Dept. Illinois.
"'B. F. STEPHENSON,
Com.-in-chief, G. A. R. U. S.'

"In accordance with the call about two hundred and fifty members of the order from eleven different States assembled at Indianapolis, Indiana, on Nov. 20, 1866.

"The meeting was called to order by Dr. Stephenson, and John M. Palmer of Illinois was elected chairman. The business of organizing and adopting rules for the government of the order was gone through with in two days. Stephen A. Hurlbut, of Illinois, was elected as the first commander-in-chief, to serve for one year. Dr. Stephenson was appointed adjutant general.

"The convention adjourned to meet again at the call of the commander; but before adjourning the following 'Resolutions' and 'Platform of Principles' were adopted.

"'We, the representatives of the soldiers and sailors of the military and naval service of the United States during the late war against traitors, reaffirming our devotion to these States, the Constitution and the laws of our country, and our abhorrence of treason and oppression,—

"'*Resolved*. First: That the Grand Army or the Re-

public is organized to maintain in civil life, those great principles for which it stood in arms under the national flag; that it stands pledged to crush out active treason, to advance and support loyalty, to secure sound constitutional liberty to all men, and to vindicate everywhere and at all times the full and complete rights of every loyal American citizen,—against all combinations of force or fraud that may attempt to deny or deprive them of such rights;—

"'Second: That we pledge all the power and influence which, as individuals or as an association, we can wield legitimately, in the most especial manner to those gallant men who stood fast by the country in the hour of its agony, in the rebellious States, and who, through all manner of losses and injuries, persecutions by force and persecutions under color of law, maintained their integrity, and vindicated their loyalty; and we solemnly declare that no power that we can use shall be neglected until they are thoroughly and completely protected in the active exercise of every right of American freemen through the entire country over which our flag floats;—

"'Third: That Congress in justice and not in charity, should pass a law equalizing in a just manner, the bounties of all Union soldiers and sailors;—

"'Fourth: That we now, as heretofore, pledge ourselves to use our best endeavors to procure appropriate State and national legislation, for the education and maintenance of the orphans and widows of our deceased comrades and maimed brethren, and to enforce a speedy adjustment and payment of all lawful claims against the government, due soldiers and sailors, and their friends;—

"'Fifth: That, in our opinion, no man is worthy to be a free citizen of a free country who is not willing to bear arms in its defence, and we, therefore, suggest to Congress the passage of a law making it the inexorable duty of every citizen to defend his country in time of need, in person and not by substitute;—

"'Sixth: That as a matter of justice and right, and because the sacrifice made and dangers encountered by the Union soldiers and sailors who served in the late war for the preservation of the country, cannot ever be fully repaid, we respectfully ask that those in authority bestow upon needy

and worthy soldiers and sailors such positions of honor and profit as they may be competent to fill; and while we seek nothing for ourselves, or those of our comrades who are able to maintain themselves, we do earnestly recommend this request to the consideration of those in authority. And we especially ask the attention of the President to his policy heretofore declared on this subject.'

"The *second* National Encampment was held at Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 15, 16 and 17, 1868. Delegates from twenty-one States were present. John A. Logan, of Illinois, was elected commander-in-chief.

"At this session a resolution was adopted calling upon Congress to enact a law which should allow none but deceased *Union* soldiers and sailors of the late war to be buried in the National cemeteries; also, to enact a law whereby ex-Union soldiers and sailors should have the preference in appointment to positions of profit and trust.

"ORIGIN OF DECORATION DAY.

"It was at *this* encampment that 'Memorial Day' was instituted. A resolution was passed that the thirtieth day of May of each year be designated as 'Memorial' or 'Decoration Day," upon which day the members of the G. A. R. were to decorate the graves of their deceased comrades with flowers and evergreens; and General Logan, in an address to the encampment spoke as follows, concerning it:

"'To keep the scenes of war with all its horrors vivid before the mind, without some still more important motive, would hardly meet with the approval of this intelligent age. It was to keep constantly before the mind the *cost* of liberty, and the *price* paid for the suppression of rebellion, and the preservation of a free and independent Government; to keep forever green the hallowed memory of the heroic dead, who had fallen to save their country from disunion and dishonor. This ceremony is but an external expression of one of the great principles of our Order, and should the organization in

coming years cease to exercise its functions,—I trust that the ceremony so happily coming from it, may never cease, for so long as it continues to be heartily observed, we will have the assurance that there are loyal hearts in the land that cling to the integrity of our Union, and condemn treason to our Government.'

"'The *third* National encampment was held at Cincinnati, Ohio, May 12 and 13, 1869. John A. Logan was re-elected commander-in-chief for another year.

"From the Adjutant General's report at this Encampment we learn that the order was rapidly dying out in the Western States, but was being kept alive in the East—Illinois, which at one time had three hundred and thirty Posts, reporting only *six*. On the other hand, Ohio reported three hundred and three Posts in good standing.

"Inquiry developed the fact that 'politics' was killing the order. The veterans were suspicious, and looked upon it as a huge political machine, used by unscrupulous office-seekers to further their own ends and aims. The people, taking the same view of the case, were also disgusted with it, and refused to countenance or help it along. Therefore this encampment voted to remodel the entire structure. A new set of Rules and Regulations was adopted, wherein politics especially was prohibited, viz: Article XI, Chapter V:

"'No officer or comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic shall *in any manner* use this organization for partisan purposes, and no discussion of partisan questions shall be permitted at any of its meetings, nor shall any nominations for political office be made.'

"The encampment also established *three grades* in the order called the 'Recruit,' 'Soldier' and 'Veteran,' the latter only, being admitted into full membership; and also adopted the following articles of Rules and Regulations which are in full force at the present time:]

"OBJECTS

"'The objects to be accomplished by this organization are as follows:

"'First: To preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which bind together the soldiers, sailors and mariners who united to suppress the late rebellion and to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead.

"'Second: To assist such former comrades in arms as need help and protection; and to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen.

"'Third: To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for, and fidelity to, the National Constitution and laws; to discountenance whatsoever tends to weaken loyalty, incites to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or in any manner impairs the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions; and to encourage the spread of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men.

"'ELIGIBILITY TO MEMBERSHIP.

"'Soldiers and Sailors of the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps, who served between April 12, 1861, and August 20, 1866, in the war for the suppression of the Rebellion, and those having been honorably discharged therefrom after such service, and of such State regiments as were called into active service and subject to the orders of U. S. General Officers, between the dates mentioned, shall be eligible to membership in the Grand Army of the Republic. No person shall be eligible to membership who has at any time borne arms against the United States.'

"From that time to the present the growth of the Order has been steady and prosperous. The 'boys,' finding that they were not to be used as 'somebody's tool' for political purposes, gradually came forward and joined the various Posts, manifesting a willingness to be identified with an organization whose aims and purposes were purely and unequivocally: FRATERNITY, CHARITY and LOYALTY.

"The *fourth* National Encampment was held at Washington, D. C., May 11 and 12, 1870. John A. Logan was re-elected commander-in-chief for a third term.

"This encampment adopted resolutions calling upon Congress to make Memorial Day (May 30) a legal holiday. A 'Badge' for the order was also adopted, the same as now worn by the members of the G. A. R., and may be described thus:

"A five-pointed bronze star made from cannon captured in decisive battles of the civil war, and donated by Congress for the purpose. The design upon one side presents the Goddess of Liberty to represent *Loyalty*, and on either side of her is a soldier and sailor clasping hands to represent *Fraternity*, while two little children, receiving benediction and assurance of protection from the comrades, represent *Charity*. On each side of the group is the national flag and eagle, representing *Freedom*, while the axe and bundle of rods or *fasces*, represent *Union*. In each point of the star is the insignia of the various arms of the service, that is the bugle for Infantry, crossed cannon for Artillery, crossed muskets for the Marines, crossed swords for the Cavalry, and the anchor for the Sailors. Over the central group are the words 'Grand Army of the Republic;' under the group, '1861. Veteran. 1866,' commemorating the beginning and close of the civil war; also the date of the organization of the G. A. R.

"The *other* side of the star presents a branch of laurel—the crown and reward of the brave—on each point of the star. The National shield in the center, surrounded by the twenty-four recognized corps badges in the order of their number, each on a keystone, and all linked together, are arranged to show that they are united, and will guard and protect the shield of the Nation. Around the center is a circle of stars representing the States of the Union, also the Departments' composing the Grand Army of the Republic.

"The clasp of the badge is a bronze eagle with outstretched wings, holding a naked sword over crossed cannon and piled ammunition, representing *Defense*—always ready to defend the flag of the United States, which, as the emblem and ribbon of the order, is suspended from the *clasp*, and sustains the *star*.

"The *fifth* National Encampment was held at Boston, Mass., May 10 and 11, 1871.

"A. E. Burnside, of Rhode Island, was elected commander-in-chief. The 'grade system' was abolished, and only one degree for full membership established.

"The *sixth* National Encampment was held at Cleveland, Ohio, May 8 and 9, 1872. A. E. Burnside was re-elected commander-in-chief.

"The *seventh* National Encampment was held at New Haven, Connecticut, May 14 and 15, 1873. Charles A. Devens, of Massachusetts, was elected commander-in-chief.

"The *eighth* National Encampment was held at Harrisburg, Penn., May 13, 1874, Charles A. Devens being re-elected commander-in-chief.

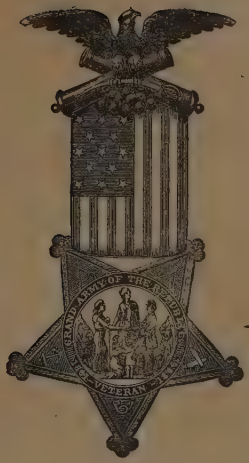
"The *ninth* National Encampment was held at Chicago, Ill., May 12 and 13, 1875. John F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, was elected commander-in-chief.

"The *tenth* National Encampment was held at Philadelphia, Penn., June 30, 1876. John F. Hartranft was re-elected commander-in-chief.

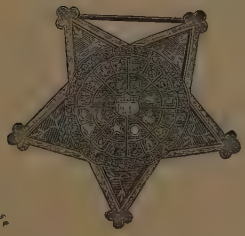
"The *eleventh* National Encampment was held at Providence, R. I., June 26 and 27, 1877. John C. Robinson, of New York, was elected commander-in-chief.

"The *twelfth* National Encampment was held at Springfield, Mass., June 4, 1878. John C. Robinson was re-elected commander-in-chief.

"The *thirteenth* National Encampment was held at Albany, New York, June 17 and 18, 1879. William Earnshaw, of Ohio, was elected commander-in-chief.



G. A. R. BADGE.



REVERSE OF STAR.

"The Adjutant General reported a gain for the past year of 4,048 members, and a total membership of 31,415.

"The *fourteenth* Annual Encampment was held at Dayton, Ohio. Commander Earnshaw positively declined to be a candidate for re-election, saying that he wished to establish the precedent that no man should hold the office of commander-in-chief for more than one term.

"Louis Wagner, of Pennsylvania, was elected commander-in-chief.

"The Report of the Adjt.-Gen. showed a membership of 44,802 on December 31, 1879, being a gain during the year of 13,387.

"The *fifteenth* National Encampment was held at Indianapolis, Indiana, June 15 and 16, 1881. George S. Merrill of Massachusetts, was elected commander-in-chief. The gain in membership during the previous year was 15,876, and a total membership of 60,678.

"The *sixteenth* National Encampment was held at Baltimore, Maryland, June 21, 22 and 23, 1882.

"Paul Vandervoort of Nebraska, was elected commander-in chief. The gain in membership during the previous year was reported at 25,178, and the total membership at 85,865.

"The *seventeenth* National Encampment was held at Denver, Colorado, July 25 and 26, 1883. Robert B. Beath of Pennsylvania was elected commander-in-chief. The Adjutant General reported that on Dec. 31, 1882, there were 131,890 members in good standing—showing a gain of 46,034 during the year. He also reported that on March 31, 1883, there were 145,932 members and 971 Posts in good standing, or a gain in three months of 174 Posts and 14,042 members. All over the country the order is reported as in a flourishing condition. New Posts are springing up in every direction. Even away out on the frontiers, in the Territories, strong working Posts may be found. Each year, wherever

the National Encampment has been held, the citizens have received the veterans with open arms, and have done their very best to make their stay agreeable. Nothing was too good for the men who had hazarded their lives to save the Nation as *one* country and under *one* flag.

"It is now well understood that the Grand Army of the Republic is *not* a huge political machine, that it favors no political party, and indorses no man for office. As an organization it inculcates a spirit of patriotism in the rising generation. As an organization the members do not forget 'that fraternity of feeling which binds them together as *comrades*, that charity which prompts them to the noblest sacrifices for the needy and destitute wards of the Grand Army, and that *Loyalty* which binds them together as citizens, and to an undying vigilance which is the price of liberty.'

"In an address to the encampment, Commander Devens said: 'The objects of our Association are such as should commend themselves not only to those who have fought under the flag of the Union, but to all good citizens also. Against our organization it has been especially charged that it was secret in its character, and that all secret societies were dangerous in a republican government. Plausible as this remark sounds, it is obvious that it can have no proper application to those societies whose purposes are well known, and whose secrecy is limited entirely to the Ritual by which their proceedings are conducted, and to their modes of recognizing their fellow members. *The Grand Army has no purpose that it is unwilling to reveal to the world;* it has no obligation that any citizen soldier, who is the same man to-day in thought and feeling that he was in the hour of trial, cannot take without hesitation or reservation; it has no political bearing or significance; any effort to turn it to any such object is to be resisted with our utmost resolution. As the old army was always broad enough to include all (no matter what might

be their differences of opinion as to men or measures) of loyal and true devotion, so this Association is broad enough to welcome to its ranks every veteran whose heart still beats responsively to the music of the Union. In this connection I deem it proper to say that sometimes *attempts* have been made to secure the influence of our organization in matters merely political, such as aiding in elections of, or securing appointments for, particular individuals. Such attempts have *never* received, and *will not at any time* receive, any encouragement at the National Headquarters. They are not only in violation of the whole *spirit* of our order, but of its *letter*, as expressed by its Rules and Regulations. Let it be understood that our organization has no system of politics except that great and grand system in which all true men are agreed, whether citizens or soldiers—those principles of devotion to the death, if need be, for Liberty and the Laws, for the Constitution and the Union, which we once preached with our rifles in our hands and our country's flag above our heads, amidst the smoke and fire of an hundred battlefields. Let it be known that by these principles alone we are united, that this society does not exist for any personal ends or selfish purposes, and that it is not to be used by any man, or any set of men. If those who have enjoyed life together as schoolmates or classmates, delight to renew the scenes of their former life, and to live over again in each other's company the days that are passed, surely the tie of affection which binds together men who have not only enjoyed much but suffered together, must be one of no ordinary character.

"'Unless hearts were flint, no man could be insensible or cold to him by whose side he had stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of war, upon whose fidelity and courage he had known that his own life depended, and felt reassured as he looked upon his resolute brow and kindling eye, and to

whom he had been all that is expressed by the simple but dear word—*comrade.*

"'Agreeable and delightful as are the social characteristics of our association, it has higher aims than these, to guard and cherish the memory of those of our comrades who have passed away; to teach the inestimable value of the services of those who—unused to the trade of arms—did not hesitate, when the hour of trial came, to leave the plow in the furrow and the hammer on the anvil, and commit themselves to the shock of battle, appealing to the God of battles for the justice of their cause, is with us a most sacred duty. And this not alone that the *dead* may be *honored*, but that the *living* may be *encouraged* to imitate their example, and that the strong spirit of nationality and loyalty to the Government which bore us up so bravely through four years of unexampled trial may be fostered and strengthened, and that we ourselves may be consecrated anew to the cause for which so many have suffered. But, although it is our object to do justice to the memory of our dead, it is our aim to do justice to the living also; to secure a fair and just recognition of their claims, and to protect their rights by all suitable means within our control. Above all, as true homage must consist not in words but in deeds, we have always held that no higher honor could be paid to the just fame of the brave men who have defended the Republic than to assist by kind words and material aid all good and true soldiers who by wounds, disease, old age or misfortune, have become dependent, and tenderly to care for the widows and orphans of the fallen. The motto which our order bears—'Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty,'—is the brief summary of its principles.'

"In his address to the National Encampment, said Chaplain-in-chief, Lovering: 'So far as the faith and morals of the G. A. R. are concerned, I have this to say: Its faith has its religion, and its religion has the devout obedience of every

worthy member of our order. I do not refer to *any* religion, sectarian or universal, liberal or conservative, Christian or Pagan, as such. Whatever disputes there may be outside of our organization concerning them, do not affect us. Religion means *bond*. The highest religion casts out all spirit of fear and makes its 'bond' that of love. Our religion, within the terms of our organization, claims that highest bond. It is permeated, it is saturated with the spirit of that love. That love is *love of country*. That religion is the religion of patriotism.

"'Its altars are the graves of the unforgotten and heroic. Its symbol is the flag of our Union. Its priests are all those, within its organization, who confess this soldierly creed: I believe in a fraternity which joins in indissoluble union, justice and right.

"'I believe in a charity that, while merciful to a conquered foe, does not stultify itself by surrendering the fruits of victory; that never forgets the brightness of that cause which has been made illustrious by the heroic sacrifices of those whose graves should be the shrines of the Nation's reverence.

"'I believe in loyalty that acknowledges "*one country and one flag*;" that makes American citizenship honorable everywhere; that calls rebellion a crime, and the penalty of treason—*death*.

"'I believe that, in fraternity and charity, we should stand shoulder to shoulder, willing at all hazard of favor or fame to defend the G. A. R. as the standard bearer of the nation's loyalty.

"'There is one word I wish to emphasize. It is the rallying word of our whole body. It gives the pulse beat to every heart in every "Post." It is written upon every altar of patriotism we call a soldier's grave. It speaks to us in the honorable scars which wounds or disease, or the wasting hand of time has made on those who in the fullness of man-

hood stood forth to battle for the Union and the right. It is woven into every thread, red, white, or blue, of our glorious banner. It shines in every ray of light that gleams from the stars we have plucked with full hands from the skies to brighten and glorify our flag. It is the *one* word that is above the taint of political partisanship, and which seals our allegiance to one country and one flag. Cicero, the Roman orator, when he denounced the traitor and conspirator, Cataline, said, "Let it be written upon the forehead of every citizen what are his views concerning the republic." *Our* views have been written upon the pages of our Nation's history in ineffaceable characters. The ink was *blood;* the pens were *bayonets* and *sabers.* One word focalizes these views. It is written upon the forehead of every soldier. The spirit of it beats in the heart of every soldier. The temper of it toughens every muscle and thrills along every nerve of every soldier. That word is "*Loyalty.*"'

"Commander-in-chief George S. Merrill in his address said: 'The Grand Army is to-day the representative organization of the soldiers and sailors of America, the *one* great association which includes the veterans of every army and all ranks; the men who followed the flag upon the land, and who fought beneath its folds upon the sea; men of every nationality, color and creed; the officer who wore the well worn stars of a general, and the private whose only badge of distinction was in patriotic and faithful service in the ranks—all upon the common level of *Comrades* of the flag with "*Fraternity*" which would bind in closer ties the veterans who offered *all* that they possessed upon the altar of country; with "*Charity*" which would protect and care for the needy ones among all the Nation's defenders, their wives and little ones, and "*Loyalty*" which would keep ever brightly burning that spirit of patriotism leading a free people to rise, in the majesty and might of 1861, to defend the unity of the re-

public, and secure to generations yet unborn a government from, by and for all the people; let the success of the past be but an inspiration to greater efforts in behalf of our organization in the future, and rest and sleep come not within our tents until every honorably discharged soldier and sailor who merits our confidence is enrolled in the Grand Army of the Republic.'

"Said Commander-in-chief Vandervoort in his address: 'We stand in line to-day as we did when we marched to the front burning with loyalty, breaking asunder the ties of party and meeting on one common platform, waving aloft a torn and honorable discharge, and exemplifying fraternity, charity and loyalty. I have heard the doctrine advocated that the sentence in our "installation service" "That we should stand by the soldier though the whole world assail him," means that we should do so if our comrade is a candidate for political office.

"'The Grand Army fetters the conscience of *no* member. It gives the largest liberty to all. It stands aloof from the strife and clash of parties. "It will stand by the comrade though the whole world assail him" in sickness, in distress, when the old wounds re-open, when the wife and children are destitute. It will take old veterans from the "almshouse." It will remove their bones from a pauper's grave, and bury them in holy ground. It will procure employment. It will lighten up the desolate home with the glowing illustration of Charity, but in all political and religious affairs we will hold our independence of thought, and our conscience as something we will not surrender to any order in the land.

"'To close I can not do better than to give an extract from a poem by Emily Hawthorne:

> "'In years agone, a fearful strife was ended:
> And hosts of valiant men who came together
> At their country's call,—summoned to combat,

Whose name was legion when they started forth,
Were now dispersed; o'er this broad land
From East to Western shores were widely scattered,
And resumed their peaceful avocations
In field or shop, as ere they went to war.
The clanking swords and sabers in quiet
Graced the wall, with gleaming bayonets sheathed:
The muskets now in dusty corners stacked,
Rested, and rusty grew, while, bent to duty,
The patient shoulders where they had been borne,
Were placed to move the wheels of honest industry
Which once more sang, with an unceasing hum
The song of peaceful labor, honest toil.
As erst my muse declared was warfare ended,
And e'en a twelve month, too, had passed away,
Since "Grand Review" and final muster out;
When a strange germ in memory's garden grew;
For months this tender thought had lain, deep hid,
Like a spring flower that sleeps 'neath wintry snows,
Till balmy seasons call its tendrils forth;
Thus mem'ry touched the germ in many hearts
And woke Fraternal feeling in the breast
Of comrades who had shared the weary march;
From same canteen had quaffed the cooling drink,
Assuaging thirst intense, of famished men,
Who, shoulder to shoulder, had met the foe;
Where fiercest carnage raged had borne the brunt,
And had together faced its scenes of horror.
Then midst the loyal lads o'er all the "States"
In field and shop, and busy mart wide severed,
The feeling grew, a yearning unsuppressed,
To see and greet again those fellow soldiers.
This longing found expression and reply;
Some met, were thrilled with joy, and organized
This loyal, true, and mighty brotherhood,
"Grand Army of Republic." Thus was formed
The nucleus small of numbers few,
Round which now stand *two hundred thousand* comrades.
Loyalty was its test and basis firm,
And with *Fraternity* presided there;
These two were wed, and from this union true,

Came *Charity*, which greater is than all.
These soldiers' hearts are swayed by unseen motors;
They are united by a wondrous tie;
A mystic link inured by battles dared,
Strong joined, aye, welded too, by dangers shared.
By camp-fires lighted in a thousand towns,
Do comrades bring the wealth of memory's stores;
The symbols keep of war's vicissitudes;
Join hands in holy realm of sympathy,
And annually the "Grand Encampment" meets,
And year by year grows large with added numbers.
So shall this order prosper, lifted o'er
All party wrangle or dissension's strife,
And gather hosts of veteran recruits,
Till *ten years* pass—fast fall the soldiers old—
And then shall surely come the lessening ranks.
With no more volunteers from whom to choose;
Then one by one shall *all* be mustered out,
Yet, answer to a glorious reveille,
And join the comrades who have gone before.
In Heaven shall gather an army grand,
To form one universal brotherhood.' "

(History continued on pages 347 to 404.)

CAMP-FIRE XXII.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR—A STORY STRANGE BUT TRUE—WHAT AN INSANE FISHERMAN CAUGHT.

GATHERED together this evening—a very comfortable one—the veterans chatted miscellaneously for a time before commencing business. Finally the commander fired up the pipe of peace, and then called the assembly to order. But in his eagerness to proceed with the chats he somehow forgot to pass the pipe around, thereby totally disregarding the traditionary custom of his majesty, the redskin. Since it was the commander who abused the tradition, the comrades each concluded to light a pipe for himself, after which Captain M—k spoke:

"In the summer of 1862 our regiment was stationed along the line of railroad from Decatur to Courtland, Alabama. Small parties of us, from time to time, went out foraging on our own account, and on one of these expeditions I had an adventure which had never recurred to my mind until an event which happened a few years after the war recalled it forcibly.

"After the cessation of hostilities there was considerable talk throughout the North of forming colonies to settle in the West and South. Well, I got the 'colony fever' and conceived the idea of getting up a colony to settle in Northern Alabama, probably near our old stamping ground.

"With this project in view I went from Chicago to Decatur, Alabama, and from there by rail still further South toward the Black Warrior River. Reaching my journey's end

I concluded to return on horseback by a round-about way, and visit some of the back country; so I hired a horse and started out, first gathering information as to where I could find accommodations on the road, for houses and settlers are very scarce in that part of the world, so that it behooves a traveler to get his 'points' before setting out on a journey. My calculation was to reach the house of a certain settler at about seven o'clock in the evening. Seven o'clock came, but no settler's house in sight;—eight o'clock—nine o'clock—*ten* o'clock, and still no house to be seen.

"By this time I was thoroughly convinced that I had lost my way. I was tired out, and my horse was completely jaded. I rode on about an hour, and at last to my supreme delight I spied a light which I made for at once. I found that it proceeded from the window of a log cabin to which I rode up, and dismounting and hitching my horse, I attempted to enter the yard, when three savage dogs with angry growls disputed my further advance. But I finally succeeded in safely reaching the porch. I gave a knock on the door which roused the proprietor of the place, whereupon the following dialogue ensued, through the closed door:

"'Who's there?'

"'A traveler who has lost his way.'

"'What do you want?'

"'I want accommodation for myself and horse till morning.'

"'Well, you can't stay here. I don't keep tavern.'

"'How far is it to the next house?'

"'Seven miles.'

"'It's not possible for me to go seven miles, for my horse is completely tired out.'

"'I can't help that; my wife is sick, and I can't have you around.'

"'Can't you give me some feed for my horse, and a blanket for myself? I'll sleep on the porch.'

"After considerable parleying and urging, this request was finally granted. Soon the door opened and a tall, powerful man emerged, carrying a lantern which he held squarely in my face for a moment in order to get a good look at me, after which he led the way to the stable, where he groomed and fed my horse, and then we returned to the house.

"At the porch I halted, expecting him to go in and get me a blanket; but as he entered the door he said:

"'Come in, stranger; I want to talk to you.'

"I entered the cabin and sat down. He threw a few pine knots upon the smoldering fire and soon a bright blaze illumined the room. Then placing himself squarely in front of me, and giving me a searching look, he demanded in an imperious manner:

"'Now, stranger, I want to know who you are, and what is your business in these parts?'

"'I have already told you that I am a traveler looking for a suitable location to establish a colony from the North.'

"'Looking for land, hey! Going to establish a colony? Now, stranger, that story is altogether *too thin!* Men don't go round at midnight hunting land. Now tell me the truth—who *are* you, and *what are you after?*'

"'I have already told you who I am, and my business; and if you don't believe me it is not my fault.'

"Again he searchingly eyed me, and then with an earnest emphasis, said:

"'Strange you have been in these parts before!

"'Yes.'

"'You were a Yankee soldier, then?

"'Yes.'

"'In 1862, and stationed near Decatur?'

"'Yes.'

"'While out foragin' one day with another Yankee you stumbled into Roddy's confederate cavalry camp; but before you were discovered you turned back and escaped?'

"'Yes.'

"'Just as you left Roddy's camp you met one of Roddy's men with a neck-yoke over his shoulders, and carrying a couple of buckets of water in his hands?'

"'Yes.'

"'*You put your pistol to that man's head and forced him to go over a mile to the rear with you* to prevent his giving an alarm?'

"'Yes.'

"'Stranger, ***I am that man!***'

"It seemed to me, about that time, that he meant business, and intended to settle the old affair there and then. But putting on a bold front, I remarked as unconcernedly as I could:

"'Well, you have a mighty good memory.'

"'Yes, I remember some things. You bet I knew you the minute I set eyes on you; and I'll remember you as long as I live.'

"Meanwhile his wife had made her appearance, and, lighting her corn-cob pipe, seated herself near the fireplace, prepared to enjoy the fun.

"I hardly knew what would come next; but, after a pause, the man changed his position and manner, and said:

"'Now that I've told you who *you* are I'll tell you more about myself. I staid with Roddy's Cavalry Company for about three months after I saw you, and then my brother and myself deserted and enlisted in the First Alabama Union cavalry regiment, where we staid till the close of the war. After the war we came home; we were obliged to sleep in caves and keep concealed for a long time, as our former companions sought to kill us, and hunted us like wolves. Our lives were in danger every minute—but lately they don't trouble us much.

"'But I say, stranger, how's things up North? Is there

going to be another war? We think there will be soon. If there is you may count on me in going in for *Union!*'

"He now brought me out a lunch to which I did ample justice, and then I asked for a blanket that I might go to sleep upon the porch, as agreed.

"'No sir,' said he; 'no blanket for you; I've as good a bed as there is in this part of the country, and you are welcome to it!'

"After sleeping till morning I found a fine breakfast awaiting me, and that my horse had been already taken care of; and when I started off again my landlord accompanied me for several miles to show me the way."

"That's a good story," said Colonel Van Buren, of the 192d New York; "but let me tell an incident that will remind many of you of a hundred similar schemes which the home-sick invented to get discharged.

"You all know how the boys tried the insanity dodge. Well, there was one fellow in my regiment who played it most successfully. We were at Fort Grebel in February, 1862. Fort Grebel was on the branch of the Potomac, opposite Arlington Heights.

"One night there was a very heavy rain, and in the morning, before the other soldiers began to stir about the camp, this fellow—I have forgotten his name—tied a string to his bayonet, took a position on the parapet, began fishing in a shallow pool, and to all appearances became entirely unmindful of his surroundings.

"An hour passed. No one interrupted him, and still he could be seen quietly but regularly lifting his gun with the string from the pool, as though the gun were a fishing pole, and that he had a bite. By and by the sun came up, and while the other boys were going about camp preparing for breakfast, the fisherman still kept up his weary stroke, lifting his supposed fishing-tackle from the water almost as regularly as though it were done by a clock.

"The surroundings and occasion were such that it was only necessary for a sane man to look once in order to be convinced that something was lacking about the 'head-work' of the machine which was fishing in the pool.

"The boys all began to talk about the matter, many of them jesting in a manner wholly amusing. But no cessation in the regular stroke of the fisherman. Finally the matter came to the notice of the captain, who at once proceeded to the interesting scene of operations.

"'What are you doing there?' he demanded.

"No response. The gun and string were lifted with the same regularity as ever.

"'Halt!' commanded the captain.

"Not a single movement of the fisherman. Up went the pretended fishing-tackle again.

"'Shoulder arms!' again commanded the captain, thinking that hearing an accustomed order might bring the soldier to his senses.

"But the warrior's countenance was as rigid as ever, and the fixed stare seemed riveted on the string which hung from the point of his bayonet and dropped carelessly down into the small pool before him.

"The captain now concluded to report the matter to the colonel, and started off on the errand at once. He suddenly met the colonel who had also beheld the fisherman, and was coming to investigate. The captain then returned to the scene with the colonel, when the same experience was repeated.

"The colonel concluded to call the surgeon, who came and examined the fisherman,—as well as possible while the incessant raising and lowering of his gun was being carried on,—and recommended that the insane fisherman be given a discharge, which was accordingly written out and handed to the captain; but before it was given to the soldier, the colonel asked:

"'What are you fishing for?'

"No reply.

"'Well, I guess you can give him the document,' continued the colonel, and the captain handed it over to the fisherman, saying loudly:

"'Here! take this!'

"'*That's what I was fishing for*,' replied the fisherman as he threw down his gun, pocketed the discharge, and immediately left camp, much to the amazement of the colonel, the captain and the surgeon, and *very* much to the *amusement* of all others who had heard the conversation."

CAMP-FIRE XXIII.

THE WRONG OX BY THE HORNS—THE TABLES TURNED ON AN OFFICER'S STRICT DISCIPLINE—A DECISION BY MANSFIELD, GENERAL—RIVALRY IN RELIGION.

"A FEW evenings since," said Mr. S. W. Rodgers, "a reminiscence of General Nelson was given, in which something was said about strict discipline. I remember a similar incident in which an officer was compelled to take a dose of his own medicine. It was in the fall of 1863, after the army had advanced beyond Chattanooga. Fortress Rosecrans, Murfreesboro, was garrisoned by disabled batteries—to man the guns and do guard-duty they kept a picket line around the fortress.

"Some of the officers in command of the post were not liked as well as they might have been, had they been more deserving. One of these, who was officer of the day at one time, and who had not been accustomed to holding office of any kind, much less to commanding soldiers, concluded that he would like to show his authority. So he gave strict official instruction to the pickets, each to halt at twenty paces, dismount, advance, and give the countersign.

"All this passed off well enough, the boys executing the order to the letter. But finally the tables were turned. The officer tried to catch some of the boys asleep at their posts, but of course failed, most ludicrously. On the bank of Stone River, where the line crossed, there happened to be a resolute young fellow who could not be intimidated nor imposed upon.

"The pickets saw that the officer in discussion was trying to impress upon the minds of the boys the fact that he had been promoted, and his vigilance, the picket, at once concluded to muster and control all his accustomed wariness. The officer approached from the opposite side of the river. The picket, however, had previously ascertained the fact that it was precisely twenty paces from where he was standing to the middle of the river. It may have occurred, however, nothing being found in the annals of history to the contrary, that the picket previously moved his post a few feet from its original location toward the river, in order to have the middle of the river exactly twenty paces from his post; but this has never been proven.

"Whichever way that may have been, these two things are certain: That the officer rode into the stream with considerable pomp, and that the picket stood at his post with just as much pomp, like the hero that he was, probably thinking of Casabianca and a certain incident in the navy when the deck was on fire.

"When the officer had reached the middle of the stream," continued Mr. Rodgers, who had been interrupted by the throwing of more twigs on the camp-fire, "the picket immediately commanded:

"'Halt! Who goes there?'

"'I'm the *officer* of the *guard*,' replied the officer.

"'Dismount, advance and give the countersign!' was the further order from the picket.

"'Why, don't you know me, sir?—I'm the officer of the guard, sir,—*officer* of the *guard!*' repeating the emphasized words with much importance.

"'I'm not supposed to know any one. I abide by the code, sir,—*abide* by the *code;* I must *obey orders*, sir,—*o-b-e-y orders!*' responded the picket, with the same kind of emphasis that had come from the man in the river, and the picket raised his gun to fire.

"'Hold on!' cried the officer, "*I'll dismount!*' and down he went into the river, the water of which had been a month or two before considerably warmer than it was then. Any one who was listening might have heard an unusual amount of swearing by the '*officer* of the *guard*;' but this had no effect on the picket, who waited patiently for the officer to dismount, advance, and give the countersign. Next day the picket was put under arrest at the instance of the enraged officer, and was tried by court-martial, but of course cleared."

Then General I. N. Stiles remembered a decision by Mansfield, the general, which the legal fraternity may compare with one by Mansfield. the justice.

"When the rebel ram, Merrimac," said he, "first appeared at Hampton Roads—March 8, 1862,—General Mansfield was in command of the land forces. The ram had sunk the Union war vessel 'Cumberland' and had disabled the 'Congress,' which was run ashore to prevent her being captured by the 'rebs.'

"Seeing this, General Mansfield ordered the 20th Indiana Infantry to deploy along the beach, behind a sand ridge, to prevent the 'Congress' from being hauled off by the enemy. This vessel, now helpless and at the mercy of the Merrimac's guns, had run up a white flag in token of surrender. Captain R., of the 20th Indiana, who had been as good a lawyer at home as he was now soldier in the field, suggested that it would be a violation of the laws of war to prevent the enemy from taking possession of the vessel, since 'she had already surrendered.'

"I know the d—d *ship* has surrendered,' replied General Mansfield, 'but I want you to understand that *we* haven't.' The decision was final."

After the foregoing incident a veteran who, through modesty, declined to give his name, told a religious (?) anecdote. His name being unknown, the S. P. U. H. chroniclers

might have attempted to describe him, but he stood behind the smoke which was then rolling in clouds from the fire, so that he could not be seen. His story is this :

" After we had settled down to some reliable routine of spending our time in the army, and had established what may be termed army society, our brigade and the one which was usually next to us became the most earnest rivals in almost everything.

" The colonels of the brigades seemed to catch the inspiration, and the friendly contests which we had, generally centered in them.

" Well, one season there was a religious revival in our brigade, which furnished an interesting programme for some time. The boys had been given a season of rest. and having much time to reflect upon their active wickedness, they became passive, and concluded to be at least entertained by the exercises.

" The other brigade saw that we were excelling them in this respect, and they determined upon a revival. Then an excitement arose, and the interest increased until finally twelve of our boys 'got religion,' and desired to be baptized. The baptism was administered, and soon a report of the occurrence came to the ears of the colonel of the other brigade, who called up the chaplain at once, and said:

" ' Here! Chaplain, you have let that brigade over there get ahead of us! Go and detail at least thirty able-bodied men for baptism immediately. We'll not be outdone by them.' "

CAMP-FIRE XXIV.

THE WRONG KIND OF A CAT—"MORE ABOUT THE BROKEN WINDOW," OR CRAWFORD AGAIN.

"JUST before Sherman started to Vicksburg," said a comrade from the 76th Ohio, "the river became so low that it was exceedingly difficult to make any speed with the boats. The nights were *very* dark, on account of the thick fogs, and we therefore gave up trying to run at night. As soon as it began to grow dark, the boats dropped anchor, and then came the time for rest and recreation, especially the latter, the opportunity for which was generally improved by hunting something fresh to eat.

"Two of us left the boat as soon as we could get ashore, and started off for a neighboring wilderness. We hurried along and were soon lost from the sight of the river and the dim outlines of the boats as they were 'tooting' and puffing to and fro over the sand-bars.

"We passed an old deserted log-cabin that well represented to my mind the birthplace of some illustrious statesman, as indicated by some imaginative pictures. On our first approach to the place, my heart bounded in the hope that we would soon have our stomach filled with something a little more palatable than hard-tack and bacon, but the nearer we approached the place the nearer our hearts approached our boots. No inhabitants, human or otherwise, could be found. It was the first domicil I had ever seen about which there was absolutely no living thing,—that is, nothing large enough to eat. The situation was very apparent—as much so as the

growing darkness would allow. Curiosity, however, led us to explore. Old memories began to haunt us. I remembered the 'poet's lines,' in the 'Return of the Dead:'

> "'The bolt flew back with sudden clang;
> I entered; wall and rafter rang.'

"But the application of this was not practical, for two reasons: First, there was no bolt, and probably there never had been any; and second, there was no door, and with equal probability, there may never have been any. I thought of the two lines of poetry again, and at once concluded that they would be appropriate if I should change the punctuation. Hence, not thinking what I was about, I repeated the couplet aloud:

> "'The bolt flew back with sudden clang;
> I entered the wall; and the rafter rang!'

"No sooner had I repeated the lines than I adopted the conclusion, and thought to try the experiment. I called to my comrade:

"'Come on; let's go in, and see what's here, any way.'

"'All right,' he replied, and soon was around on my side of the concern. We stepped nearer to the old hull. I put my hand against a log to try its firmness. That whole part of the building fell in! Sure enough, I did then enter the wall, my comrade following. We were now inside of the building. For my own part, I felt a little strange. Everything was quiet, of course. I looked around carefully without moving. There were many dark corners, and many openings to the habitation, the principal one of which was overhead; in fact, the entire roof was made of sky. We looked and listened for a moment longer. There was a slight dull sound that startled us. Then there was an unpleasant odor—perhaps from the rotten wood. We immediately left

the premises, but the scent did not leave us, and the only unmistakable and unsatisfactory conclusion that we could adopt was, that a certain kind of a cat lived there.

"Undaunted by this," continued the narrator, "we became only the more determined to have something to eat before returning, so we started on down the road. Before we went very far, however, we saw a light, and soon found this proceeded from the present abode of the people who had once lived in the dilapidated hulk which we had just left. We were now very tired, and concluded to purchase something to eat instead of looking farther. We bought six chickens and a few other things for five dollars, and, to the relief of the householders, made a short stay, returning hurriedly to the boat to change our clothing. As we approached the boat,"—

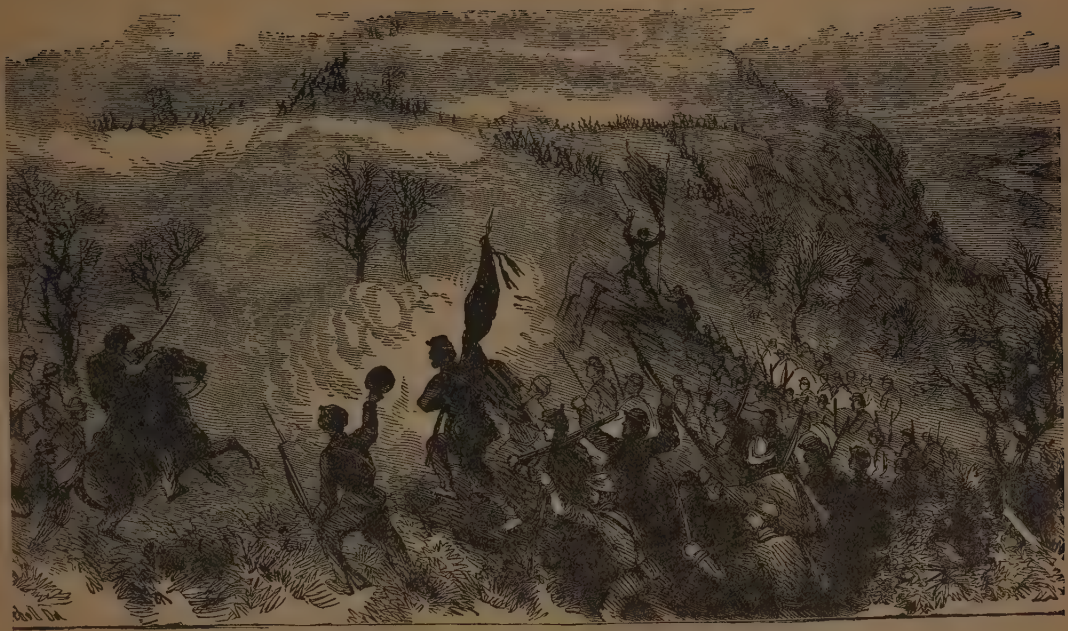
"Wait!" said the commander of the camp-fire. "Don't tell the rest of it."

"No! your story is too long now," added the reporter, and the comrade sat down amidst applause.

Mr. Crawley then supplemented his reminiscence of Crawford with the following:

"On the march and in camp Crawford always improved every opportunity to make fun for the boys; but it was in 'winter-quarters' where his propensity for fun found its full vent. With the aid of powder he invented all sorts of explosives, keeping the camp in a continual uproar; and that, too, without getting into trouble. He was always able to conceal the origin of his mischief, for, while many of the officers and men suspected who was the real author of all the fuss, but few of them could have testified to it, and they could not have been induced to betray him.

"One evening, I remember, as the men were falling in for roll-call, there occurred a terrific explosion which created the wildest commotion. Horses broke loose from the picket-line; men rushed for their arms, and the excitement at once



BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. TENN.—NOV. 24, 1863.

spread over the camp. The enemy was thought to be right down on us, and immediate preparations began to be made to resist an attack. The adjutant was sent to investigate, while the regiment sent up a yell which ended in a general laugh, with cries, 'Crawford again! Crawford again!'

"A little later I met Crawford with the same sad expression on his face, and taking me aside, he showed me what, before it had exploded, had been a *lead cannon.*

"'How did it come to explode?' I asked; for after bursting it had bulged out in the middle and had more the appearance of a steel rat-trap, when set, than anything else. He was now seized with another fit of laughter, during which he caught me by the arm and executed the 'Highland Fling' schottische around me, occasionally striking me in the back to give zest to the performance.

"When the fit was over he said that he took half a canteen and put the edge of it on a split stick. This contrivance served as a ladle in which he melted bullets. These he poured into a miniature well, in the center of which he had placed a small round stick perpendicularly, and around the stick wrapped a piece of wet paper. The molten lead was then poured into the well until it stood above the end of the stick. After allowing the lead time to cool he dug it out, pulled out the stick, filled the lead cast thus obtained with powder, closed the muzzle by hammering it together, bored a hole about midway between the breech and muzzle, and then the concern was ready for business.

"'Why did you use lead?' I asked, after he had finished describing the process of manufacturing the bogus cannon.

"'Because,' he replied, 'it is safe. Lead will tear apart but not break into pieces; and being soft, I could close the muzzle and get a much louder report. See? And then if anybody should happen to find it, they wouldn't know what to do with it;' and he laughed again.

"I shall never forget the night Crawford persuaded Jim Haliday into his tent to play 'seven-up.' Jim was a 'recruit,' and had just begun to be fascinated by the game of cards. Crawford had always felt morally obligated to teach the recruits all the methods of army life, and generally had a new mode of initiation for each one. Jim, of course, could not be allowed to remain long in camp uninitiated.

"On this particular night, Haliday played with the usual peculiar luck which attends beginners, and frequently made 'high, low, jack and the game,' and probably could have had the 'gift,' by asking for it; but he did not know that the piece of candle which burned within a foot of his head was *loaded*, nor that above him was suspended a bucket of water neatly on a pivot from which a small cord hung innocently by the side of Crawford; nor was he aware that beneath him, and beside the box on which he sat, lay at least a quarter of a pound of *loose powder*. Haliday held wonderful hands; he had just scored the inevitable 'high, low, jack and the game,' and the eager, flushed face, and sparkling eye, bespoke the excitement and pleasure born of victory, when the candle explodes and a piece of the burning wick sets Haliday's hair in a blaze, the powder is ignited beneath him, and while he and Crawford are both fighting the fire in Haliday's fore-top, Haliday is treated to a cold shower bath from above. Haliday was so badly frightened that he never got angry until next day, when he proposed to 'lick' Crawford; but Crawford convinced him that the true policy was to claim, that while writing a letter home to his mother in his tent, he thoughtlessly got his head too near the candle. Crawford told me a few days after this episode, while convulsed with laughter, that he regarded it as an outrage that so few of the boys called on him at his tent. He also stated (and I believe truly) that the setting fire to Haliday's head, by the piece of burning wick, was wholly unforeseen and

unintended. It may have been only imaginative, but it never seemed to me that Haliday held as good hands, or played the game with the same eager, unreserved, child-like confidence, that he did before he encountered Crawford.

"For 'winter-quarters,' near Brownsville, Arkansas, some of the men built regular log-houses with chimneys and fire-places; others put up frame structures, six feet by ten, using a tent for a roof, but even these structures had small chimneys with fire-places; two bunks were constructed, one above the other, at right angles to the fire-place, and in front of the lower bunk a board or box was placed in front of the fire for a seat. One dark rainy night while walking down the 'tent-line,' old man Seward and Bierman jumped out of the top of one of these structures, carrying the tent roof with them, followed by a cloud of smoke and ashes. I had heard a noise before I left my quarters, but noises were so frequent that I paid no particular attention to this one. Seward and Bierman, who 'bunked' and 'messed' together, were members of the church, and were trying to lead a consistent life; and they succeeded as well as their surroundings would permit, but it was a terribly uphill-business. On the evening in question it seems they had 'read a chapter,' and were engaged in singing the familiar and comforting hymn:

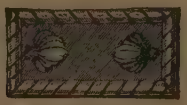
'It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet, in His own way,
The Lord will provide,'

when the 'back-log' exploded, and threw consternation, ashes, live coals, and burning brands, all over the interior of the 'domicile of the faithful,' and Seward and Bierman, in the excitement and hurry of the moment, and doubtless as a matter of convenience, escaped through the roof.

"I hunted up Crawford, finding him in his bunk; he reached for me, and clutching me tightly by the arm

with one hand, with the other he would stuff the corner of the blanket in his mouth, and shake and kick. He finally became composed enough to tell me that it had been raining all day, and supposing that somebody would need a 'back-log,' he had prepared one, and had been careful not to cut it *too long;* that with a half-inch auger he had bored a half dozen holes in it and charged them with powder, and placed it where everybody must pass over it, in walking up and down the 'tent-line;' 'and do you know,' said he, 'I watched it for four mortal hours, before anybody took up with it, and yet every man in the company has stepped over it, from one to three times, and I know that fully two-thirds of them were out of wood, and too lazy to cut any; but at last Bierman carried it in, and he and Seward made a good fire and sat down and began to sing hymns. Everything was so quiet that I began to grow restless and uneasy, and concluded to drop in on them and inquire how they were getting on; they were very friendly, but somehow I couldn't make myself at home, and presently when a piece of the bark of the 'back-log' threw the 'fore-stick' into my lap, I told them I guessed I would go, that it was getting late, that I had been 'on duty' the night before, and was tired and sleepy; they mentioned that the wood was green and popped badly, and I told them that I had noticed the same thing myself; as I was leaving they were re-adjusting the 'fore-stick' and sweeping up the litter, but before I got to my tent I heard her go off, and saw them climbing out through the top; then I got in my bunk with my boots on, and began to snore. I am glad I called on them, for I would hate to have them suspect *me*,' and again he clutched me by the arm and stuffed the blanket in his mouth, and shook and kicked. I always thought that Seward suspicioned Crawford as in some way connected with his being blown up, and Crawford thought so too, for he told me that he noticed

a change in his manner. But in the fight at Mulberry Creek Seward had his horse shot under him, and while fooling around trying to save his saddle, a retreat was ordered, and the old man was left behind, nearly 'tuckered out,' and the surroundings generally were unpleasant. Crawford went back and took him on behind him and got away with him, fraternally, as well as physically. When the news reached us that Lee and Johnston had surrendered to Grant and Sherman, that the Southern Confederacy had collapsed, and the war was over, we were inhaling the perfume of the magnolia, and a grateful sense of peace took the place of the hideous nightmare of civil war that had oppressed us for four long terrible years, and all eyes, except Crawford's, turned gladly homeward. He alone seemed gloomy and despondent, and went about with the air and expression of one who had been deeply wronged and injured. I ventured to inquire the cause, and he told me that he had prepared a series of entertainments for the boys that would consume at least a year, and yet the war had been abruptly brought to a close, that he had no notice of it, and had not even been consulted in the matter, and that he knew the boys would be disappointed. I do not know whether he is still alive or not, but if he is living, and his eye should rest upon this brief, hasty narrative, I am sure he would not be offended, for two reasons: First, because it is literally true, and secondly, because there never was and never will be, two more devoted friends than we."



CAMP-FIRE XXV.

A RAW RECRUIT'S ANXIETY—ANOTHER STORY ABOUT ANOTHER MULE—ON THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER—A GENERAL INCOG. REFUSED A CUP OF COFFEE—A CONFEDERATE'S IDEA OF WHAT THE GOSPEL IS.

AS the tones of the previous speaker died away with the soft noise of the wind through the branches of the trees that overhung the glowing embers of the fire, R. C. Coyner, of the 38th Indiana, Vol. Inf., remarked: "I had just enlisted from the school-room at Hanover College, near Madison, Ind., when we were ordered by General Sherman to head off Buckner, who was raiding the northern part of Kentucky. We were in company with the Louisville Legion, the 6th Indiana, the 1st Ohio, and the 15th Indiana regulars. We were all raw recruits except the 15th Indiana, and knew about as much concerning discipline and drill as so many school-boys; nevertheless, we thought ourselves the flower of the army. After leaving New Albany, Ind., we marched to Louisville, then took the cars to Lebanon Junction, and then marched to Elizabethtown, Ky. After we reached this point we went into camp.

"One day Captain Pointdexter, our captain, detailed me for detached service, and I was ordered to report at General Sherman's headquarters. Upon my arrival I was put in command of a squad whose duty was to guard the general's quarters. I relieved the guard on duty, and posted my men to the best of my ability The day grew apace, and toward night General Sherman emerged from his tent and began to

pace a beat in front, with his hands behind him, and his head bent forward, seemingly in a brown study. My inexperience and unfamiliarity with the scenes and customs of military service rendered me all the more alive to my ideas of a soldier's duty, and as I beheld our commander pacing to and fro, the idea occurred to me that the responsibility of guarding our general was one of no mean importance. We had no idea of the proximity of the rebel forces, but the night was coming on and I began to fear that, in case of a surprise, the guard was ill fitted to protect the person of our chieftain. The more I thought of it, the more solicitous I felt.

"At length I concluded that I would ask the general if it would not be the proper thing to double the guard about the headquarters.

"Accordingly I stepped up, and after saluting the general, asked:

"'General, don't you think it would be a good thing to double the guard for the night?'

"The general looked at me in a surprised sort of way, and said, after a moment's reflection:

"'What did you say?'

"'Don't you think the guard should be doubled for the night?' I repeated.

'Sir, you are drunk!' was the reply that fell upon my astonished ears.

"'General, I mean what I say—you can make inquiry of my colonel and captain as to my habits if you have any doubts as to my sobriety,' I ventured to remark.

"The general laughed in an amused kind of way, and raising his long arm and waving me a curious salute, said:

"'Ah, I have been accustomed to having regulars for my guard. I do not think there is any use of doubling the guard to-night, sir.'

"The full force of his remark did not dawn upon my

peaceful mind until I had seen more service, but I can assure you, boys, that I know now just what he meant."

Comrade Coyner's anecdote brought a smile to the face of every veteran present, and each recalled the first time he shouldered his musket and went with a squad of "greenies," of whom which was the greenest it was hard to tell, to learn the drill.

The smiles were still lingering upon the fire-lit faces, when comrade Coyner supplemented his story with the following:

"At the battle of Perryville, and, by the way, boys, that was one of the hottest fights I saw during my three years of service, I noticed a mule out in front of our line, and directly in the line of fire, quietly grazing. He continued to nibble the grass as unconcernedly as though he were a thousand miles away from a battlefield. I was wondering at the splendid nonchalance of the long-eared beast, when a small cannon ball struck him in the upper part of the neck and tore a huge hole. The animal staggered a little, and, as if unmindful of his hurt, began to graze again,"—

"How big was the ball that hit him?" asked an ex-army teamster.

"Well, I should judge it was a twelve-pound shot, judging from the size of the hole it made," replied comrade Coyner.

The audible smiles of those present made the air quiver with fun, and the good-natured elves who have always been in attendance upon the scribe of the S. P. U. H. during his stay at these camp-fires, indulged in a fantastic minuet in order to allay their propensity to get into mischief.

A broad smile irradiated the visage of J. O. Henderson of the 80th Ohio, who related the following:

"We were lying at the mouth of the St. Francis River, a small, swiftly-flowing stream which empties into the Missis-

sippi above Helena, and one afternoon we were detailed to board a small stern-wheeled steamer, and go up the river to capture some Confederate commissary stores. We got off finally, yet we made but little progress, as the river was very swift, and our boat ill adapted to stem such a swift current.

"We puffed and wheezed along at a snail-like pace, hugging the shore, and the night came on. The weather was misty, and the night pitch dark. We ran out of wood and went ashore to get a supply. Having loaded up, we cast and swung into the current. After some hours' steaming we ran out of wood the second time, and seeing a light on shore, hailed it, and asked if we could get wood there. The reply being in the affirmative, we landed and again renewed our stock of fuel. Again we cast off, and went on our way.

"Toward morning we were also in need of fuel, and hailing another light, arranged to obtain more wood, the owner saying as we touched the shore:

"'I guess that you can have it at $3.00, bein' as you fellers have got wood here twice before to-night!'

"The fact was we had not been over half a mile from that wood yard all night long, and when it was light enough to see, it was apparent that our vessel could not make any progress. We therefore turned around and went back."

The amanuensis of the S. P. U. H. having made his notes of the foregoing, was sharpening his pencil for further work, when a comrade of Smith Hancock of Co. D, 80th Ohio, narrated this incident:

"While we were encamped near Farmington, down in Mississippi, Smith Hancock had built a fire one morning and was cooking his breakfast, when General Hamilton came along with a small coffee-pot in his hand, and asked if he might make some coffee.

"'Naw, ye can't!' said Hancock.

"'Well,' said the general, 'I'm half sick, and I want to make a cup of coffee. I won't disturb your cooking at all.'

"'Oh, go to h—l and make your coffee,' retorted Hancock.

"Notwithstanding the protest, the general placed his coffee-pot on the fire, when Hancock stepped up and kicked it away some twenty feet, and said:

"'Lookee here, if you try that again, I'll lick h—l out of you!'

"'All right,' said the new comer, who began to pull off his coat.

"As his coat came off, Hancock saw the general's stars, and he uttered an expression of surprise and bolted into the bushes, as if the Old Nick was after him. We could hear him crashing through the bushes for three hundred yards.

"It wasn't ten minutes until the story spread among the boys, and, as it went along, the yell went up, and the progress of the yarn could be plainly distinguished along the line.

"Hancock did not come in for a week, and when he did put in an appearance the boys tormented the life nearly out of him."

"Another funny thing occurred down in Vicksburg," said a gray-haired man who had listened attentively to all that had been said. "Chaplain Howard, of the 42d Illinois, approached a knot of Confederate prisoners and accosted a long, lean, lank specimen, with:

"'My friend, have you the Gospel among you?'

"'Waal, I can't tell ye, stranger; I dunno nuthin' about it here—don't think we've got it, but I hearn that it has broke out awful bad down in Camp Douglas!'

"The Confederate thought the chaplain was talking about some disease.

"As soon as the chaplain recovered from his surprise he retreated in good order, and before night-fall the story was all over camp."

THE LATEST NEWS.

CAMP-FIRE XXVI.

THE SEQUEL TO THE FARMER AND THE WATERMELONS—THE UN-WISDOM OF A RAW RECRUIT—A JOKE ON THE GENERAL—THE TEMPERANCE MAJOR—THE CAPTAIN WHO DIDN'T WATER HIS WHISKEY.

"IN August, 1864," said Mr. A. M. Peck, "our regiment was stationed at Paducah, Ky., and a little incident occurred there which is similar to one told at the first camp-fire. Realizing that the soldiers were often without fresh vegetables for weeks at a time, and sometimes without any, the citizens frequently brought garden truck, fruit, melons, etc., into camp, where such things usually found a ready market, especially when the prices were anywhere near reasonable. But occasionally there would a fellow come along, who had most wonderful ideas of the value of his goods, vividly reminding us of the sutler. To pay for the privilege of selling to the boys the traders usually took a liberal measure to headquarters.

"One pleasant day the cry of 'Here's yer mule!' rang through the camp. All the boys were on the alert for some fun, if it was to be had. The mule was a small one, hitched to a dilapidated old wagon, with an old skeleton of a horse which one would think would need weather-boarding to keep the hay that he ate from blowing away.

"In the wagon were a few bushels of apples, but from their appearance one could never guess what they really were; knotty things about the size of green walnuts, black and muddy from having lain on the ground so long before

gathering, and were really unfit for first-class hog-feed. In all probability the apples had once been thrown to the swine, which had turned away from them, the apple merchant then collecting and offering them to the soldiers. He had heard that anything eatable could be sold to soldiers at a big price, and now expected to make a small fortune.

"But his hopes soon vanished. The boys gathered around, and of course sampled the apples as fast as they could. Only a few, however, were fit to be sampled. The driver thus saw the choicest (if this adjective is applicable) pieces of his fruit rapidly vanishing without any pecuniary return, or even promise of such. He at once concluded to make a desperate effort to save what was left, and whipped away at his sad-faced donkey and his almost fleshless horse, until first the horse and then the donkey began to approach something like a trot, as near as could be judged by soldiers who had had considerable experience in equestrianism before the war. But before the celerity of the team attained the before-mentioned desired gait, the top of a hill was reached, which achievement, however, was made after a certain other event took place, namely: The boys kept even pace with the wagon, and also kept abstracting apples therefrom until the vehicle had been dragged nearly to the top of the hill, when, by some sleight-of-hand, one of the boys slipped out the hind gate of the wagon box, and, sad to tell, the countryman's apples, severally and collectively, suddenly retreated and were captured by a large number of soldiers, who were in the reserve, while the driver, now finding it easy to persuade the mule and the horse to proceed faster on account of the down grade,—looked not back, but accepted the result, sadly concluding that there was great falsehood in the rumor he had heard about such high prices being obtained from soldiers for such a low grade of fruit."

Mr. W. B. Cowan then said that he remembered an

incident about raw recruits, "while on the march to Atlanta, that created fun for us soldiers.

"As was our custom, we had halted along the road for a few minutes' rest, and as soon as the 'Halt' was sounded every fellow immediately tumbled down into a fence corner, or where the fence corner should have been, in order to get all the rest possible before the 'Forward' was sounded. All the old regiments at that time had received a good many new recruits, and they had not become acustomed to old soldiers' ways. When we would halt for a rest, new recruits would be passing frequently, to catch up with their regiments. You could always recognize one of them by the load he carried—a big knapsack with a change of clothes, a blanket or two, and almost always with the bayonet on his gun. We halted one warm day away down in Georgia, and one of those recruits, with an unusual big load on his back, and a new, bright bayonet on his gun, came dragging himself along, when one of the old boys in our regiment, a droll wag of a fellow, raised up on his elbow, took a good long look at the recruit, and said: 'Hello, soldier!' The fellow stopped. 'Where did you git that gun sharpened?' The fellow could make no answer. It raised a yell that did not die out until the *recruit* had gone out of sight."

The drum major of the 72d Illinois Infantry, Mr. Edward B. Potter, then said, that "immediately after the fight at Franklin, Tenn., (I have forgotten the date), the supplies were, for some unknown reason, slow in coming—so much so, that our regiment was fed on roasted corn for about five days. Of course some of the boys objected, and cursed the government for not having better food ready for them at the proper time; but they composed a very small per cent. The great majority laughed and chatted, taking it all in good fun, and watched their opportunity to play a joke on the general. After a few days of corn rations, and immediately after

breakfast one morning, an orderly sergeant of one of the companies took a rope and tying six or eight of the comrades in a string, started down the road. Wondering what on earth the sergeant meant, the astonished general rode up and inquired:

"'What in (Hades) is the matter here? What have these men done, sir, that they should be treated in this manner?'

"'Well, general, said the sergeant, with a very guilty look, as if he had really assumed the authority to punish the boys for some supposed wrong,—'well, general, I have just fed my mules their corn, and am now taking them down to water.'

"'Ha! ha! ha!' burst from all who could hear the remark, which, indeed, was loud enough.

"'Sold again!' said the general, who kindly saluted them and rode off."

"As short stories seem to be in order, here is one," remarked a comrade from the East, a guest at the camp-fire.

"In the fall of '64 the artillery brigade to which I was attached, was under the command of a major from Maine, who had unfortunately departed from the temperance principles for which that State has for so many years been noted. It was my misfortune for a time to have charge of the whiskey at the headquarters, to which the major's brigade was attached, and many laughable incidents occurred, one of which comes back fresh to my mind on the present occasion.

"In anticipation of his birthday, and a celebration with friends, as I surmised, the major, the day previous to that anniversary, rode up to headquarters and accosting me by name, inquired how much whiskey I had on hand.

"Not thinking our supply of stimulant needed in the direction mentioned, the major already being far too much under its influence, I evaded a true statement, and replied:

"'Only a small quantity, major.'

"Not satisfied, he again put the question in the same thick, unsteady voice before used. This time, still wishing to convey the idea of a very limited quantity, I answered:

"'I may have about two gallons.'

"The major straightened himself up as best he could and, with a most disappointed and disdainful look, exclaimed:

"'What is, hic, two gallons of whiskey among one man!' and slowly rode away.

"And let me tell you in this connection about the captain, having charge of the commissary department at the headquarters of the corps lying next to ours, who did not water *his* whiskey.

"Riding upon one occasion with several fellow officers to our headquarters, they all dismounted and came in, as they said, to sample our whiskey. I immediately set before them the best we had, which was considered a fair article for army use.

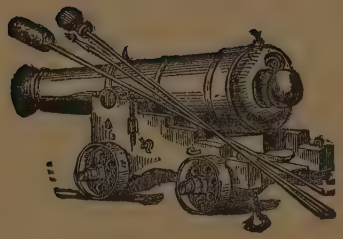
"But the captain, after imbibing, declared it to be very thin and badly watered (a statement containing more truth than poetry), and invited us to ride over to his corps where we should be furnished with the 'simon pure' article, which we could water to suit ourselves.

"The invitation was at once accepted, as good whiskey was very scarce at that time, and no opportunity was allowed to pass unaccepted by those accustomed to the beverage.

"On arriving at his quarters a fresh barrel was tapped, a measure drawn off, and the glasses filled. I noticed something peculiar in my glass, and while the captain was calling attention to the fact that his whiskey was not watered, I extracted from the contents of the glass given me a little dead fish about an inch in length, which had doubtless come from the brook that flowed at the rear of the captain's commissary tent, and holding it up to the gaze of all just as he concluded his remarks, I asked:

"'Do you suppose such a specimen as this to be contained in all pure Bourbon from Kentucky, captain?'

"The look of consternation that overspread his face can better be imagined than described, and he never after boasted the superior purity and strength of his whiskey over that of others."



CAMP-FIRE XXVII.

HOME ON A FURLOUGH—A PREMONITION OF DEATH—HOURS OF PERIL.

"FURLOUGHS," said one present, who had taken a very active part in the home end of the war, "reminds me of an experience of John Curry, who came home in the spring of 1864, I think, for a short rest. He had been gone three years, in which time he became inured to the customs of army life, and was indeed a splendid example of how a man may change nearly his entire life, especially his every-day habits and his health, simply by change of surroundings,—provided these are at all favorable, and he adapts himself to them.

"Mr. Curry had been home only a few days when I called to congratulate him on his safe return. His description of camp-life and recollection of incidents then fresh in his memory, seemed almost endless, but were none the less interesting. I sat with my mouth and eyes open for two and a half hours, or longer, and listened with all possible attention.

"I accepted a second invitation to come around again in the afternoon, and was there promptly.

"The happy face of Mrs. Curry welcomed me at the door. Her voice, I noticed, still had the accent of the Fatherland, as she invited me in and told me that she did not like to arouse her husband, who was then asleep and needed all the rest he could get. She then entertained me by telling how different her husband seemed 'since he vas in dzhe war,' particularly as regarded his food. Pork and beans were very relishable

to him now, but three years previous he could eat nothing but the best of beefsteak; she said corn-meal cakes were better than pastry, and coffee with cream and sugar in it was not fit to drink, he thought. She hardly knew how to prepare anything for his taste. He had undergone another radical change; he would not sleep in a bed, but when the sunshine was warm enough would take two rails, place them about a foot apart, with one end of each resting on the yard fence and the other ends on the ground, then lie down on the slant thus formed, and sleep for two or three hours. He was now sleeping on the floor in the adjoining room, and she asked me to step in and see how comfortable he looked. I did so, and indeed, he was the personification of comfort.

"It recurred to my mind that if some of the chronic growlers from general debility would shoulder a musket for a few months, or engage in some similar occupation as trying to the body, thereby creating the demand upon the stomach for food, there would be less dyspepsia and grumbling, and more health and happiness.

"'Schon! Schon!!' called Mrs. Curry, with her usual accent, now concluding that her husband had slept long enough. But John did not awaken. The same deep, contented breathings were still regularly drawn.

"'Schon! *Schon!*' she called again, but could not arouse him.

"'Let me show you how to wake him,' I suggested, at the same time telling her that as he had not heard his first name called for three years he had probably failed to recognize the sound, especially when he was asleep.

"'All right,' she replied.

"'To arms!' I said sharply, and John bounded to his feet so suddenly, with a motion of shouldering arms, that both of us were startled. After comprehending the situation he rubbed his nose and eyes, then, after a little explanation on my part, we were again talking over old time experiences."

"Before closing," said the last speaker, "I wish to call your attention to some effects of army life on character, and how these effects were overcome by the counter influences of peace and civilization.

"In glowing periods Lord Macaulay describes the facility with which Cromwell's soldiers gave up the profession of arms and devoted themselves to avocations of civil life, so that they were noted for their diligence, sobriety and prosperity; but never in the history of the world has such a mighty army been suddenly disbanded as in the spring of 1865 at the close of the rebellion; yet men accustomed for years to live by foraging, or taking by force whatever they needed or desired, quietly sank back into the ranks of civil life, and soon became distinguished for their energy, integrity and success in business, and no less so for their fidelity and zeal in support of the civil government of the country.

"Among thousands of instances that might be cited I will refer to a boy who enlisted as a private when between seventeen and eighteen years of age, from Tazewell county, Illinois. He was a mere stripling, slight of build, but rather tall. The hardships and exposure incident to the winter campaign under General Pope, around New Madrid and Island No. 10, in March, 1862, gave him the camp diarrhœa. His appetite failed, and his captain, thinking he would die if kept in the ranks, gave him permission to remain with the company wagon for two or three months, by which means he recovered his health, rejoined his company, and proved a faithful soldier, though he became an inveterate gambler. Whenever off duty he could be found playing poker or some other game for money, and such was his nerve and self-control that, though he lost or won hundreds of dollars, nothing more could be told of his feelings by looking at his face than at a board. His winnings, in time, became large, and he sent home several thousand dollars; and on the march from

Atlanta to the sea he won until his bundle of bank bills became so large he had to carry it in a rubber blanket. He, of course, at other times, had great losses; but when the army started north through the Carolinas, Jan. 31, 1865, he was left at Port Royal Inlet (because his time was out), nine miles from any Union troops, with over three thousand dollars about his person. He bade his comrades good-bye because refused permission to go along with them, went back to the coast, was mustered out of service, and came home by the way of New York. He invested all his money in land, and began farming and dealing in grain and cattle in his native county. He sold out all his property in Illinois a few years ago, went to Nebraska, entered some land and bought other tracts adjoining, located at the county seat, and is to-day worth a large amount of money; but above all, is a respected and exemplary citizen. This, however, should be said of him, that when he left the army he entirely abandoned gambling, and he most faithfully kept his resolution then formed, to do so. He is everywhere noted for his integrity, and his word once given is to him a bond."

CAMP-FIRE XXXIII.

REMINISCENCES OF THE BATTLE OF CORINTH—A BRAVE BOY IN GRAY—THE OLD CANTEEN.

"I can tell some facts," said Mr. J. W. Evarts, "of a detachment from the 15th Illinois Cavalry, "which I have never yet seen in print. They came under my direct observation, and will be recognized as true by many a comrade.

"I was with Stanley and Rosecrans at the battle of Corinth, which lasted three days, the heaviest fighting being done on the 4th of October, 1862. On the evening of the 3d, near sunset, Rosecrans left me to watch a road two miles west of the town, on which the rebels were expected to approach in force, and invest the place that night. Price had sent Rosecrans word that 'he would take dinner the next day at the Tishemingo hotel, or in h—l!' I rode a fleet horse, and planted myself behind a large tree on the north and south road, at the junction of the road leading eastward into Corinth. Our entire army had gone into camp behind the forts and earthworks. I was probably the only Union soldier outside of our lines. A half hour's watching, and I saw a dust rising up the road to the north. A moment later, and a long column of rebels were in full view; in the scattering timber for some distance the rebel skirmishers were deployed, and approaching in line. I waited motionless till I could identify the personages riding in front, the descriptions answering for Generals Van Dorn and Lyttle. On reaching within fifty yards, realizing my safety had reached its limitation, I put

spurs to my horse and darted toward Corinth under a shower of bullets. Reaching the tent of General Rosecrans, I made my report, and the battle of the next day verified the identity of those rebel commanders.

"The most tragic scene of the battle of Corinth was the charge on Fort Williams by the 'Rebel Forlorn Hope,' in which four hundred volunteered under Colonel Rodgers to capture the fort or die in the undertaking. The fight commenced at daybreak, and had raged hot till about noon, with terrible slaughter on both sides. Our troops numbered 27,000, and an area of five or six square miles around Corinth was thoroughly fortified, and long-range guns were so planted as to rake the rebel columns lengthwise wherever they formed. A deep ravine, stretching along the west of town, was covered with fallen trees, making a tangled abattis so great that it was difficult to cross; but the rebel legions climbed from limb to limb over tree-tops, and jumped from log to log across a dangerous bayou, all under a raking fire of musketry and artillery, many dropping dead or wounded among the brush; and to the number of several thousand they charged through line after line of our bristling bayonets and the slashing sabers of three thousand of our cavalry, reaching their goal, the Tishemingo hotel. Our cavalry rallied in force, and charged them back; but their onslaught grew more desperate, and they repeated the charge the second time, and were a second time routed, retreating over a thousand acres strewn with the dead and wounded of both armies. This weakened the spirit of the rebel commanders, and they called for the fated four hundred to capture our greatest stronghold, Fort Williams, whose guns were pouring a steady stream of destruction into their decimated ranks. It was but a moment after Colonel Rodgers responded to lead, that the four hundred daring men were in line, and at a little after noon they rushed like mad demons upon the fort, crossing the ditch and

scaling the walls, as if by superhuman dexterity. Many were killed at the first charge by the hundreds of rifles that were blazing at them from every direction. The charge was repeated with more dauntless heroism, if possible, than before, and the rebel flag was no sooner raised than its brave bearer fell, a corpse. One by one this heroic band fell dead in the ditch or in the parapet, when, last of all, Colonel Rodgers himself grasped the broken and shivered standard, waved it above his head, shouted victory, and the next moment he, too, fell, pierced through the heart. Perhaps there was never a more exciting scene in the annals of modern warfare. Those who witnessed that terrible charge, could not feel any but the deepest admiration for such unparalleled bravery.

"Colonel Rodgers was probably the largest man engaged in the war on either side, standing six feet and seven inches, grandly proportioned, and weighing about three hundred pounds. He was a lawyer by profession, and resided at Holly Springs, where he was highly esteemed for his nobility of character, and was regarded as one of the ablest and most scholarly attorneys in Mississippi; and though a confederate soldier, we can do no less than reverence his wonderful bravery."

"We are all ready to pay our devotion to true courage wherever we find it," said the presiding officer, and now I will offer a tribute to 'The Old Canteen,' that staunch friend of true courage and all other virtues, by inviting Lieutenant Page to recite some beautiful lines on the subject, from an author who, though unknown, makes us feel that he has tested its friendship.

In response, the following was rendered in the most appreciative manner:

THE OLD CANTEEN.

Send it up to the garret? Well, no; what's the harm
If it hangs like a horseshoe to serve as a charm?
Had its day, to be sure; matches ill with things here;

Shall I sack the old friend just because it is queer?
Thing of beauty 'tis not, but a joy none the less,
As my hot lips remember its old time caress,
And I think on the solace once gurgling between
My lips from that old battered tin canteen.

It has hung by my side in the long, weary tramp,
Been my friend in the bivouac, barrack, and camp,
In the triumph, capture, advance, and retreat,
More than light to my path, more than guide to my feet.
Sweeter nectar ne'er flowed, however sparkling and cold,
From out chalice of silver or goblet of gold,
For a king or an emperor, princess or queen,
Than to me from the mouth of that old canteen.

It has cheered the desponding on many a night,
'Till their laughing eyes gleamed in the camp-fire light,
Whether guns stood in silence, or boomed at short range,
It was always on duty; though 'twould not be strange
If in somnol nt periods just after "taps"
Some Colonel or Captain, disturbed at his naps,
May have felt a suspicion that "spirits" unseen
Had somehow bedeviled that old canteen.

But I think on the time when in lulls of the strife,
It has called the far look in dim eyes back to life;
Helped to staunch the quick blood just beginning to pour,
Softened broad, gaping wounds that were stiffened and sore,
Moistened thin, livid lips, so despairing of breath
They could only speak thanks in the quiver of death;
If an angel of mercy e'er hovered between
This world and the next, 'twas the old canteen.

Then banish it not as a profitless thing,
Were it hung in a palace it well might swing
To tell in its mute, allegorical way
How the citizen volunteer won the day;
How he bravely, unflinchingly, grandly won,
And how, when the death-dealing work was done,
'Twas as easy his passion from war to wean
As his mouth from the lips of that old canteen.

By and by, when all hate for the rag with the bars
Is forgotten in love for the "Stripes and the Stars;"
When Columbia rules everything solid and sole,
From her own ship canal to the ice at the Pole;
When we Grand Army men have obeyed the last call,
And the May flowers and violets bloom for us all;
Then away in some garret the cobweb may screen
My battered, old, cloth-covered, tin canteen.

CAMP-FIRE XXXIV.

THE LAST CAMP-FIRE—END OF THE SEASON—THE S. P. U. H. VALEDICTORY—A HYMN OF PEACE.

IT WAS spring; not one of the springs which poets dream about, but just simply spring—the annual return of that season which, in the latitude where the chats had been held, consisted of a muddy March, a rainy April and a flowery May. It was the same as any other spring. The morning had been just as frosty, and the edges of the small streams and mill ponds just as icy (and no more so) as any other spring; so the noon-days grew just as warm and pleasant; so the evenings were just as comfortable and chilly alternately; so the birds sang just as sweetly; so, later, when the thick, rich mud had changed to yellow clods, the grass grew just as fresh and green. All in all, no one could have any cause for special self-congratulation; but all alike were happy.

The man of brainwork and the man of business each again could brush back the ruffled locks from his forehead, and, drawing a long breath, plainly see his blessed vacation in the distance of a short month or so; while the rested, burly plowman could husk himself from his winter haunts, circulate in the fresh, free air of an American field, and bend to his labor in the full hope of a beautiful and abundant harvest.

In thorough and strict keeping with the spirit of the occasion, and desiring to be in harmony with nature, the veterans, therefore, in camp-fire assembled, passed a resolution which gave positive instructions to the janitor to abstain from

igniting the fagots until further orders; the resolution to take effect when this fire had burned itself out.

The evening was devoted, not to the regular order of business; but to general leave-taking, dreamy remembrances of the enjoyment which had been offered, and to a sort of review of the former camp-fires. Now it was time to say "Good-bye." The fire began to wane, and would soon be out, according to resolution. Business must be hurried if any were to be done.

At this time an idea struck a veteran. He would call on the S. P. U. H. for a speech to close.

"Moved and seconded," said the commander, "that the Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History be, and the same are hereby requested to furnish a speaker for this, our last camp-fire." Carried.

The society refused to comply, of course; they would not be human if they complied on being asked the first time. To their amazement and chagrin, however, the veterans did not make a second request for awhile. But finally, another invitation was extended, which the society, having selected one of their number for the occasion, was very careful to accept, simply for the reason that the comrades might take offence, since they had originally assembled at the instance of a similar request from the society.

Everything thus arranged and agreed, the unfortunate member of the S. P. U. H. who must speak, suggested that if the commissary would serve coffee and hard-tack, it would allow him a little time for reflection. Granted. The veterans then drank coffee; the society man drank coffee, and reflected. What would he speak about? The war had been the subject at every camp-fire all winter. Reconstruction was threadbare. No topic of sufficient interest presented itself. The time for the speech was now at hand. The speaker arose.

"WORTHY COMMANDER," said he, with great dignity, "I recall to memory everything which is of no interest. The comrades, I know, are weary. We have just had supper. Supper, dear veterans, is the only meal I really enjoy, except breakfast and dinner."

"That's enough of that harangue, said the commander. "Spring is the season for fresh things."

"Well, there's nothing to talk about," said the speaker. "It is not proper to exhort your patriotism to fight another war; that only one flag shall rule us, has long been settled; and, indeed, there seems no demand for but a very small army. What shall I speak about? The plowshares of the regenerated people are warm with energy; honest manhood among them is flush in the hope of great fruitage, nor is this hope misplaced; while the smoke from factories, new and old, rises from a thousand hillsides. Only a few unruly ones tamper with what has 'ceased to be even remains.' Ever thus it has been. When a child burns his finger in the fire, he naturally becomes mad at the fire; but it is only necessary for him to thrust in his hand once more to find that the fire will still burn. The garment of charity soon covers the wound, which may be healed by proper doctoring; and when the child pushes his finger through the garment, it needs the hand of not only a stern, but modest, mild, and loving father to administer gentle but firm reproof, which makes the family complete, congenial and co-operative, when they can gather around a camp-fire and swell the chorus in

A HYMN OF PEACE.

The echoes of war now have traveled
The valleys the last time for aye;
And the hills and the forests are silent,
As the Angel of Peace wanders by;—

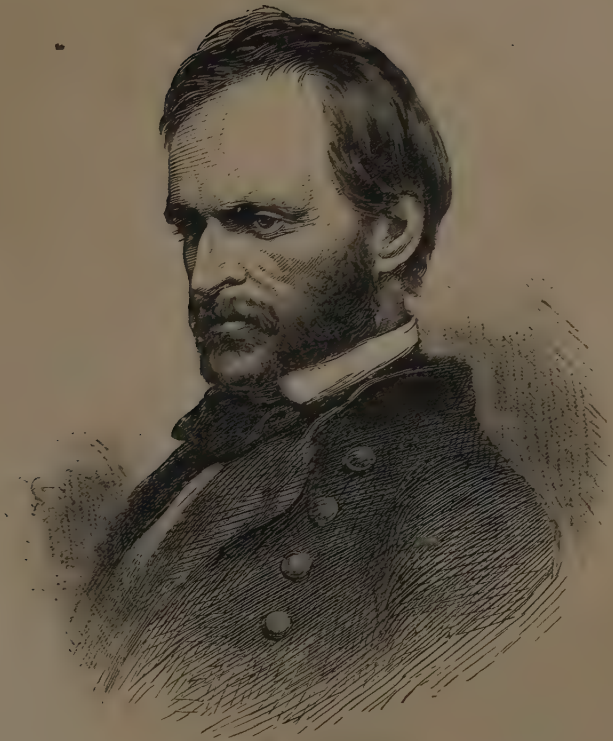
While the unknown now sleep where they suffered—
In the land where brave charges they led;
Where the moss droops her tendrils in mourning,
And the mocking bird sings to the dead.

Unmarked are the mounds where they slumber,
Their names are unsung and unwept;
But their deeds are not lost nor forgotten,
For they're in eternity kept.

And while nature's monuments freshen,
In merry spring over each grave
Of the loyal sons of the nation,
May her emblem in gratitude wave.

And, too, while the bosom of ocean
Bears the harvests away on her tide,
May the olive branch bend in the sunshine,
And brotherhood ever abide.

Then let all the hearts that are heavy
Be cheered by the smile of the glad,
And every one who may be happy,
Make happy all those who are sad.



Gen. W. T. Sherman.

CAMP-FIRE XXXV.

RALLY AGAIN!—THE VETERANS MUST MEET TOGETHER—HOW THE G. A. R. GROWS—A THIRD OF A MILLION COMRADES—OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND IN ASSOCIATE SOCIETIES—THE BATTLES AND IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE WAR ARRANGED BY DATES.

"FALL in! fall in!—why, boys! how natural the call seems," said Colonel ———, as he warmly shook the soldiers' hands. "I declare! I was glad to-day to have word brought me that the vets were coming out to-night for another of our cozy, social camp-fire chats. We've missed it to go without them so long. No matter if that association with a big name (that rather mixed in with the business parts of our talks) wanted to adjourn and did adjourn, the soldiers don't propose to stay adjourned. The 'Society for the Preservation of Unpublished History' may hang up its harp on a willow, but the boys that did the fighting don't propose any such innocuous desuetude. Not much! I tell you the veterans must meet together. There's too much solid satisfaction in it to forego the pleasure. The posts of the Grand Army of the Republic have regular meetings, and each one is a feast. But as all of our group haven't yet joined the Grand Army, we must once in awhile come together here. When all our boys have fully ascertained what the value of the G. A. R. is, they'll all be in it. Membership there is a grand privilege and honor to all who are entitled to it.

"And by the way, boys, since our last camp-fire here the G. A. R. has made immense progress. Since this grand Order was last discussed here, there have been three National encampments and the membership has more than doubled.

The report at the Seventeenth Encampment showed 971 Posts and 145,932 comrades on March 31, 1883. The report at the Twentieth Encampment, at San Francisco, showed that March 31, 1886, there were 38 departments, 5,765 posts and 326,499 comrades. In addition, there are in the societies of the Ladies of the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief Corps, the Sons of Veterans and the Daughters of Veterans over 100,000 more — making a grand total of nearly half a million.

"This Twentieth National Encampment at California was one of the grandest assemblages ever held. I am going to have a distinguished comrade who was there come in and tell us about it and bring us some of the good things that were distributed there."

"Janitor, stir up that fire, and make it a rouser! The veterans are going to have some brilliant social times together. We may boil some beans before we get through."

"Colonel," said a grim old sergeant, "before we are favored with the G. A. R. history, can you tell us where we can find a perfect list of the battles we fought from '61 to '65? A veteran and I were looking the thing over the other day, but couldn't get hold of a complete list. We want the full record, including other important war events, and want to keep it where we can refer to it at any moment. I think we would all appreciate better the ties that make the Grand Army soldiers so dear to each other, by refreshing our memories in regard to all the battles fought by the boys. The heat of those conflicts welded bands of fraternity and affection that can never lose their hold on faithful hearts."

"Sergeant, your question is well put," said the Colonel. "I have given considerable attention to securing a complete list of the battles and the important events of the war. I have overhauled and compared several lists, and will give you one to be depended upon. Before I commence reading, however, I must insist on your not interrupting. When the name of a battle is mentioned in which you were engaged, if you

don't chain your tongues a dozen of you will be shouting and wanting to tell about it. Now, if you do that we'll never get through the list, so you must all keep still. You may hold up your hands at your battle, but don't talk."

"All right, Commander, begin the battles."

THE BATTLES AND IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE WAR, ARRANGED BY DATES.

1861.

April 12–13, Fort Sumter bombarded.
April 18, Harper's Ferry arsenal evacuated.
April 19, Massachusetts troops, under Gen. Butler attacked in Baltimore.
April 21, Norfolk Navy Yard evacuated.
May 24, Arlington Heights occupied.
June 3, battle of Phillippi, W. Va.
June 10, battle of Big Bethel, Va.
June 17, battle of Booneville, Mo,
July 5, battle of Carthage, Mo.
July 11, battle of Rich Mountain, Va.
July 14, battle of Carrick's Ford. Va.
July 18, battle of Centerville, Va.
July 21, battle of Bull Run, Va.

"I was there!" shouted several together.

"Refrain from talking," commanded the Colonel.

August 10, battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
August 29, battle of Hatteras Inlet, N. C.
September 10, battle of Carnifex Landing, Va.
September 20, battle of Lexington, Mo.
October 21, battle of Ball's Bluff, Va.

"I was there!" said some of the boys.

"*Will you* keep still?" inquired the Colonel.

November 7, battle of Belmont, Mo.
November 7, battle of Port Royal, S. C.
November 8, Capt. Wilkes takes Mason and Slidell from the steamer Trent.

1862.

January 8, battle of Romney, Va.
January 9, battle of Big Sandy River, Ky.
January 19, battle of Mill Spring, Ky.

February 6, battle of Fort Henry, Tenn.
February 8, battle of Roanoke Island, N. C.
February 16, battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn,
"I-I-I-I was there!" came in a perfect chorus of voices.
"No talking in the ranks!" sternly ordered the Colonel.
February 23, Nashville, Tenn., occupied.
March 7 and 8, battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
March 8, battle between the Merrimac and the Cumberland.
March 9, battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
March 14, battle of Newbern, N. C.
March 22, Columbia, Tenn., occupied.
March 23, battle of Winchester, Va.
March 23, battle of New Madrid, Mo.
April 6, battle of Shiloh, Tenn.

"I was there!" "I was there!" called out the irrepressible veterans. "Silence in the battalion!" yelled the Colonel.

April 7, battle of Island No. 10, Mississippi river.
April 11, battle of Fort Pulaski, Ga.
April 24, Farragut passes Forts Jackson and St. Philip, La.
April 25, battle of Forts Macon and Beaufort, N. C.
April 28, battle of Ft. Jackson and St. Philip, La.
April 28, battle of New Orleans, La.
May 4, battle of Yorktown, Va.
May 5, battle of Williamsburg, Va.
May 9, battle of West Point, Va.
May 10, battle of Norfolk, Va.
May 12, battle of Natchez, Miss.
May 12, Bank's retreat down the Shenandoah Valley.
May 23, battle of Port Royal, Va.
May 30, battle of Corinth, Miss.
May 31 and June 1, battle of Fair Oaks, Va.
June 4, battle of Fort Pillow, Tenn.
June 6, battle of Memphis, Tenn.
June 27, battle of Gaines' Mill, Va.
June 29, battle of Savage's Station, Va.
June 30, battle of Glendale, Va.
July 1, battle of Malvern Hill, Va.
August 9, battle of Cedar Mountain, Va.
August 29, second battle of Bull Run.
August 30, battle of Richmond, Ky.

September 1, battle of Chantilly, Va.
September 5, invasion of Maryland by General Lee.
September 14, battle of South Mountain.
September 15, battle of Harper's Ferry, Va.
September 17, battle of Antietam.

"I was there!" "I—I—I"—roared many voices.

"KEEP STILL!" replied the Colonel.

September 17, battle of Mumford, Ky.
September 19, battle of Iuka, Miss.
October 4, battle of Corinth, Miss.
October 8, battle of Perryville, Ky.
December 13, battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
December 29, battle of Holly Springs, Miss.
December 29, battle of Chickasaw Bayou, Miss.
December 31, battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn—also January 2d, 1863.

"The Nineteenth Illinois saved the left!" A perfect volley of enthusiasm checked the speaker, and not until fifteen minutes had passed did the Colonel obtain silence.

1863.

January 1, Negro Slavery abolished.
January 1, Battle of Galveston, Texas.
January 11, battle of Arkansas Post, Ark.
April 7, attack on Fort Sumter.
April 29, battle of Grand Gulf, Miss.
April and May, Union cavalry raid by General Grierson in Alabama.
May 1, battle of Port Gibson, Miss.
May 2 and 3, battle of Chancellorsville, Va.

"I tell you, I was there," spoke up an excited veteran. "Don't mention it," laconically answered the Colonel.

May 14, battle of Jackson, Miss.
May 16, battle of Champion Hills, Miss.
May 17, battle of Big Black River, Miss.
June 9, second invasion of Maryland by General Lee.
June 27, beginning of raids by the rebel Morgan.
July 1, 2 and 3, battle of Gettysburg, Pa.

"I was there;" "Now I *will* talk;" "I helped give the Johnnies their Waterloo there;" "I fired the grape and canister at them;" and similar expressions were heard on every hand.

"I am glad," said the Colonel, "that so many of you were there to help break the backbone of the rebellion, and were spared to come away. But don't talk about it now, or we shall be unable to finish the list this week."

July 4, battle of Helena, Ark.
July 4, surrender of Vicksburg.

"Hurrah!" I reckon I was there!" "I was too," cheered the boys, with a vim equal to the Gettysburg survivors. They carried the whole house so by storm that all the Colonel could say was, "Don't!"

July 8, surrender of Port Hudson.
July 13 to 16, draft riots in New York city.
July 27, Morgan captured near New Lisbon, Ohio.
August 21 and 22, Quantrell plunders and burns Lawrence, Kansas.
September 1, battle of Fort Smith, Ark.
September 6, battle of Fort Wagner, S. C.
September 10, battle of Little Rock, Ark.
September 19 and 20, battle of Chickamauga, Tenn.
November 25, battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

"Ah! we were there!" "We climbed those cliffs!" "So did I!" cheered a dozen.

"How you suppose I can read with all that racket going on?" smiled the Colonel.

November 26, battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.

"Never mind the reading!" "Hurrah for that day!" "Please to write in your list that I was there?" "I was there!" testified several gray-haired heroes.

"You don't seem to keep perfectly still," mildly expostulated the Colonel.

November 29, battle of Knoxville, Tenn.

1864.

February 20, battle of Olustee.
February 20, Sherman's expedition to Meridian, Miss.
March 14, battle of Fort De Russy N. C.
March 24, battle of Union City.
April 8, Battle of Mansfield, La.

April 9, battle of Pleasant Hill, La.
April 12, Fort Pillow Massacre.
April 20, battle of Plymouth, N. C.
April 23, battle of Cane River, La.
May 4, Army of the Potomac crosses the Rapidan.
May 4 to 7 battles of the Wilderness.

"I was there!" "We fought in the woods," spoke two old men, having but one arm each.

"I am glad you got out of the woods, boys," was all the Colonel could say.

May 7, Sherman begins his march to Atlanta, Ga.

"We went along!" "I tramped with Uncle Billy!" "I was there!" was shouted before the Colonel had time to raise his hand.

May 7, battle at Bermuda Hundred, Va.
May 7 to 12, battles near Spottsylvania, Va.
May 14 and 15, battle of Resaca, Ga.
May 15, battle of Newmarket, Va.
May 19, battle of North Anna, Va.
May 25 to 28, battle of Dallas, Ga.
May and June, General Sheridan north of Richmond.
June 1 to 3, battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
June 5, battle of Piedmont, Va.
June 15, Army of the Potomac crosses the James.
June 15 to 17, battle of Lost Mountain, Ga.
June 18 to 21, Assault at Petersburg, Va.
June 19, the Kearsage destroys the Alabama.
July 5, Early invades Maryland.
July 9, battle of Monocacy, Md.
July 20 to 28, battles before Atlanta, Ga.

"We were there!" "I helped there!" and a dozen hands waved aloft.

July 30, Chambersburg, Pa., burned.
July 30, Repulse at Petersburg, Va.
August 5, Farragut's Fleet enters Mobile Bay.
August 8 to 20, Fort Gaines and Fort Morgan taken.
August 18, Weldon Railroad, N. C., siezed.
September 2, Atlanta captured by Sherman.

September 19, battle of Winchester, Va,
September 22, battle of Fisher's Hill, Va.
October 19, battle of Cedar Creek, Va,
October 27, the Ram Albemarle destroyed.
October 31, Recapture of Plymouth, N. C.
November 14, Sherman begins his march from Atlanta to the Sea.

"Ha! ha! I was there!" "Hurrah! we went!" "We were some of the bummers!" "I foraged!" and the laughter and cheers of the triumphant host nearly took the Colonel's breath away. He could only murmur, "I suppose somebody *was* there, from what happened." And then the boys sang every verse of "Marching through Georgia," with a double chorus, before they would let the reading go on.

November 30, battle of Franklin, Tenn.
December 13, battle of Fort McAllister, Ga.
December 15 and 16, battle of Nashville, Tenn.
December 21, Capture of Savannah, Ga.
December 24, bombardment of Fort Fisher, N. C., begins.

1865.

January 15, Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
February 17, Capture of Columbia, S. C.
February 17, Charleston, S. C., evacuated.
February 22, Capture of Wilmington, N. C.
February 27, Sheridan goes up the Shenandoah Valley.
March 2, battle of Waynesborough, Va,
March 12, Occupation of Fayetteville, N. C.
March 15, battle of Averysboro, N. C.
March 18, battle of Bentonville, N. C.
March 21, battle of Goldsboro, N. C.
March 25, Rebels repulsed at Fort Steadman, Va.
April 1, battle of Five Forks, Va.
April 3, Petersburg and Richmond captured.
April 9, surrender of Gen. Lee to Gen. Grant, at Appomattox C. H., [Va.
April 13, Sherman enters Raleigh, N. C.
April 14, President Lincoln assassinated.
April 26, Surrender of Gen. Johnston to Gen. Sherman, at Raleigh, [N. C.
May 10, Capture of Jeff. Davis, at Irwinsville, Ga.
May 26, the last Rebel force in the South-west surrenders to General Canby.

CAMP-FIRE XXXVI.

EVENTS PRELIMINARY TO THE FIRING ON SUMTER — THE DIFFERENT CALLS FOR TROOPS — STRENGTH OF THE ARMY — NUMBER OF SOLDIERS FROM EACH STATE.

"RALLY round the fire!" shouted the Lieutenant, and one hundred and twenty-three old vets disposed themselves comfortably for a good chat. At once the Sergeant called out "Before our forces get started on the Grand Army history and good times, I want to ask another question. I have thought a good deal on the list of battles of the war that we had last time. I took down a copy of it and wouldn't be without that same paper for a good deal; but I want some points on what happened before Fort Sumter was fired on. I know it was South Carolina that first passed the ordinance of secession. Can any one give me the date?"

"December 20, 1860," said a high private.

"Well, can you tell me, Mr. H. P., the time of the other states seceding?"

"Early in 1861 secession ordinances were passed by Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, Arkansas and North Carolina, and on February 4, 1861, the so-called 'Southern Confederacy' was formed at Montgomery, Ala.

Kansas had been admitted into the Union on January 29, 1861, and the rebels pretended that that occurrence and the approaching inauguration March 4, of President Lincoln, was a menace to the South. They got together and rushed things so that on February 18 they inaugurated Jefferson Davis as President of their "Confederacy."

"Thank you!" said the sergeant, "and now for one item

more. I have a sort of indistinct impression that a warlike demonstration was made before April 12, when Sumter was fired on. But I want definite information."

The historical veteran replied: "Of course every one knows that the rebels stole everything from the United States they could lay their hands on — cannons, ammunition, guns provisions — in fact, pretty much all the property government had in the South. And on January 9, 1861, the steamer Star of the West was fired into off Charleston."

"Well," said the sergeant, rising, "I want to say one thing, right here: Look at the amazing forbearance of our government. The rebels began with secession, December 20, 1860, four months before our volunteers were called out, April 15, 1861. During these four months they were daily insulting our flag and stealing all in their reach. And on January 9, 1861, over three months before our volunteers were called for, they actually fired on a United States steamer. Oh! how many tens of thousands of lives that delay on the part of the government cost us! And, besides, the traitors seeing that we were doing nothing only talk, took us for cowards and went on all the more abusively. Well, there's one consolation," the sergeant grimly added, "they found out they were mistaken."

A tall corporal next inquired: "How many calls for soldiers were made, and for how long service? And how many different men were there in our army?"

The well-posted veteran responded, "General John A. Logan made the address at the tomb of General Grant on Decoration Day, 1886. He therein stated as follows: '3,335,951 patriots voluntarily left home, family and peaceful pursuits to defend the flag of our Union. Of these, nearly 500,000 perished.' His statement is very high authority for the present proper estimate.

"From statistics published soon after the close of the war, I can give you a good list of the dates, etc., of the different

calls for troops. You had better take out your pencils and write it off.

"Number of men called for, with date of each call, and for how long a period of service. Also the number of men obtained under each call to June 30, 1865:

DATE OF CALL.	NUMBER CALLED FOR.	PERIODS OF SERVICE.	NUMBER OBTAINED.
April 15, 1861	75,000	3 months.	93,326
May 3, 1861	82,748	3 years.	714,231
July 22 and 25, 1861	500,000		
May and June, 1862		3 months.	15,007
July 2, 1862	300,000	3 years.	431,958
August 4, 1862	300,000	9 months.	87,588
June 15, 1863	100,000	6 months.	16,361
October 17, 1863	300,000	3 years.	374,807
February 1, 1864	200,000		
March 14, 1864	200,000	3 years.	284,021
April 23, 1864	85,000	100 days.	83,652
July 18, 1864	500,000	1, 2 & 3 yrs.	384,882
December 19, 1864	300,000	1, 2 & 3 yrs.	204,568
Totals	2,942,748		2,690,401

"The calls of October 17, 1863, and February 1, 1864, were combined, and the product of the draft of July 1863 was credited thereon.

"In addition to the above number, 63,332 men were obtained, chiefly from the territories, and from other rebellious States, under different calls, and for various periods of service.

"The whole number of men obtained by draft was 168,649. The whole number of colored troops obtained was 186,097."

"I rise for a moment," said the intellectual-looking captain, "to draw attention to the perseverance as well as the grandeur of sacrifice which that list records. The first call of 75,000 men for three months, was then supposed to be more than ample. Afterwards, in May (eighteen days later), 82,748 were asked for. Then like a lightning flash after the

battle of Bull Run (July 21), came the call for a half million men. The Government and the loyal people were aroused to the truth that a great war was on hand. Then volunteers were asked for 'three years or during the war.' Now mark well the response! An uprising, such as history has never known—at which all nations of earth were filled with undisguised amazement. The three calls united, required 657,748 men—and behold! there volunteered 807,557 of the best men that ever took arms, who afterward proved themselves the grandest soldiers of all time. That is to say, there rushed forward above the two-thirds of a million summoned, a *surplus* of 150,000 men! The excess was more than twice the number that General Washington had under his command at any one time during the Revolutionary War.

"For nearly a year these sustained the battle flags, till on July 2, 1862, three hundred thousand more men were called for three years; and a month later, August 4, 1862, another 300,000. Observe, also, that 400,000 were called for in 1863. Still the rebellion maintained a mighty front, and in 1864, *one million two hundred and eighty-five thousand* more men were summoned, most of them for three years.

"I cannot help but think what must have been the crushing anguish of heart to the kind and noble Lincoln, as duty compelled him to direct each one of those calls. In summoning so many to danger and death in defense of Union and liberty, he only voiced the sentiment of all the noble in our land. How truly he spoke the will of the loyal millions, was seen in that unparalleled response; when in raising 3,000,000 of soldiers for the fiercest of earth's wars, only 168,000 had to be coerced by draft. Only one twentieth part of those vast armies missed the glory of *volunteering* to defend the old flag on the field of battle. Boys! excuse my talking so much," said the captain, while his face glowed with the old time spirit, "but my heart is full every time I think of our volunteer armies."

"I move that we invite our musical comrade to sing that song, "Three Millions Marched Out to Save Our Land."

"THREE MILLIONS MARCHED OUT TO SAVE OUR LAND."

"3,335,951 patriots voluntarily left home, family and peaceful pursuits, to defend the flag of our Union. Of these nearly 500,000 perished."—Gen. Logan's address, May 31, 1886, at the tomb of Gen. Grant.

Three millions marched out to save our land,
Three millions, three hundred thousand;
Three million brave boys in blue, so grand,
Three millions, three hundred thousand;
The world kept count, with their wondering eyes,
Three millions, three hundred thousand;
And shouted "glory!" to see armies rise,
Three millions, three hundred thousand.

Those heroes in blue taught earth anew,
Three millions, three hundred thousand;
What patriots true for right could do,
Three millions, three hundred thousand;
They met fierce foes that were brave and strong,
Three millions, three hundred thousand;
And conquered all, though the fight was long,
Three millions, three hundred thousand.

The soldiers now left are growing gray,
Three millions, three hundred thousand;
And soon they will all have passed away,
Three millions, three hundred thousand.
But years to come will forever cheer,
Three millions, three hundred thousand;
The grand old army that could know no fear,
Three millions, three hundred thousand.

"Ah!" said the sergeant, "it is indeed thrilling to review those figures of glowing patriotism. Now in this connection can some one give us the list of the number of men furnished by each State? Of course the Northwestern and some of the Western States appear in such a list at a comparative disadvantage with the older and longer settled East. Twenty-five years ago some of them were in infancy as states.

and but thinly settled. Several of the present States were then only territories. But we want to know, of course, just what each State did."

The High Private arose. "Here, boys, is the record; arranged in the order of the number of men furnished by each state and territory, the highest heading the list:

1. New York	445,959	22. Kansas	20,095
2. Pennsylvania	388,155	23. District of Columbia	16,534
3. Ohio	310,654	24. California	15,725
4. Illinois	258,162	25. Delaware	12,265
5. Indiana	194,363	26. Arkansas	8,289
6. Massachusetts	146,467	27. New Mexico, (ter.)	6,561
7. Missouri	108,773	28. Louisiana	5,224
8. Wisconsin	91,021	29. Colorado, (ter.)	4,903
9. Michigan	88,111	30. Indian Nations	3,530
10. Iowa	75,793	31. Nebraska, (ter.)	3,157
11. New Jersey	75,315	32. North Carolina	3,156
12. Kentucky	75,275	33. Alabama	2,576
13. Maine	69,738	34. Texas	1,965
14. Connecticut	55,755	35. Oregon	1,810
15. Maryland	46,053	36. Florida	1,290
16. New Hampshire	33,913	37. Nevada	1,080
17. Vermont	33,272	38. Washington, (ter.)	964
18. West Virginia	32,203	39. Mississippi	545
19. Tennessee	31,092	40. Dakota, (ter.)	206
20. Minnesota	24,002		
21. Rhode Island	23,248	Total	2,666,999

"Boys!" said the Captain, jumping up, "I must quote a few words Gen. Grant said one Fourth of July:

"'We should have been unworthy of our country and the American name had we not made every sacrifice to save the Union. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the Nation. They came from their homes and fields, as in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the result of the war as those in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union.'"

CAMP-FIRE XXXVII.

STRENGTH OF THE U. S. ARMY AT VARIOUS DATES AND AT THE PRESENT TIME — THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC — THE EIGHTEENTH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"TO-NIGHT, boys," said the Captain in his eloquent way, as he stood near the fire, "we come to the mighty force of the present — the army that is the pride today of our nation—the Grand Army of the Republic. At one time (before our Camp Fire Chats were adjourned for a vacation) the subject was discussed here and some very interesting things said of the Order. That society with a tremendous name, that was allowed to attend our meetings, published in their book of reports an account of the Grand Army of the Republic, including the Seventeenth National Encampment. They also presented the platform of principles, 'Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty.' Of course every veteran knows that no person is admitted to membership in the Grand Army unless the official records of the war show him to have been an honorable soldier with an honorable discharge."

"I wish to reconnoitre a little," said the grim Sergeant, "if this large assemblage will permit me. The various lists of facts in regard to Columbia's splendid armies, which have recently been furnished to us, are very highly prized by myself, and I have studied them over a good deal. But I notice that neither list gives the strength of our army at any one time. I see that our well posted soldier is on hand again this evening and I want to ask him to favor us with this information. We can then turn with even better appreciation, from the glorious army that was, to the Grand Army that is."

"In quoting the figures desired," said the High Private, modestly; "I only drop the reminder that at all times after the forepart of the war, a large number of our soldiers were absent. This state of affairs was necessary from sickness, wounds, imprisonment, and, at some more inactive times of the year, from furloughs and leaves of absence, when they could best be spared for a few days' visit to the loved ones at home. And as the list I give from the official reports, mentions most frequently the date of January 1, (in winter inactivity), it is proper to introduce this explanation. You want to preserve this, boys, in writing, as much as anything else.

STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AT VARIOUS DATES.

DATE.	No Men Pres't.	No. Men Abs't.	Total Strength.
January 1, 1861.....	14,663	1,704	16,367
July 1, 1861	183,588	3,163	186,751
January 1, 1862.....	527,204	48,713	575,917
January 1, 1863.....	698,802	219,389	918,191
January 1, 1864.....	611,250	249,487	860,737
January 1, 1865.....	620,924	338,536	959,460
May 1, 1865.....	797,807	202,709	1,000,516

"Will you please tell us what is the number in the United States Army in this good year of 1886?" asked a listener.

"General Sheridan has just made his report, which gives the present strength as, officers, 2,102; enlisted men, 23,946, total, 26,048."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted one of the veteran Sherman's Bummers, "they've got some of the *officers* left, anyway; even if there aren't many men."

When the laughter had subsided, the High Private remarked, "You mustn't forget, boys, that there was a navy at the time of the war, as well as an army. Hundreds of thousands of the bravest men did there a most heroic service for

the flag. Add their number to the army lists we have had, and you see how General Logan's figures may be reached. It will also increase the number given from each state, and furnish a basis for the 486,000 men the State of New York claims to have furnished, although the list I read mentions 446,000."

"I move the previous question," said a veteran sharpshooter, "and that nothing further be allowed to interfere with telling the history and the present value of the Grand Army of the Republic."

"Second the motion," answered the sergeant, "and I do it all the more heartily as the splendid historical lists we have had, record an unequaled tribute to the men who now constitute the Grand Army of the Republic."

"Boys!" said the Captain, "it isn't necessary to call for a vote to show the unanimious wish to hear all we can about the Grand Army. I move that we call upon the comrade who went there and came back so full of the California Encampment. Let him tell us of the recent history of the organization and the grand trip so many made to the Pacific coast. And, as an introduction, I suggest that we give three cheers for the G. A. R."

The old-time way in which those hurrahs rang out, almost loosened the plastering from the walls.

"Boys," said the veteran, feelingly, "it is an honor, as well as a pleasure, to try to speak of the grandest organization of men on earth — the present union of Columbia's veteran soldiers. I only regret that a more able person was not selected by you for the duty. What I may say will be mostly what I have gathered from the deeds and words of others of the comrades, as well as the official records of the Order.

"I have been looking over the reports of the former series of Camp-Fire Chats, and I see they covered the ground only till the Seventeenth National Encampment at Denver, Col., July 25 and 26, 1863. Since that time three more have been held, the Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth. So much at-

tention is necessary for the wonderful growth of the Order, and its kindred societies, and for the narrative of the Twentieth Encampment, that I can only glance at the two others.

"The Eighteenth National Encampment was held at Minneapolis, Minn., on July 23, 24 and 25, 1864. There was an immense attendance of old soldiers and the public—a magnificent testimonial of a loyal people. The state and city gave a royal welcome to the veterans, which drew out the following official resolutions:

"The Grand Army of the Republic in the Eighteenth Annual Session of the National Encampment, assembled at Minneapolis, Minnesota, desire to express in this manner their grateful appreciation of the munificent hospitality of the people of Minnesota, extended on every hand to them and to their comrades and friends in attendance at this reunion. For the first time gathered in the great Northwest, in a state that has developed such wonderful resources, adding so greatly to the wealth and prosperity of the nation, welcome made more than welcome, and citizens have vied with the public authorities in making our stay pleasant and memorable. Therefore it is unanimously

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to convey to the people of Minnesota through the honored Executive of the state, His Excellency, Governor L F. Hubbard, the earnest thanks of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"*Resolved*, That in cordial appreciation of the many evidences of generous welcome shown in the decoration of public and private buildings, the reception and attention given by the officials of the city, and the open-hearted hospitality extended by the citizens to the ex-soldiers and sailors of the Union, in attendance at the Encampment, the hearty thanks of the Grand Army of the Republic should be conveyed to the people of Minneapolis, through its esteemed representative, His Honor, the Mayor, George A. Pillsbury, whose personal attention and kindness will also be long remembered by the participants of this our largest Encampment and Reunion.

"At this Encampment John S. Kountz, of Toledo, Ohio, was elected Commander-in-Chief. The Adjutant-General's report showed a membership on March 31, 1884, of 233,824."

CAMP-FIRE XXXVIII.

THE NINETEENTH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT AT PORTLAND, ME.—MOTHER BICKERDYCK—MRS. ANNA WITTENMYER —FRATERNITY, CHARITY AND LOYALTY IN THE ORDER.

"THERE is so much to tell, boys," said the narrator, "that I must rush right ahead. Don't interrupt, now that I turn to the East.

"Loyal New England was glad to have the old soldiers come to visit the sturdy State of Maine, and furnished a grand gathering of welcome to the veterans and their families. It has sometimes been said that the staid Yankees of the far East were not so demonstrative in manner as their broad-hearted brothers of the West. The mistake of such a surmise is always shown when a call comes for deeds. The yeomanry, whose ancestors guided the Mayflower to Plymouth Rock, and built the foundations of Columbia's greatness, are chips of the old block when action for our country is needed. Their record in the Revolutionary times is one that stirs the heart of every freeman throughout the world with grateful pride that humanity has furnished such immortal heroes. And in the War of the Rebellion, it was the vigorous State of Massachusetts that sent 13,000 men more than her quota demanded.

"Such, then, were the hearty, genuine patriots that were to rise in welcome to the old boys who saved the land from disunion. To say that the veterans of the Middle States, of the West and Northwest, as well as the Pacific Slope, were surprised at the warm greeting they received, is a mild remark.

"Wednesday, June 24, 1885, was a great day in Port-

land. There never was one like it before — there will probably be none like it in magnitude during the years to come. For several days arrivals poured in on every train, while every country road leading into the Forest City was filled with farmers' wagons from all the territory around. Long before the hour of the grand parade, some of the streets were blocked with a mass of humanity, restlessly moving about, or frantically endeavoring to find a comfortable place to see. The weather was simply perfection. By nine o'clock the walks of the leading thoroughfares were almost impassable. At ten o'clock it was impossible to move in some of the lower sections of the city. Every point of vantage was secured ; windows in many cases commanding a high premium. Balconies on the route of procession were filled with lady friends of the owners. On State street twelve hundred school girls dressed in white, and waving flags, welcomed the veterans with patriotic songs. The beautiful lawns on this street, which stretch to the curb, were protected by wooden platforms which were filled with chairs for the accommodation of ladies.

"The route of the parade was three and one-third miles long, and the procession was two hours and thirty-seven minutes in passing a given point, including halts; or two hours without halts. The veterans marched at a quick-step. It is estimated that twenty-three thousand men were in line, while three or four times that number of people viewed the procession. It was a splendid pageant and one that will not be forgotten. The music of the thirty-eight bands and forty drum corps, the varied uniforms of the various commands, the superb banners, the torn battle-flags, (for several were carried in the ranks) made this an event to live in memory. Doubtless it is the only time the general spectator will ever see such a gathering of these old veterans who saved the nation's life. How proudly they marched along, beneath the starry folds of the old flag for which they endured so many

hardships — some of them marching together for the last time until they join the Grand Army above.

"A pleasant and natural feature was an immense camp-ground, where thousands of veterans occupied tents in the old army style. I tell you, boys, it seemed like old times to hear the fellows cutting up.

"On Wednesday evening there were splendid fireworks on a hill and a magnificant reception at the City Hall for those who could get in. It would have done your hearts good, boys, to have heard the speeches that night. I must quote one or two things that Gov. Robie said:

"'In extending to the Grand Army of the Republic the greetings, hospitality and admiration of a grateful state, the gratitude with which our hearts overflow is stimulated by pride, joy and affection, which language fails to describe. We remember your loyalty and admire your achievements. We honor you for the success which accompanied your sacrifices on the battle-field and in the naval engagements for this Union.

"'The United States is a country of homes, lovely and desirable only by that ownership and contentment which the Goddess of Peace and of Universal Liberty furnishes. Her sovereignty has been secured largely by your intrepidity, tested by the sharp sword, the glittering bayonet and the unerring rifle. The life of the Union volunteer has been written on the page of our country's history in letters of living light.

"'We read in your countenances, and feel in your presence, the varied experiences of camp life, and the shock of battle with its mighty memories. You have acted nobly your part, and have gained such unfading laurels that it is a high distinction for our state to be honored by your presence. The veteran soldier and sailor did the hard and dangerous work of the war for the smallest compensation, and without a murmur. He is therefore worthy of the highest honor on the pinnacle of

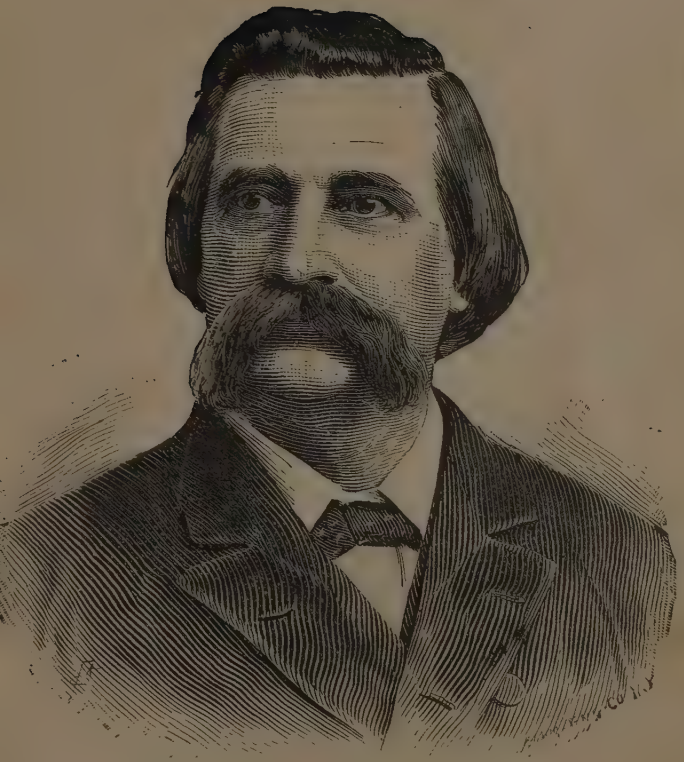
fame. It is just that on public memorial monuments of brass and marble, he should proudly stand with his gun, sword and knapsack, as the conspicuous figure for the gaze of an admiring posterity. He represents that which is noble in manhood, courage and honor, and is known to all men as the savior of the nation. Welcome! thrice welcome! the veteran, volunteer, private soldier and sailor of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"'And welcome, also, to our heart of hearts the noble and loyal women of our land, who more than all represent the fruit of exalted love and heroic sacrifice, in their gift of husband, son and brother on the altar of our common country.

"'There are comrades we cannot welcome here today, for many occupy "the windowless palace of rest." They have passed the boundary of earth and now live beyond the river, sweetly at peace with all men. Gloriously did many die on the battle-field, on the ocean and in the hospital; thereby fulfilling the highest duty of life, to die for one's country. They cannot join this festival, but their memories are constantly and reverentially with us. We stand by the solemn pledge, as long as life lasts, to read the roll of honor, although silence gives the response, "died long ago on the field of battle." We will reverently scatter the earliest flowers of spring upon their hallowed graves.'

"The Governor's address was received with immense enthusiasm, and to the sentiments he uttered most hearty response was made by the vast audience. I tell you, boys, it was a sweet gift of recompense to have our deeds so gratefully appreciated and loved by the pure, cultivated, beautiful women and the noble men there assembled, and to feel that they were simply echoing the heart-beatings of all in our land, whose opinion is worthy of attention.

"Do you know, comrades, I some times think that we didn't really appreciate, at the time, the grandeur of what we were permitted to do in the war for the preservation of liberty?



Gen. John A. Logan.

Those who volunteered (and that means almost all our northern soldiers) went principally because the manhood in them would not permit absence from the defense of the flag. We could not have been contented at home while disunion was threatening the nation's destruction. Our soldiers generally did not arrogate to themselves to be better than many loyal neighbors who remained at home. We simply went ahead and did our duty for the country and our homes, as best we could. And although the duty was hard, with privations and trials, with perils and sickness, with sufferings and, to many, death, yet the doing the duty was more desirable than shrinking it. Veterans! it is no arrogation to say that such action is the natural stamina of American character. It is the fibre of heart and brain, developed in all our real men and women, by years of freedom's inspiration. Easier to do our duty for our country in danger, than to cravenly shirk from it.

"Our Union was treacherously attacked. We sprang to the rescue instanter; determined with the aid of the God who had always blessed our land, we would preserve our country undivided. After the rebellion had been put down and its armies scattered, and we, who were spared, had returned to our homes, we had more leisure and a better chance to see all that the conflict meant. Succeeding years have brought constantly to our notice the testimony of humanity throughout the civilized world as to the pre-eminent importance of that war. Liberty had made her stand in America. All the oppressed of earth were watching our land. If free institutions should fail here, then would the many millions throughout the world, who were more or less enslaved, lose heart. They all would give up freedom, as an impossible thing for them. If liberty could be maintained here, it might enable them *sometime* to obtain their "inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Imagine the prayerful joy of suffering hearts across the great seas, when they saw our

hour were of more importance to humanity than the money-making of centuries. The cavilers and the hurrying business followers may, in the rush of American life, be guilty of injustice to the veterans, who secured the continuance of our prosperous country. Still, boys, the fact remains (and we know it), that the men who saved the land, are its best citizens, the truest and grandest aristocracy."

"Hurrah!" said the grim sergeant, "that's true. And it is cheering to us to realize that the best people in the country know it. They join heartily, not only in honoring our deceased comrades on Memorial day and at other times, but in giving to the living soldiers, before life's march is ended, abundant testimonial of grateful appreciation and love.

"But I interrupted the comrade to remind the boys of the incident where President Lincoln decidedly 'took down' a crowd of pompous moneyed men.

"A large delegation of them came down from New York and were introduced to the president, as being worth, in their own right, a hundred millions of dollars. This did not seem to frighten the good man, who listened patiently, while they asked to have a gun-boat sent up to New York harbor. It was at a time when every vessel and every man on sea and land was imperatively required for pushing the war into the enemy's country. The president told them that fact, and wound up by saying 'that if he was worth one-fiftieth part as much as they were, and was one-hundredth part as much scared, he'd go right home and build a gun-boat and man it, without trying to bother the poor government.' Said one who was present, 'The way in which they backed out, furnished a striking illustration of the infinitessimal insignificance of money bags, by the side of the courage of a few soldiers.'

"Mayor Deering, of Portland," continued the narrator, "followed Governor Robie, with a very eloquent address of welcome. Some grand responses were made by General John

S. Kountz, of Ohio (then commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.) General Alger, of Michigan, General Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, General Henry W. Slocum, of New York, General John A. Logan, of Illinois, General George T. Anthony, of Kansas, Comrade T. B. Reed, General D. R. Austin, of Ohio, Comrade George H. Patch, of Massachusetts, and Comrade Charles A. Boutelle, of Maine.

"As opportunity permits, I propose to quote some of their eloquent words, as stating so well what the Grand Army of the Republic is, and what it teaches and accomplishes. Not to hinder you too long this evening, I want to speak of one or two things done by the Encampment.

"A telegram of sympathy and affection was sent to General Grant, who was slowly dying at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., and the following reply — his last words to his Grand Army — was telegraphed by his son, Colonel F. D. Grant:

"'General Grant directs me, in reply to your dispatch, to tender, through you to each one of the three hundred thousand veterans, his comrades, now represented at Portland, his thanks for their interest in his health and welfare. General Grant wishes to take this occasion to also thank them for their splendid services, which have resulted in giving freedom to a race, peace to a continent and a haven to the oppressed of the world.

"The case of Mother Bickerdyck, the grand old army nurse, so dear to tens of thousands of soldiers, was mentioned. She had declined aid from the Department of California, where she lives, and was in need. Promptly the Encampment voted a donation of five hundred dollars to that good angel of comfort to such multitudes of sufferers. She saved thousands of lives.

"No official action was necessary in regard to that other eminent army nurse, Mrs. Anna Wittenmeyer, of Philadelphia. Yet in the quiet social talks many a comrade spoke with the most hearty eloquence of the inestimable good this

noble woman did. She had passes from President Lincoln, Secretary of War Stanton and General Grant to go anywhere and everywhere in the lines, and make such arrangements as she chose for relief of the sick and wounded in hospitals, or on the battle field. She put in operation the Diet Kitchens, which employed nearly three hundred ladies, and revolutionized the plan of hospital cooking in the entire army.

"During the discussions of the Encampment there was brought out the fact that the entire Grand Army of the Republic now recognizes Dr. B. F. Stephenson, of Illinois, as the founder of the Order.

"One important subject came up, and was very thoroughly discussed. In Tennessee and some other Southern States applications were constantly being made for membership in the Grand Army of the Republic from veterans who, before they were in the Union army, had been forced by conscription to join the rebels. They never fired against the Union soldiers or the flag, and deserted to the Northern army on the first opportunity.

"But they can not join the Grand Army. Any one who has worn the rebel grey can never wear the G. A. R. badge. I haven't time to tell you, boys, tonight of the grand eloquence with which these principles were stated for which we fought. Treason cannot be palliated. Those who ever aided at all, voluntarily or not, are, on earth, forever separated from the loyal soldiers who put it down.

"The strength of the Grand Army of the Republic on March 31, 1885, was 5,059 posts and 275,218 members.

"Gen. Samuel S. Burdette, of Washington, D. C., was elected Commander-in-chief."

CAMP-FIRE XXXIX.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG — THE TRIP TO CALIFORNIA — THE WONDERFUL SCENERY IN COLORADO — RECEPTION OF THE G. A. R. AT SAN FRANCISCO — BUSINESS OF THE ENCAMPMENT.

"FROM Maine to California, is quite a jump, boys," said the comrade-historian, "but as the Grand Army took it, the narrative must follow also.

"Every comrade of the G. A. R. had known for months of the magnificent preparations made at San Francisco to honor the old soldiers. The local committee had sent, at their own expense of thousands of dollars for postage alone, letters and circulars with interesting information to every one of the over 5,000 posts.

"The great majority of the veterans passed through Chicago, with a stop for a visit to that wonderful city. Time forbids me to try to speak of the results seen on all sides, of the ceaseless enterprise of that wide-awake metropolis. But I should wrong every soldier if I failed to mention those three magnificent war panoramas and battle presentations, Gettysburg, Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and Shiloh. You will not believe, except by your own sight, what a realistic reproduction is there given. Part of the panorama is made from actual earth brought from the battle field. In the one of Shiloh, is a wooden house that stood on the fighting field. The canvass painting is so joined to actual objects that the point of union cannot be discerned. You are supposed to stand on a prominent point near the middle of the field, and all around the battle appears. As a grim veteran said, as he enthusiastically pointed his single arm: 'It only needs the racket to make it the real battle.'

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG — JULY 1-3, 1863.

"As Gettysburg was not only the most important battle of the war (as having broken the backbone of the Rebellion), but of all history, it commands universal attention. An enormous number of people visit the panorama. I secured as an especial favor some pictures which the panorama affords of the battle. These pictures are not mere fancy sketches, but are correct reproductions of the occurrences represented. Weeks of study and survey on the battle field, with the aid of hundreds of Generals and soldiers from both sides, enable the accurate presentation of the deeds and men in that awful carnage, even to incidental details. You have there the best of history.

"And now, boys, we leave Chicago. Of the beautiful ride for two days and nights, through Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and in Colorado to Denver (a distance of 1,024 miles) I must not tarry to speak. Nor of the beautiful and wonderful city Denver, with upwards of 50,000 inhabitants. Neither of a thrilling visit to Colorado Springs and Manitou, seventy-five miles south from Denver, at the foot of Pike's Peak, with valuable medicinal springs and a score of wonderful localities. Through all this section, the dry, clear, cool and exhilirating air braces one up wonderfully.

"Pushing westward, in the narrow guage cars, (one train per day each way) in a few hours we reach the amazing scenery of the Rocky Mountains. The road built through this has justly given to the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad its renown as 'the scenic route of the world.' The track is laid along the bank of the Arkansas river, which runs through cañons. A narrow valley is flanked on each side by rocky hills and mountains, sometimes in precipices from 1,000 to 3,000 feet high. The passage is occasionally so narrow that it becomes a mere fissure through the heights. Far above the road the sky forms a deep, blue arch of light, but in the cañon, or gorge, hang dark and somber shades which the sun's rays have never penetrated. The place is a measureless gulf of air, with solid walls on either side.

"No flowers grow nor do birds live in this solitude. After passing through the Grand Cañon, the narrowest part of which is called the Royal Gorge, we come to a remarkable pathway over the mountain, named Marshall Pass. Two engines pull the train in a winding course up steep grades and around sharp curves, climbing the sides of the mountains, and often passing snow banks, till in an hour's time we are at the summit, 10,858 feet above the sea. We then begin the descent on the other side, a ride full of magnificent scenery; the train sometimes running on the verge of sheer precipices. Before long the Black Cañon of the Gunnison is reached. It is grander, deeper, darker and yet more beautiful than the one we recently left.

"After traveling over a hundred miles we begin the steep ascent of the Wasatch mountains, passing through Castle Gate, which guards the entrance to Price River Cañon. There stand two huge pillars, or ledges of rock, which are offshoots of the cliffs behind. One measures 500 feet, the other 450 feet from top to base. You can judge, boys, how attractive that scenery was, when I tell you that I rode for ten hours that day and evening on the platform of the car, so as to see it. From Denver to Salt Lake City is 735 miles, requiring nearly two days and nights of traveling.

"The capital city of Utah is a most beautiful place of over 25,000 inhabitants; having broad, straight, level streets, shaded on both sides, eighty feet wide between the sidewalks and twenty feet of sidewalk on each side, with running brooks of clean water dancing along by the curb stone. The Grand Army Post of the city hired the large rink and set tables of ample provisions all day, free to all comrades and friends with them. Every evening an immense camp fire was held and most eloquent addresses were given by comrades from all parts. The Mormon iniquity received a liberal scoring. The comrades there say they are living in a 'hell on earth,' and asked that the whole country might be aroused to re-

THE ROYAL GORGE.

move the great blot of polygamy. Everybody visited the Tabernacle, which seats 12,000 people. Also the new and unfinished Temple, begun thirty years ago, that will cost several millions of dollars. And nearly all took a bath in the Salt Lake, with its astonishing buoyancy of water.

"From Salt Lake City to Ogden is thirty-six miles, and from there to San Francisco, 895 miles; a ride of two nights and a day. A portion of this time was spent in passing through as desolate a desert of sage brush and sand, as could be well imagined. When the Sierras are reached there is plenty of splendid scenery. There are drawbacks in having to pass through forty-six miles of snow sheds (thirty-six miles continuous), but yet we see enough to keep us filled with admiration.

"Just as the train was leaving Sacramento four men robbed an Ohio comrade of $150, and jumping off, made their escape. The comrade was an old man, of over seventy years, who had his wife with him. He had borrowed a part of the money that they might come out and hunt up their long lost son. They were left penniless and overwhelmed with dismay and grief. A New York comrade enlisted two others with him and went through the train and raised $114, and gave it to the old veteran — a practical illustration of what Fraternity means in the Grand Army.

"At last we are at San Francisco — the end of a journey of 2,690 miles from Chicago and 3,666 from New York City.

"On landing at the foot of Market street, the first thing that impressed one was the prodigality of decoration. Every building displayed flags, banners, G. A. R. badges, and patriotic emblems and drapery. Many were literally covered with these insignia of Columbia's greatness. Single business firms must have spent hundreds of dollars. At the top of the Market street grade stood a stupendous arch — seemingly of granite — erected in honor of the Grand Army and ornamented by appropriate military figures. On going around

the city one soon discovered that not only were all the business streets handsomely decorated, but also many parts of the residence portion of the city. The location of 'Frisco on a hill made the display especially effective, which had been beautifully arranged by her more than 300,000 inhabitants.

"In the parade on Tuesday, August 3, fully 20,000 veterans marched in line, with scores of bands and drum corps, while over a third of a million of people viewed the steady tramp, tramp, tramp, and cheered themselves hoarse with enthusiastic greeting. A part of the way young ladies rode in advance and strewed the street with flowers.

"To every soldier wearing the badge of the Grand Army the entire city were ready to take off their hats, and considered it a pleasure to do so. Did a comrade desire information he had only to ask, and fullest replies were given with a cordiality as if inspired by years of friendship. Business men, and all citizens seemed eager to do anything to make the soldiers' visit pleasant. They were not obtrusive and forward, to annoy strangers, but held themselves, with well-bred politeness, always ready to do deeds of kindness and welcome. Ask in a business house the distance and direction to a certain street, and the proprietor would clap on his hat and walk to the corner, or even several blocks, in order to show you the easiest and quickest way. They seemed to have given up their time to the entertainment of their guests, and appeared glad of an opportunity to do a favor for a soldier.

"The ladies — and they are very beautiful in California; the climate, or something, seeming to make them unusually lovely — often forgot the ceremony with which they usually hedge themselves, and accepted the veterans' badge as a wholesale introduction. A limp or a scar was a patent of nobility, and an empty sleeve or a wooden leg, an emblem of royalty. At this distance from that glowing welcome, it may seem to you, comrades, to be an exaggeration for me to try to tell you the simple truth of their attention to our

happiness. But the most glowing words that *any* one can command will fall far short of the reality of their grateful regard, everywhere shown, for the nation's defenders. They are enthusiastic over there and in the habit of doing things on a grand scale when they choose. They had not seen the Grand Army on that coast, when gathered in its magnificent strength. They wanted the boys to come.

"A year previous, at Portland, a prominent California comrade spoke of the great desire in that state for the soldiers to visit them. Thousands of veterans had gone there since the war to live. One Post alone (Geo. H. Thomas, No. 2, of San Francisco), had members of 532 different regiments, and with two exceptions, no two men belonged to the same regiment. That fact illustrates why the comrades wanted a reunion with the members of their old regiments, their old companies, and with the men that fought side by side with them on the field of battle and in our navy. His remarks seemed at the time to be rather enthusiastic and figurative, but he told the truth. We found that his figures were backed by an appropriation of $25,000 from the state, $5,000 from the city and $75,000 from the citizens' subscriptions; supplemented by over $25,000 expended by the Posts and associate societies, not to speak of the scores of thousands of dollars lavished in private hospitality. San Francisco undoubtedly gave over a quarter of million of dollars to honoring and entertaining the Grand Army, in addition to all they spent for decorations.

"Here is what the California comrade said at Portland about the people's desires in California:

"'A million people of California, wearing their hearts upon their hands, with the strings of their purses unloosed, speak in thunder-tones through me today, "Come to San Francisco." And, without seeking to make a figure of speech, I will tell you, boys, if you elect to come to that city of our Golden State, the heroes of our last war shall walk through the streets of that city on pavements strewn with roses

[Laughter and applause.] The people are ready for you; the people want you; their arms are wide open; the latch-string is hanging on the outside of their door; the children in the streets go crying for the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. [Loud laughter and applause.] No woman, no child, no man, no boy, but his heart is filled with enthusiastic interest for the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic.' [Applause.]

"The comrade was right, boys. I repeat, that what he said at Portland was true, and it was a very happy choice the Grand Army made in going to California for the Twentieth Encampment.

"In the parade a number of the old war flags were carried; and as the tattered remnants, riddled with bullets and rent with the storm of battle, passed along, there were plentiful tears in manly eyes, as well as in those of beautiful women. The silent story that the shattered banners told of labor, suffering, danger and death, and of unequaled valor in defense of the dear old flag — their mute appeal touched hundreds of thousands of hearts. And the boys felt, as they marched through those packed streets, that the hardships of war received a compensation in the grateful homage of a united and happy people. As the bright sun, passing down beyond the Pacific, marked the close of that great and happy day, hundreds of thousands of hearts had been drawn out to a closer sympathy, and to a grander appreciation of valor and sacrifice. They gained a higher love for the glorious land that is a beacon-light of liberty to the human race.

"On Tuesday evening there was a grand night-parade and an escort of the Encampment to Mechanic's Pavilion (capable of seating 12,000 people). A dazzling feature of the procession was a pyrotechnic display by the Topeka (Kansas) Flambeau Club, of eighty men, who fired off rockets, Roman candles, and other fireworks, as they marched along (they meanwhile drilling in military evolutions). A grand reception was held

there, with eloquent speeches by the governor, the mayor, and by leading Grand Army of the Republic orators. I am not going to stop now to try to tell you what they said. There is so much to mention of what the people *did*, to make that week the grandest reception that has ever been given to any body of men.

"Wednesday, August 4, was clear, cool and delightful, as were all the days. They have two seasons: the wet, from about October to April, and the dry, from April to October. We were there in the time when they don't have any anxiety about the weather's interfering with festivities. Occasionally a fog comes up for a short time (serving to remind of that New York luxury) but passes harmlessly away. To those who come from the regions of blizzards and scorchers — from changes of thermometer, ranging from 100 and 110 above, to 10, 20, 30 and 40 degrees below zero — the climate of California seems wonderful. The average on the coast, at latitude 37, is 46° in January, and 69° in July. The trade winds from off the Pacific ocean preserve a delightful coolness. This coolness (only in the air, not in the people) was more than the boys expected, and I heard some of them say, they were not really warm while in the city, except when getting near a fire. It looked odd to see the ladies wearing furs in August.

"The Californians are proud of the climate, and I don't blame them. Some of our comrades, who were always inquiring the prices of things, said the people charged from $500 to $1,000 per acre for the climate, and threw the land in.

"At ten o'clock Wednesday, a. m., the three hundred unfortunate comrades who were delegates to the Encampment, had to shut themselves up in a hall and go to discussing and fixing up business details. The vast majority (and estimates of the number of comrades and relatives crossing the Rocky mountains on this excursion, vary from ten to fifteen thousand — over five hundred registering at Illinois department

headquarters in the city) were free, however, to enjoy the luxuries spread out before them. The general feature of Wednesday was an excursion by rail through the Sonoma valley, 83 miles north, to Cloverdale; stopping on return at Santa Rosa for a grand barbecue and reception by the citizens there. And it *was* grand. The feast provided was more than could be eaten, as their delicious fruits interfered with the boys' former army success as devourers. It was a marvel that so small a place as Santa Rosa (4,000 people) could provide such abundance. It must be borne in mind that California is not so thickly settled as the New England or Middle States. Santa Rosa and Petaluma (5,000) are the only villages on this route that exceed about a thousand inhabitants. Only two or three of the latter.

"On Wednesday evening there was a splendid concert at Mechanic's Pavillion, largely of patriotic music, given by 1,000 voices, with fine orchestra. While close on to 15,000 people were present, more than that number were turned away from the doors.

"On Thursday, August 5, there was a railroad excursion south, eighty miles, to Santa Cruz (5,000), on the ocean, and to the Big Trees (twenty acres of redwood trees, from ten to eighteen feet in diameter) Another big barbecue and reception at Santa Cruz.

"On Thursday evening there was a general reception at the Mechanic's Pavillion; also a grand banquet to the Encampment — the best, without exception, that has ever been given to the Grand Army.

"On Friday, August 6, there were two excursions, one to Monterey, California's greatest watering place, about a hundred miles south, with its big Hotel-del-Monte, and the other, eighty miles north, on the North Pacific Coast Railway.

"On Friday evening, the national convention of the Woman's Relief Corps, gave (at the spacious Metropolitan Temple) a magnificent reception to the National Encamp-

ment, the Society of the Army of the Potomac, the Loyal Legion, and all kindred societies. I wish there were more time to quote to you from the glorious speeches there. The ladies had made the immense hall a perfect fairyland of flowers and beauty, and all the orators were inspired to excel themselves.

"On Saturday, August 7, there was an immense excursion on steamers around the bay of San Francisco. Everyone went, as the National Encampment closed its business session Friday, p. m.

"On Saturday evening was held at the Pavilion, probably, the grandest camp-fire ever known anywhere. Tables were set for over 5,000 at a time. None but veterans were admitted to the lower floor; all friends (who were fortunate enough to get in) having to take the galleries. More than ample provisions were supplied (and it took a good deal), including beans, hard tack and coffee. The vets appropriated (as was expected) the tin cups and wooden plates, and tied them to their buttons, as in days of yore. You can imagine, boys, what fun nearly ten thousand old soldiers would have at such a camp-fire as that. There was some speaking, of course, but more quiet talks, stories, humor and army drolleries, and, to wind up with, singing the old war songs, by the whole crowd. And didn't they sing! Why! boys, it would have stirred the blood of a wooden Indian to have heard the boys then.

"A great deal of singing was done, in both going out and coming back on the railroad, and at all the excursions and meetings. The Modoc Club, of Topeka, Kansas, twenty gentlemen, who are splendid singers, were everywhere in demand. Also Chaplain Lozier, of Iowa, who had just issued a very fine book, and Col. Redington, of New York, the soldier-poet and composer, whose songs are so well known. Major Hendershot, the celebrated 'drummer-boy' of the war-time, furnished stirring music with the drum presented to him by Horace Greeley. Comrade Redington was invited to conduct a social

hour of song of the old war songs on Sunday afternoon. It was held at Irving Hall, largely attended and highly enjoyed. The power of song and its value in strengthening loyalty is more appreciated than ever in all sections of the Grand Army, as well as throughout the nation.

"During this brilliant reception-week there were many interesting occasions and gatherings on not so large a scale. Every evening there were from four to twelve receptions, welcome meetings and re-unions, held by posts, state soldiers, prisoners of war, regiments, etc., etc. During the day post and relief corps halls were kept open and refreshments served (to the extent of a hearty feast) free to every veteran. One day the Seven Pines Ladies' Loyal League (now the Ladies of the G. A. R.) fed, between 12 and 3 o'clock, nearly one thousand soldiers and relatives with a substantial and splendid banquet. Different Pacific Coast states, cities, counties and localities had headquarters in the city, where were displayed interesting and wonderful fruits, products and curiosities; open day and evening, and generously furnishing refreshments free to all soldiers and relatives. Generals Sherman and Logan were often entrapped into speeches, which were received with immense enthusiasm. They and Generals Fairchild, Burdette, Payne and others were besieged for their autographs. Bands often gave concerts on the streets; fireworks were displayed; some of the theaters and places of amusement furnished free admission to veterans. All that abundant money, unremitting labor and attention, liberal and splendid humanity and lavishly generous hospitality could possibly do was thoroughly done for their guests with a charming cordiality and kindness. That week will stand out in the memory of every Grand Army visitor as a bright oasis amid the cares of life — a fairy time of beauty and joy.

"The business transacted by the Encampment was mostly of the usual routine character. Gen. Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, was elected Commander-in-Chief. The member-

ship on March 31, 1886, was reported 326,499 in the thirty-eight departments, a gain of 56,805 during the year.

"Perhaps the item of the most importance generally was the action taken against the Mormons, of which I will try to speak at our next chat; also of some other interesting points. I will only take time this evening to tell of the Oakland and the San Jose receptions.

"Oakland, with thirty thousand people, across the bay five miles from 'Frisco, is called the 'Athens of the Pacific Coast.' Monday, August 9, was 'Oakland Day' for honoring the Grand Army. We found there the decorations plentiful and in great variety. A grand parade was held, second only to that in San Francisco. Everywhere were decorations, people, enthusiasm. On turning one of the corners the column marched between two solid masses of fifteen hundred school children, waving flags and throwing flowers—yes, whole boquets in the pathway of the old heroes. Boys, you wont think it strange when I tell you there wasn't a dry eye among the veterans there; while down many bronzed cheeks that never quailed in front of blazing rifles, rolled big tears. Marching over hundreds of yards carpeted with flowers, half a dozen or more inches thick, with the sweet voices of those beautiful, earnest children singing grateful praises, Ah! comrades, it was nearer heaven than any spot before. It brought to mind that Gen. Grant, in his whole life, was said to have been overcome by his feelings but twice; once at the death of a valued friend on the battlefield, and the second time by his reception by the school children of Oakland.

"During all day the Posts and associate societies kept three splendid banquets open in different halls—free to every soldier and friends. In the evening the Topeka Flambeau Club gave a splendid pyrotechnic display, and camp-fires and receptions were held in several halls.

"Tuesday, August 10th, was 'San Jose Day.' Several special trains took thousands of excursionists fifty miles

south, through a magnificent country. On arrival, the same most royal welcome was met. Free carriages (and the same for use as desired through the day) for all, a banquet that seemed a little better than almost any other, and the most beautiful ladies one can ever see, dispensing the hospitalities in a charming manner. The city (18,000) was handsomely decorated. Speeches were made, of course, and lots of singing done, in the park and everywhere. The Daughters of Veterans kept open house at their headquarters, and dispensed delightful hospitality. Their beautiful appearance, in their neat uniform, pleased everyone. They gave in the evening an entertainment and exhibition drill at Horticultural Hall—which was pronounced by the "vets" to be the very best in America.

"The Horticultural Fair of the county was in progress, and the veteran's badge proved a free pass to enter and see the wonderful fruits and products. The county has five hundred artesian wells (three hundred within five miles of San Jose), which are run mostly by wind-mills, and furnish ample irrigation.

"In the evening the Posts of the city held a grand camp-fire and reception. And as the boys reviewed that day of rare enjoyment they all agreed that there seemed to be *something* in the good people there that gave San Jose hospitality a peculiar charm, certain to be always gratefully remembered.

"Now, boys, join with me and sing (in the tune Home, Sweet Home), this verse to California:

"California, the beautiful, the golden and the grand,
Our hearts are filled with tenderness toward all in your fair land;
You met the strangers from afar, with welcome, hearty, true,
Your bannered streets, and gorgeous halls, appeared like fairy view.
Fair land of generous souls,
While life remains our hearts will beat with gratitude to you."

CAMP-FIRE XL.

SACRAMENTO AND OTHER CITIES HONOR THE G. A. R.—THE LADIES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC—THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS—THE SONS OF VETERANS——THE DAUGHTERS OF VETERANS—THE NATION'S GRATEFUL LOVE FOR THE GRAND ARMY.

"THE Capital City of the Golden State," remarked the returned comrade, "had in store a surprising welcome for all soldiers, and their friends with them, who landed at the depot about 6 p. m. The boys had been almost spoiled with feasting during the day. Leaving 'Frisco on Wednesday, August 11, at 7:30 a. m,. a ride of forty-six miles terminated in a halt of two hours at Napa, a beautiful city of five thousand population. There must have been three times that number to meet us, who had prepared a splendid banquet under the trees, crowned by wagon-loads of matchless fruit. Such grapes, pears, apples, plums and peaches we don't see east. Even delicious strawberries (a second crop) were furnished to us.

A ride of eighteen miles brought us to St. Helena, with about two thousand five hundred people, where we went through again with a similar programme. Then about seventy-five miles more of railroading brought us to Sacramento, a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants. At least twice that number was on hand to greet the veterans. Free carriages, free street cars (all reserved for the soldiers with badges and the friends with them) soon transported all to the mammoth pavilion of the State Agricultural Society. Tables had been set for two thousand, and spread with a banquet that is seldom equaled. One Department Chaplain said he

had attended a good many five-dollar spreads not equal to that. The tables were charmingly waited on by some of the loveliest of cultured ladies. The hospitality proved almost a fairy scene of generosity and brilliancy, and will be a bright spot in the memory of every one who was present."

"After the banquet at the Pavilion the Governor held a reception at the State House. The Topeka Flambeau Club also gave a marching exhibition of fire works.

"At all receptions wine was furnished for those who wished it, literally as free as water. And yet, such was the trusty character of the comrades that at no time during the Encampment, was there any intoxication; a fact mentioned by the daily press with a surprised commendation. That night all the visitors were lodged free, at private houses, hotels and boarding houses. The next day they were carried to visit all places of interest and fed while they remained.

"From Sacramento some of the comrades returned directly to the east. The majority, however, went back to San Francisco. On Saturday, August 14, a large number took an excursion 483 miles south, to Los Angeles (15,000)—where was another huge reception with the same grand hospitality.

"I wish there was time, boys, to tell you about the smaller receptions by posts, societies and individuals, after our return to San Francisco. Also of the grand ride on the Pacific Ocean by steamer, 550 miles north to the mouth of the Columbia river, and then a hundred miles up that stream, with its river scenery unequaled in grandeur, to Portland, Oregon. Fifteen miles from the mouth of the river we stopped an hour at Astoria (8,000), the headquarters of the great salmon-canning industry. Portland is a fine city of 25,000 inhabitants, with splendid streets and business blocks.

"From Portland to St. Paul is 1,912 miles over the excellently equipped Northern Pacific Railroad, and through a more interesting and productive country than some of the desert wilds we traversed on the Central Pacific Railroad.

"Our return trip from San Francisco to Chicago has covered 2,971 miles—nearly 300 more than the outward run.

"Before I undertake to tell other interesting things about the California Encampment, I must first speak of the societies of relatives and friends of the veterans of the G. A. R., who are organized to assist in the good work of charity and loyalty, in which the Grand Army leads. There are three associations of ladies and one of gentlemen.

"I mention first, Ladies of the Grand Army of Republic."

"Why," interrupted the sergeant, "I never heard that name before. What kind of a history are you giving us? I thought they were called the Relief Corps."

"I am not now speaking," said the narrator, "of that excellent association, the Woman's Relief Corps, but of a different society. As I tell you the facts I have taken considerable pains to verify, you will see why the name is new to many, though the association itself, the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, is the oldest patriotic organization of ladies that is now at work.

"In the year 1869 some of the relatives of veterans of the war in the State of Maine formed a ladies' society. Their object was to aid in any way in their power, the old soldiers in the work of caring for needy soldiers and their families, or the widows and orphans of veterans. Also in teaching to the young a genuine loyalty, and in stimulating all the people to the truest devotion to country. They called themselves the Relief Corps of the State of Maine, and none were admitted as members but the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of soldiers or sailors. We all remember, boys, how in the war we prized what these dear relatives of ours did for our cheer and comfort. How their faith, and love and prayers acted as a nerve to every one of our hearts. So I needn't take much time to say that these noble women did a quiet, gentle work of love and cheer, that was of great aid to the Grand Army boys in Maine. They continued their work quietly, without

attempting to spread their names and deeds throughout the nation. Consequently many of the Grand Army did not know of the great help that woman's gentle hand and warm heart of love could afford.

"The success of this organization of ladies in Maine, demonstrated, however, that here was a mighty ally of the Grand Army's best work. As a result there was formed at the time of the Seventeenth National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Denver, in 1883, the society of the Woman's Relief Corps — now a very powerful organization. They took the name that the Maine ladies had, but altered the requirement of relationship to soldiers, and voted to receive as members any respectable loyal ladies. As the ladies of the Relief Corps of the State of Maine have now formed a part of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, I have mentioned this society first, inasmuch as their existence began some fourteen years before the Woman's Relief Corps. At various times subsequent to 1869 the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of the soldiers organized into societies at different points, under the name of the Ladies' Loyal League, the membership being the strongest in the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, West Virginia, Kansas and California. They admitted none as members but actual relatives of soldiers.

"Early in the year 1885 this union of the relatives of soldiers was commenced in the great State of Illinois. Mrs. Edward Roby, of Chicago, who had lost a husband and four brothers in the war, and who had been actively engaged herself in war hospital work, and since that time for good to the soldiers, took hold of the matter with her accustomed zeal and wisdom. She procured a State charter for the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, and soon this society was accomplishing a noble work in the great State which gave the country a Lincoln, a Grant, and a Logan.

"In November, 1886, a national convention was held in Chicago of all the three associations of soldiers' relatives, the

State Relief Corps of Maine, the Ladies' Loyal League, and the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic. At this convention, the name for the united societies was adopted, the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic — that beautiful title so felicitously chosen first in a western state. Therefore, this association of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic is the oldest ladies' loyal organization, though not the largest, as its membership does not exceed ten thousand.

"They are not an auxiliary to the Grand Army. Their platform and resolutions distinctly state that fact, and that they hold themselves free to act wherever they choose, and as they choose, in doing good to the soldiers and their families, or widows, or orphans. Their relationship to the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic is sufficient glory and recognition for them.

"Another active principle with them is to aid in increasing genuine loyalty in our land. They want patriotism taught to our young, as well as all our citizens. They secure the more frequent use of patriotic songs and reading among the children in all our schools. In many places, they have secured in every school what is called "Grand Army Day," where the Friday afternoon before Decoration Day is exclusively given to patriotic exercises.

"The national president of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic is Mrs. Laura McNeir, of Camden, N. J., a fine writer and a very eloquent speaker. They who were the chief officers of the separate organizations (before union into one) insisted on taking subordinate positions, and were elected as follows: Senior vice-president, Mrs. Charles W. Gerwig, Allegheny, Penn.; junior vice-president, Mrs. Whitman Sawyer, Portland, Me.; national counsellor, Mrs. Edward Roby, Chicago; national corresponding secretaries, Mrs. M. M. Hall, San Francisco, Cal., Mrs. Libbie N. Butcher, Parkersburg, W. Va., Mrs. Philip Gunlock, Chicago, Mrs. Major Gen. O. Edwards, Warsaw, Ill., Mrs. Ida L. Gainer,

McAlister, I. T.; Chief of Council of Administration, Mrs. Major Gen. John A. Logan, Washington, D. C."

"What good," said the Sergeant, "have the Ladies of the G. A. R. done in the way of relief work?"

"I am not able," answered the narrator, "to give any information about the work in general. I had an opportunity to learn what Circle No. 1, in Chicago, accomplished. The donations raised and used by them for the relief of old soldiers and their families during one year amounted to over $3,000. During the same year they were successful (where others had failed) in securing pensions and back allowance for soldiers to the amount of over $10,000."

"Something like our lady relatives in war time, aren't they?" said the handsome Major, "can't be beat."

"I come now, boys, to the largest organization of loyal ladies—the Woman's Relief Corps. Although started but a little over three years ago (viz., on July 25, 1883, at Denver), they number over 40,000 members at the present time.

"I am not enough of an orator, comrades, to be able to speak worthily of that mighty host of American women. Their warm hearts; their sympathetic souls for charity (at the same time with superior tact and discretion in its disbursement); their busy fingers and feet for the soldiers' good; their admiring love for the old heroes; their true patriotism; their influence in inspiring the young with love of country; their power for purity (and so for better citizens and a better land); the success of their bright, happy faces, not only in ministering to the poor, the sick, and the suffering, but in bringing also to the well a loving courage and cheer; their sincere faith and heaven-reaching prayers—all these will bring an uplifting leaven of hope and strength, of aid and result, of cheer and reward that will bless every veteran's heart, if open to receive it.

"Look at the grand women that lead that magnificent army! Mrs. Anna Wittenmeyer, of Philadelphia, that angel

of healing, whose wise work saved scores of thousands of soldiers' lives, beside relieving suffering and pain in millions; whose introduction of the diet kitchens into the army was perhaps the greatest practical good any woman ever did to humanity. See that beautiful and splendid illustration of American womanhood, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, of Toledo, Ohio, the exquisite poetess and writer of patriotic eloquence, whose words will nerve and bless millions upon millions every year, while time shall last. Look at their honored national president, Mrs. Elizabeth D'A. Kinne, of San Francisco, and the two other past national presidents (beside Mrs. Sherwood), Mrs. E. F. Barker, of Malden, Mass., and Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, of East Boston, Mass. I can't stop to tell you the names of the noble women who are officers in this large organization (thirty-two departments and 1500 corps), or I should keep you all night. It will be more interesting to you for me to quote some of the words and records of the Grand Army about this auxiliary to its usefulness.

"The Nineteenth Encampment resolved 'That the Woman's Relief Corps has our earnest wishes for its continued success; our hearty support of the purposes of its organization, and our coöperation in all of its undertakings.'

"Commander-in-chief, Kountz, said at Portland:

"'Knowing the great work accomplished by the ladies in my own city, and their efficient help in the charitable work of my Post, I have always been a firm believer in woman's work for the Grand Army. Wherever the Woman's Relief Corps has met the encouragement from our comrades that it so richly deserves, it has made excellent progress and been an invaluable help in our fraternal and charitable work. It is faithfully fulfilling its mission, and while we welcome all who would aid in our great work, under whatsoever name, I cordially commend this organization of loyal ladies to the continued confidence and respect of the Grand Army of the Republic.'

"Commander-in-Chief, Gen. S. S. Burdette, said in General Orders on Thanksgiving Day, 1885:

"'After careful observation of the results of the work of the Woman's Relief Corps, finding in it room for commendation only, I recommend with all earnestness that their organization be encouraged and persevered in until every post of the Grand Army shall have by its side this efficient aid in all our works of beneficence, these best guides in the ways of doing good. There is no testimony to the worth of our great institution more decisive than the fact that the woman's faith and works, which was our bow of promise in the darker days, still follow us with unforgetting kindness, only asking leave to serve our cause.'

"Gen. Burdette, in his report at San Francisco, said:

"'The Woman's Relief Corps has passed beyond the stage of mere patronage or commendation. It has become a settled auxiliary and recognized agency of the Grand Army of the Republic in all its work of beneficence. Its fame, whether for good or ill, is ours, and the proper administration of its trusts and the accomplishment of its helpful aim, are to us as well as itself, matters of proper concern. I have heard good of it from all quarters, evil from none.'

"The present Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Fairchild, said at San Francisco, in regard to the Woman's Relief Corps:

"'It is fitting that the patriotic women of America should share with us the work which recalls a past in which they bore so conspicuous and so honorable a part. Let our Union be fully consummated and may we walk together in Faith, Love and Charity, until death do us part.'

"During the last year the Woman's Relief Corps of the United States expended themselves in charity $23,482 and turned over to the posts over $14,000. Corps funds on hand, June 30, 1886, $24,267; relief fund on hand, $20,321. Still greater relief work is being done this year."

"And now, comrades, I come to a subject of deep interest to us all — the Sons of Veterans, our boys. That they should desire to aid the old soldiers and to honor such deeds and patriotism is natural and praiseworthy.

"The Sons of Veterans were founded in Pittsburg, Pa., in November, 1881 by Major A. P. Davis, a prominent G. A. R. comrade. Their objects are:

"To keep green the memories of our fathers and their sacrifices to maintain the Union, and to promote their interests and welfare as opportunity may offer or necessity may demand; to aid and assist in caring for their helpless and disabled veterans; to extend aid and protection to their widows and orphans; to perpetuate the memory of their heroic dead and the proper observance of Memorial Day; to aid and assist worthy and needy members of our order; to inculcate patriotism and love of country among our membership, and all the people of our land, and to spread and sustain the doctrine of equal rights, universal liberty, and justice to all.

"They have grown rapidly, and are now found in thirty-five states and territories, with a membership of over 50,000. The order is military in its character and ceremonial work and officered in accordance with army regulations. I have myself seen some splendid drilling done by different camps. All comrades of the G. A. R. are cordially welcomed to all meetings at all times. The ceremonies are simple, impressive and helpful. Their lessons are beneficial and teach true patriotism and the highest duties of citizens. They aid the development of all the inherent and essential qualities of a true and systematical manhood. There can be no foundation for a young men's society equal to that of American valor and living loyalty. Like the Grand Army, no politics are allowed in the order. It is a feast, comrades, to attend their meetings and see the noble spirit displayed. The boys are chips off the old block, and propose to do something by their own efforts. They intend to have 250,000 members in five years.

This spring of 1887 sees the Sons of Veterans established stronger than ever in public estimation. In the first place, they are a splendid body of young men. Valor tells everywhere, and through succeeding generations shows its true nobility. Again, they are banded together for the best object, the perpetuation of freedom, as well as to honor American valor and care for the needs of soldiers and their families. Still farther, the military training they receive forms a solid strength and defense to the nation: always ready for efficient work. Leading newspapers are advocating their claim to generous appreciation everywhere. Why may not the people rejoice to see perpetuated the sturdy vigor and dauntless spirit of Columbia's Immortal Heroes — the admiration of the world — especially when their own sons are the faithful exemplars? The boys are worthy descendants and are showing a gallant appreciation of the honor and duty bequeathed to them.

"The Grand Army have often, officially and otherwise, wished the Sons of Veterans the greatest success.

"Commander-in Chief Burdette well expressed the sentiment at the San Francisco Encampment:

"'Whenever our ritual is said, we repeat that 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' We shall be content to vacate our posts, if as we fall back through the shadows we see the picket-line still manned, and that the uniform is blue.

"'Recognizing the ability and the will of the generation we ourselves have sent to the front to do the duty of patriotism, we give to the Sons of Veterans and their work the blessing of the heart of the Grand Army, wishing them God-speed in their united and patriotic labors.'

"Gen. Burdette's words are echoed on every side. I tell you, comrades, the Grand Army and the loyal public are appreciating more fully every day the scope and value of the Sons of Veterans. One thing is sure, had there been such an organization in January, 1861, there would have been no war.

"And now, boys, a word on another equally interesting subject, 'The Daughters of Veterans.' We met Camp No. 1, at San Jose, Cal., and it rejoiced every veteran's heart to see them. Their objects are much the same as those of the Sons of Veterans, and they bring young, loving and beautiful zeal to the noble work in which the Grand Army leads. Heretofore they have been mostly identified with the Woman's Relief Corps (who, at San Francisco, by resolution warmly commended them), but are now organizing by themselves. St. Paul has started the work in the northwest with a splendid camp, and in Pennsylvania and in several other states, camps are forming. I have heard of provisional officers for a national organization. The best information can be obtained, I presume, from the one to whom the credit belongs of being the first to demonstrate by a splendid success what the old soldiers' daughters can do. I refer to the efficient and charming captain of the San Jose camp, Miss Tina C. Hillman, daughter of California's beautiful poetess, Mrs. E. O. Smith.

"Comrades, I find I must postpone a host of things. For a few chats I have not had time for fun, there is so much to tell of the noble in the scope of the Grand Army. And before bidding you good-night, let me say that the great heart of our people, warm and loving toward the old soldier, looks with intense interest to-day that he prove a knight without reproach, as he has shown himself one without fear. As said one of the grandest womanly hearts on earth, who has suffered for the country more than any soldier, 'You have earned the everlasting love and gratitude of all the good. Oh! that our influence may help you toward a purity of life and thought equal to your valor!'

"Comrades! to eternal muster soon we'll move;
Clean at Heaven's inspection, may all vet'rans prove!"